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Count Sándor Andrássy

THE BANDERIUM OF HUNGARY

By Richard Harding Davis

THERE were two great state ceremonials in two great countries last year; one was advertised in every tongue that speaks through a printing-press, and the fame of it was carried by word of mouth from the Persian Gulf to the mountains of Tibet, from Pekin to Melbourne, and drew four hundred thousand strangers to the city of Moscow. The other was not advertised at all, and the number of fortunate foreigners who found it out, and who journeyed to Budapest to witness it, could almost have been counted on the fingers of two hands. The Coronation at Moscow was very much more than a state ceremonial; it was planned and carried out with the purpose of impressing other states. It marked a new departure in the self-sufficient, solitary attitude of the Russian Empire, and apart from all the solemn significance it held for the Russian people, it was distinctly a play at the royal boxes of Europe and the Grand Stands of the world.

The millennial celebration at Budapest, where the nobles of all the counties of Hungary met to swear allegiance to the King and his crown, differed from it as greatly in comparison as does a quiet family wedding between two people who love

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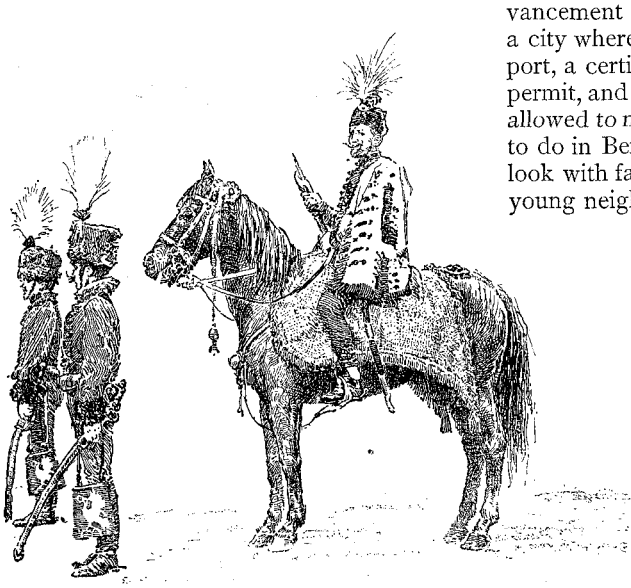
each other dearly, differ from a royal alliance brought about for political reasons, and the importance of which is exaggerated as greatly as possible.

This gathering of the clans in Hungary for the Banderium, as the ceremony was called, was probably suggested by the success of the Exposition at Budapest and by the completion of the Houses of Parliament in that city. The nobles wished to take advantage of the presence in that double capital of the many Hungarians who had been brought there by the Exposition, and to signalize the initiation of the Houses of Parliament by some extraordinary event; so this ceremony which celebrated the one thousandth year of the existence of Hungary as a kingdom was suggested, and later was carried through in a manner which made it one of the historical spectacles of the century.

Budapest, as everybody knows, is formed of two cities, separated by the Danube, and joined together like New York and Brooklyn by great bridges. Buda is a city hundreds of years old, and rises on a great hill covered with yellow houses with red-tiled roofs, and surmounted by fortresses and ancient German-looking castles, and the palace of the King, with terraces of marble and green gardens running down to meet the river. It still is a picturesque, fortified city of the Middle Ages.

Pesth, just across the way, is the most modern city in Europe; more modern than Paris, better paved, and better lighted; with better facilities for rapid transit than New York, and with Houses of Parliament as massive and impressive as those on the banks of the Thames, and not unlike them in appearance. Pesth is the Yankee city of the Old World, just as the Hungarians are called the Americans of Europe. It has grown in forty years, and it has sacrificed neither beauty of space nor line in growing. It has magnificent public gardens, as well as a complete fire department; it has the best club in the world, the Park Club; and it has found time to put electric tramways under ground, and to rear monuments to poets, orators, and patriots above ground. People in Berlin and Vienna tell you that some day all of these things will disappear and go to pieces, that Pesth is enjoying a "boom," and that the boom will pass and leave only the buildings and electric plants and the car-tracks, with no money in the treasury to make the wheels go round. I do not know whether this is, or is not, to be, but let us hope it is only the envy and uncharitableness of the Austrian and German mind that sees nothing in progress but disaster, and makes advancement spell ruin. People who live in a city where one is asked to show a passport, a certificate of good health, a police permit, and a residence-card in order to be allowed to mount a bicycle, as I was asked to do in Berlin, can hardly be expected to look with favor on their restless, ambitious young neighbors of the Balkans.



Count Géza Széchenyi.

All of this, however, has little to do with the Banderium, except that it is interesting to find a people as poetic and picturesque, and as easily moved as are the Hungarians, showing an active concern in municipal government, in the latest inventions in hotel-elevators and smokeless powder; and to find men who are pushing Hungary ahead of all the other "old-established" monarchies of Europe, and who are delighting in elec-

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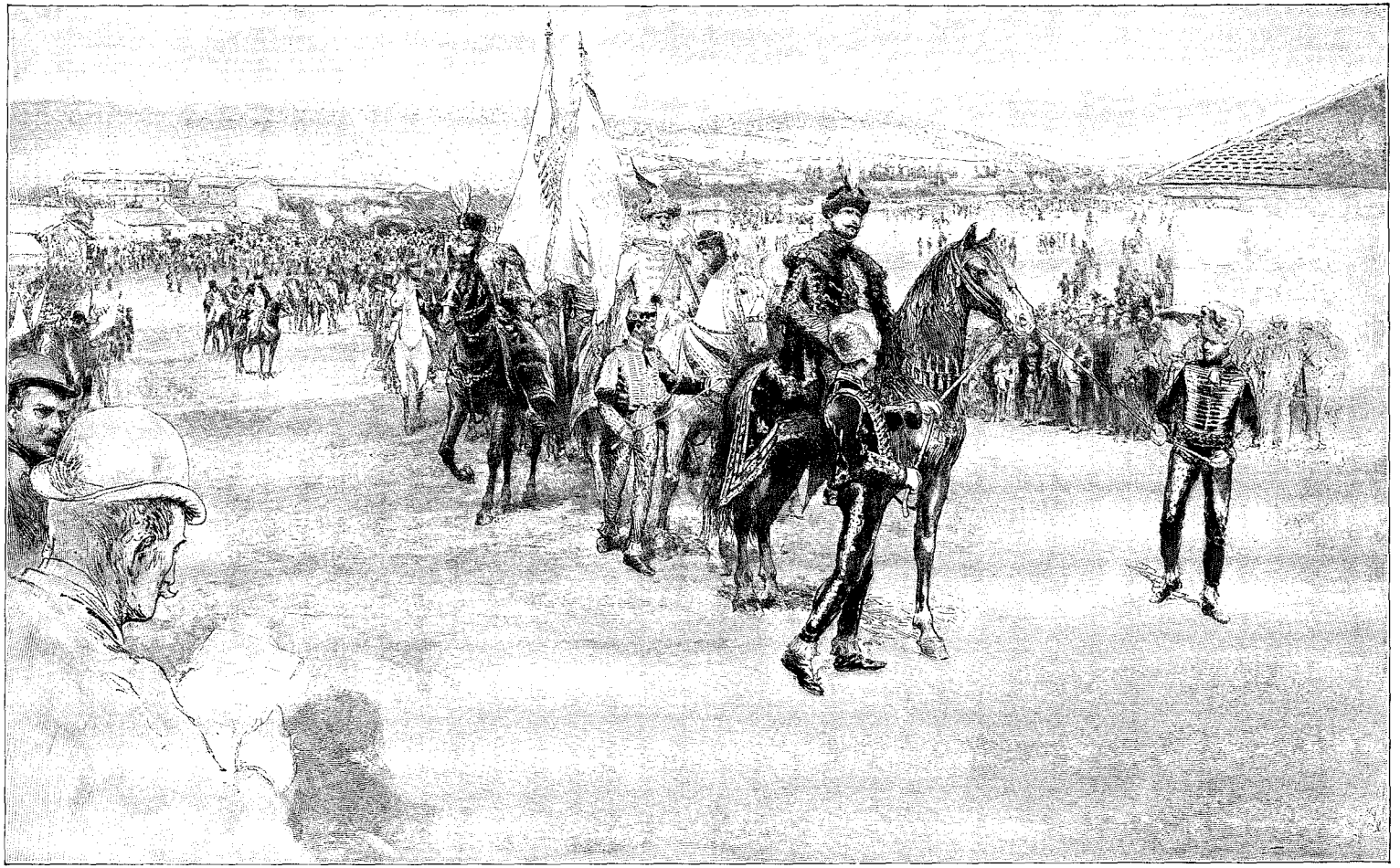

The Procession at the Start.

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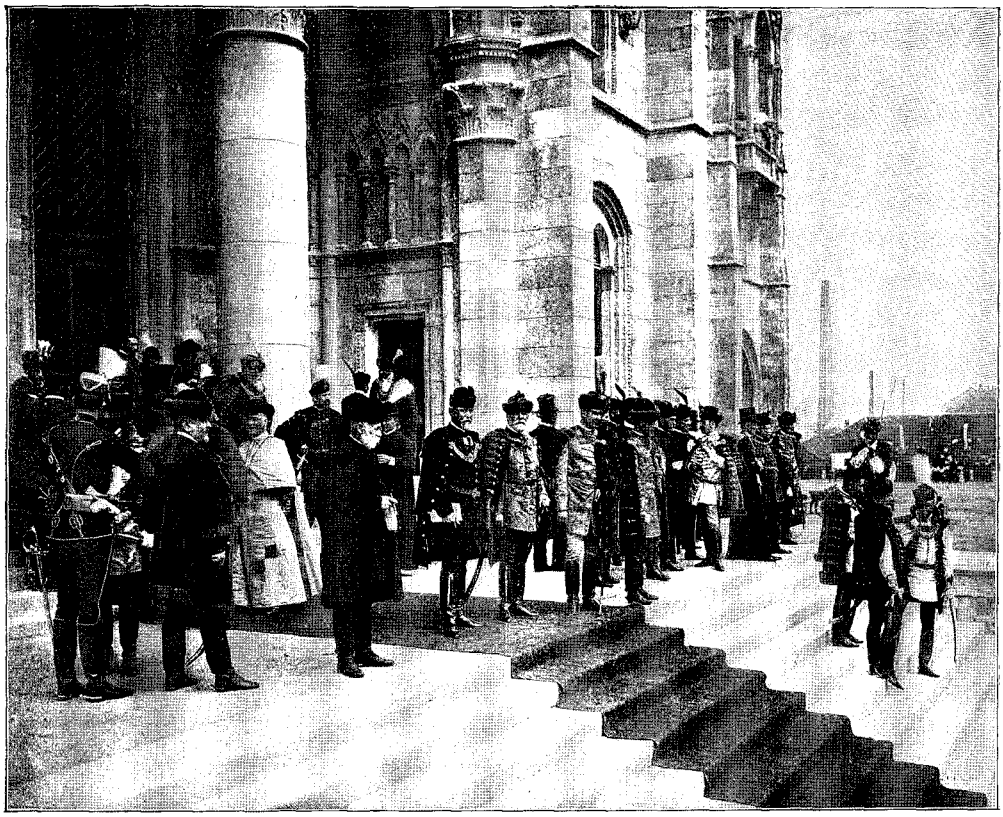

The Emperor Francis Joseph Reviewing the Procession.

tric tramways and horseless carriages, dressing themselves in the chain-armor of their ancestors, and weeping over a battered gold crown.

The descendants of the men who fought for what is now Hungary, and what was a thousand years ago many separate states and provinces and principalities, were the men who formed the Banderium last June and who swore allegiance to the crown which Pope Sylvester VII. gave to Prince Ithen nine centuries before they were born.

It was in their eyes a very solemn ceremony, much too solemn for them to advertise it to the world, as they had advertised their Exposition. In consequence few people saw the spectacle, and it has passed away almost unchronicled, which is most unfortunate, as all of those who took part in the wonderful pageant will have been dust for some nine hundred years before there will be another.

The Hungarian nobles who were to ride in the procession, the dignitaries of the Austrian Court, the Diplomatic Corps from Vienna, all poured into Pesth on the 7th of June.

At that time the city was beautifully dressed in honor of their coming ; arches and banners shaded the streets, and grandstands, covered with red cloth and ornamented with fluttering flags, lined the route of the procession from the new Houses of Parliament, across the bridges, up the green hillsides of Buda to the Emperor's palace, where the nobles were to pass in review before marching back to Pesth. The Exposition had already filled the town with Hungarians and Austrians, and every hotel was overcrowded, and every café chantant overflowed upon the pavements, and the music of the Tziganes rose and fell at each street-corner. Peasant men in snow-white petticoats and high boots, and broad sombreros, with silver buttons on their coats and waistcoats, and peasant women in velvet bodices and

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gayly colored kerchiefs, filled the Exposition grounds and paraded the streets in groups of twenty or thirty from each village; soldiers in skin-tight breeches, and gypsies and mountaineers, tanned to a dark-red brown, with short china pipes hanging from their lips, swaggered past in national costumes that have not changed insomuch as the matter of a red sash, or a silver jacket, or an embroidered cap, from what they were a hundred years ago.

The visiting strangers made their headquarters at the unique club of which I have already spoken; at least, they met there every evening, and those who were dining out at some official banquet hurried there as soon as they were free. It was a most remarkable club and a most remarkable gathering. The club itself is the hobby of two Hungarian gentlemen, and they have bestowed as much thought and money upon it as they have given to their own homes. Englishmen, Frenchmen, and cosmopolitans, from all over the world, who have seen the Union and the new Metropolitan Clubs in New York, the Jockey and the Union in Paris, and any half dozen clubs in London, will tell you that in no great city is there such a club as this one, which is virtually unknown, and lies hidden away in the outskirts of a park at Pesth. It stands on the edge of the woods, and those who have come to the Banderium, dined each night on its broad balconies and lawns, under the open sky, in the light of the wavering candles, which showed the faces and bright dresses and the jewels of the women, and the uniforms of the men, against the dark green background of the forest about them.

Munkacsy, the Hungarian painter, Count Teleki, the explorer, tanned with

Group of Nobles in the Costume of the Fourteenth Century.

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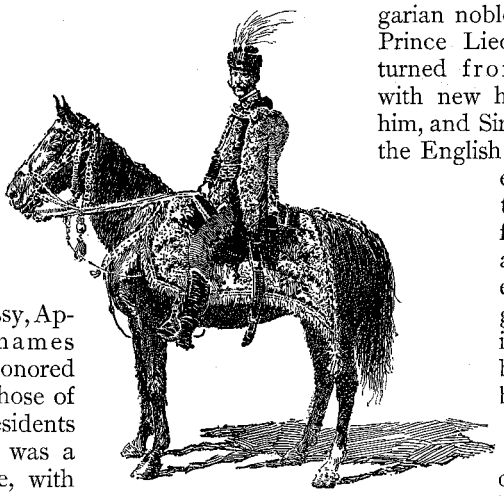
the fiercest of African suns, and Kossuth, a descendant of the great Kossuth, were among the men who sat every evening in groups around the fairy-lamps. With them were the sons and grandsons of Andrassy, Apponyi, Széchenyi, names that are as highly honored in Hungary as are those of our first three Presidents with us, and there was a stray English duke, with three attendant peers, who had received a hint of the ceremony that was to take place at Buda, and who had posted in hot haste across the Channel to see eleven hundred noble horses ridden by eleven hundred Hungarian nobles. There was the Prince Liechtenstein, just returned from the Coronation, with new honors heavy upon him, and Sir Edmund Monson, the English Ambassador to Vienna, upon whom the honors were to fall a month later, and there were lesser diplomats and grizzled old generals in white tunics, and boy officers in light blue, and swells in tweed suits and nobodies in evening dress. It was a most informal and charming collection of people, and they all seemed to know one another intimately, and acted accordingly.



Count Tassilo Festetics.

Inside the club there was a great ball-room in the style of the Second Empire,

The Procession Passing Before the Palace of Justice.

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and reading-rooms and libraries with walls of red morocco books, and vast banqueting-halls, and rooms for whist and silence, or for the more noisy games of roulette and the *petits chevaux*. It was a succession of lessons in good taste, even while it made you gasp at the money it must have cost somebody — certainly not the club members, for they are too few, and the club is too inaccessible for them to spend much of their time or money there. It appears to be just what it is, the hobby of two rich men, who have robbed the bric-à-brac shops of Europe to make it beautiful, and who have searched every club to get the best ash-tray, the best hand-bell, the best cook, and the best musician.

They did not have to leave Budapest to find the musician. His name is Berkes, and no one who has not been to Budapest or to Vienna has ever heard him, for the Hungarians say naïvely that were he to leave them and play elsewhere, they would never be able to get him back again, as those who heard him once would keep him with them forever. He is the king of the gypsy musicians and the master of their melody. His violin seems to be just as much a part of him as are his arms or his eyes or his heart. When he plays, his body seems to stop at the neck, and he appears to draw all of his strength and feeling from the violin in his hands, the rest of him being merely a support for his head and his instrument. He has curious eyes, like those of a Scotch collie—sad, and melancholy, and pleading—and when he plays they grow glazed and drunken-looking, like those of an absinthe drinker's, and tears roll from them to the point of his short beard and wet the wood of his violin. His music probably affects different people according to their nerves, but it is as moving as any great passage in any noble book, or in any play that I know, and while it lasts he holds people absolutely in a spell, so that when the music ceases, women burst into tears, and I have seen men jump to their feet and empty the contents of their pockets into his lap; and they are so sure to do this, that their servants take their money away from them when they are dressing to dine at some house where Berkes is announced to play. One night a Frenchman dipped a two-thousand-franc note into a glass of champagne and pasted it on the back of the man's violin, and the next day Berkes sent it back to him again, saying that to have this compliment paid him by a foreigner in the presence of his countrymen was worth more to him than the money.

The Hungarian music is typical of the people, who are full of feeling and moved by sudden gusts of passion. To a nation of a calmer and more phlegmatic nature, the ceremony of the Banderium could not have meant so much, nor would they have taken it so seriously; but to the Hungarians, who cherish the independence of their kingdom, and who never speak of Francis Joseph as the Emperor, but as the King of Hungary, this swearing allegiance to the crown was a ceremony heavy with meaning, and surrounded by the most sacred traditions of the life of the nation and of their own families.

It was interesting in consequence to see the same blasé young men who the night before at the Park Club had discussed the only way to break the bank at Monte Carlo, dressed the next morning in the clothes that their ancestors had worn, or in others like them, carrying the same banners under which their great grandfathers had fought, weeping with emotion around a battered gold crown, studded with gold stones, and cheering their King, who, not many years before, had sentenced some of the very nobles before him to death.

You cannot imagine Americans or Englishmen doing the same thing; in the first place they have no national costume should they wish to put one on, and in the second place their fear of ridicule or their sense of humor, which is sometimes the same thing, would keep them from wearing it if they had. But there was nothing ridiculous in what these Hungarians did. They were too much in earnest and they were too sincere. Later, when I met some of them in London in varnished boots and frock coats, I wondered if they could possibly be the same men I had seen prancing around on horses covered with harnesses of silver and turquoise, and themselves dressed in brocades and in silk tights, with fur-trimmed coats and velvet tunics. But at the time it seemed a most appropriate costume, for one knew they were merely carrying out the traditions of their family, and that they did not wear these particular clothes be-

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cause they were beautiful or becoming, but because they were the costume, not only of their country, but of their race, and as much a part of their family history as an Englishman's coat of arms, and because once, long before, one of their name had fought in a similar costume, and stained its brocade with blood.

The day of the ceremony was as beautiful as blue skies and a warm, brilliant sun could help to make it, and a soft summer breeze shook out the flags and banners, and stirred the leaves upon the great hill on which Buda stands, and ruffled the surface of the Danube so that it flashed like a thousand heliographs. In the streets were hurrying groups of gayly dressed peasants, fine stalwart men and simple, kindly faced women, and pretty girls of a dark, gypsy type, with black eyes and red lips with that peculiar curve which leaves the white teeth bare. Soldiers of the Empire stood at ease along the quaint streets of clean, round cobble-stones and yellow-faced houses, each marking the holiday with an oak leaf in his cap or helmet. There was no crowding or pushing, but everywhere excellent good humor and good feeling, and from time to time bursts of patriotic pride as a state carriage, or some body of horsemen, passed to take a place in the procession.

The King's palace stands on the top of the hill of Buda, and the tribunes for the Diplomats and the Cabinet face the court-yard of the palace, making the fourth side of the square in which the riders were to pass in review before the Emperor. It was more like a private garden-party than a national celebration, for everyone in the tribunes seemed to know everyone in the streets below, and the spectators moved about, and talked and criticised, and named each new arrival as he or she drove up to the doors of the great gray palace opposite. The sun beat down with a little too much vigor, but it showed us every uniform at its best, and it flashed on the jewels and on the sword-blades of the attendant cavalry, and filled the air with color and light.

Then the Emperor stepped out upon the balcony of the palace and saluted, and the people arose and remained standing until one of the Archduchesses, a little girl in pink, and the Empress in deep black, had taken their places beside him, and the members of the Court, the women in the national costume of Hungary, and the men in military uniforms, had grouped themselves back of these three figures, and had crowded the windows so that the old palace bloomed like the wall of an Oxford College when the window-gardens are gorgeous with color, and stand out from the gray stone like orchids on the limb of a dead tree. In the procession that followed there were eleven hundred mounted men in silks, in armor, in furs, and in cloth of gold, and many state carriages gilded and enamelled, and decorated with coats of arms and velvet trappings.

It would have been too theatrical and fantastic had it not been that it was an historical pageant, and correct in every detail, and that the fairy princes were real princes, the jewels real jewels, and the fur the same fur that a few months before had covered a wolf or a bear in the mountains of Bosnia and Herzogovina, which had been hunted by these same men who now wore their skins. For an hour the nobles passed in dazzling, glittering groups, each rivalling the next, and all making one long line of color that wound along the shady streets, in and out upon the hillside, and down across the great ridge like a many-colored scarf of silk and gold. Each group was preceded by its banner, and each standard-bearer was accompanied by heralds on foot, and by attendant squires on horseback, dressed in the colors of the province or burgh or municipality from which they came.

There was no regular uniform, and the costumes varied from the days of the Iron Age to those of Maria Theresa, who had given some of the same uniforms we saw that day to the forefathers of the men who wore them. But in the dresses of the later centuries there was a certain uniformity, and although the materials and colors differed greatly, the fashion was the same. There was a long shirt of silk or satin, silk tights embroidered with gold or silver, high boots of colored leather, and a sleeveless cloak of brocade or velvet, trimmed with fur. The cap was of velvet surrounded with fur, with an aigrette in front, ornamented with diamonds. The greater number of the horses were magnificent black stallions, with as distinguished pedigrees as

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those of the men who rode them, and their trappings were as rich as those worn by their masters. The average cost of each rider's uniform, and of the harness for his horse, was five thousand dollars, some single costumes, on account of the jewels, were worth many times that sum. The state contributed nothing to this spectacle; each rider paid for his carriage and for the equipment of his horses and attendants.

Of course there were many features of the procession which stirred the hearts and memories of the native spectators, but which were lost on the stranger—certain devices on the banners, certain uniforms that recalled a great victory, or some peculiarity of decoration or weapon that none but the descendants of a certain family, or the inhabitants of a particular village, were allowed to bear. But the spectacle as a spectacle could be appreciated by anyone, whether he knew the history of Hungary or not. Those Englishmen present who had seen the Queen's Jubilee procession said that the Banderium was much finer, and those who had witnessed the entry of the Czar into Moscow found it, if not so impressive, at least as beautiful. The Czar's entry was a modern, military pageant, the Banderium was a moving panorama, an illustration of the history of Hungary by some of the very men themselves who had helped to make it or by their sons and grandsons.

There were so many different combinations of color that it is impossible to select any one as being much more beautiful than the others. In one notable group the men wore canary yellow silk from head to foot, trimmed heavily with silver. Their boots were yellow, their capes were yellow, and the tall plumes in their peaked caps were yellow; another group wore gray velvet with gray fur and silver; another, purple velvet with gold; another, blue velvet with ermine and silver. There were never more than twenty men at the most in any group; sometimes there would be but five or six, but the costume of each one was as rich, whether he rode or walked, as any court dress of any emperor of Europe. The horses were covered with velvet saddle-cloths, heavy with jewels and gold and silver ornaments. Some were hung from the head to the tail with strings of gold coins that one could hear jangling for a hundred yards as they advanced stamping, and tossing their heads, and others were covered with leopard and tiger skins, or with a harness of red morocco leather, or with blue turquoises that lay in beautiful contrast upon the snow-white coat and mane. Some of the provinces which dated back to the beginning of civilization were represented by men with the arms of the days of the Goths and Vandals, and the fierce simplicity of their appearance made the silks and satins of those next in line seem foolish and theatrical. These descendants of the earliest warriors were perhaps the most effective figures in the procession. Some of them wore black armor, some gold, some silver, and others the plain steel shirt of chain-armor, which clung to them like a woollen jersey. Their legs were bound with raw leather thongs, and on their heads they wore steel casques with a bar of steel running from the helmet to the chin to protect the face from sword-thrusts, and each rider held before him a great spear, from each side of which sprouted black eagle's feathers. There was something so grim and fierce in their appearance that the crowd along the sidewalks stood awed as they passed and then burst into the most enthusiastic cheers heard that day.

From the palace the procession countermarched to the Houses of Parliament, and in its central chamber the heads of each deputation gathered around the crown and swore allegiance to it. But it was significant that they swore this allegiance when the crown was resting on a cushion in their new Houses of Constitutional Liberty and not in a palace on the head of a king. That ceremony came later when they returned again to the palace in Buda, and the Emperor addressed them, and they interrupted his speech from the throne with cheer after cheer. Some of these men present were those whom early in his reign the Emperor had sentenced to death, but whose fealty and admiration he had won later by his own personality, and tact, and goodness of heart. It was a curious spectacle—these white-haired noblemen, tall, proud, and fierce-eyed, looking in their velvet and furs and golden chains like living portraits of the old masters, waving their jewelled caps at the little unkingly Emperor in his col-

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onel's uniform, padded and tightly laced, and with smug side-whiskers, like an English inspector of police. There was the contrast in it of the chivalry and dash and poetry of the Middle Ages, with the constitutional law-abiding monarchy of modern times.

And one wondered as to what will follow when Francis Joseph passes away?

Will they cheer an Archduke as they cheered him, with the tears rolling down their cheeks?

One asks, "What has an Austrian Archduke done for Hungary, for Austria, or for himself, even? Does anyone in the United States know the names of these Archdukes or Archduchesses; has he ever heard of them or read of them?" Of course he has never seen them, because they constitute "the most exclusive Court in Europe." That has always been their boast, as it will be their epitaph. They are the most exclusive Court in Europe, so exclusive that they have not tried to learn the language of the twin monarchy of Hungary, nor sought, by any deed or act, to win the regard or respect of the sixteen millions of people over whom some day they hope to reign. They are like a colony of people who hide themselves from the rest of the world in a deep wood and say to each other, "Look how exclusive we are! There is no one in this wood but ourselves;" and who, by repeating their own names daily and talking of no one but themselves, have learned to think that they are the people of greatest consequence in the world, when, as a matter of fact, the world outside of the wood is going about its business in the sunshine, working and scheming and pushing ahead, forgetting that the most exclusive Court of Europe exists. We know a little of the princes of other countries, and even of the pretenders, for they do something. They explore Africa or Tibet; they open hospitals, or race yachts, or win a Derby; they are at least picturesque and ornamental, and it is pleasant to see them ride by in fine clothes and with mounted escorts.

I once heard an American tourist say to a British workman outside of St. James's Palace on a Levee day, "And I suppose you pay taxes to support this?" The workman said, "Yes, it costs me about sixpence a year; isn't it worth the money?" And the American, becoming suddenly conscious of the fact that he had been standing for two hours watching the show of royalty, and that it had not cost him even sixpence, was honest enough to own that it was.

But what excuse have the Austrian royalties ever offered for their right to exist? It is not quite enough that they have sixteen quarterings, and that they are exclusive, and only come out of their highly polished shells once in a great while, when one of them shocks half of Europe with a horrible scandal, or a silly marriage. For it is only when such things happen that we learn anything of the most exclusive Court in Europe; when one of its Archdukes tramps a stable-boy under his horse's hoofs, or comes out of the wood into the world — to marry a dancing-girl.

Perhaps the eleven hundred men who represented all of Hungary at the millennial celebration will cheer one of these Archdukes when he comes to the throne. But it may be that when the time comes, they will prefer a king who can speak their own language, and that we may hear them cheer one of their own people.

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Mother and Child.

Mr. Whistler has kindly authorized Messrs. H. Wunderlich & Co. to lend, for the purposes of this article, the originals of the lithographs here reproduced.

THE MASTER OF THE LITHOGRAPH—J. McNEILL WHISTLER

By Elizabeth Robins Pennell

"ART happens," Mr. Whistler has said; and, as often, its conditions are the sport of chance. An unsuccessful dramatist, determined somehow to print his own plays, since no one else will, by accident writes on stone with greasy ink, and lithography is invented. Music publishers patent the process; cotton manufacturers develop it; fashion plays with it; only that the artist, seeing it to be good, may claim it as his own.

For, though commerce struggled to secure the monopoly, though amateurs threatened to belittle it, lithography, from the beginning, had the same charm Mr. Whistler found in it when, some twenty years ago, he revived an art which the world had conspired to forget. As cheapness was the recommendation of Senefelder's invention to trade, so its autographic quality insured an artistic triumph. There is no need here to enter into technical detail. But, in the prevailing confusion caused by centenary celebrations sprung upon unprepared critics, a reminder will be useful. It must be remembered, then, that a lithograph is a drawing made with a certain ink or chalk upon a chemically prepared stone; this stone, when passed through the press, yielding the actual design drawn upon it, and not a mere *fac-simile* produced by another man or another process. Thanks to Senefelder and his discovery, the impossible became possible, and for the first time a drawing could be multiplied without subjecting it to the caprices of a graver or the uncertainties of acid; and the artist's desire for the mul-

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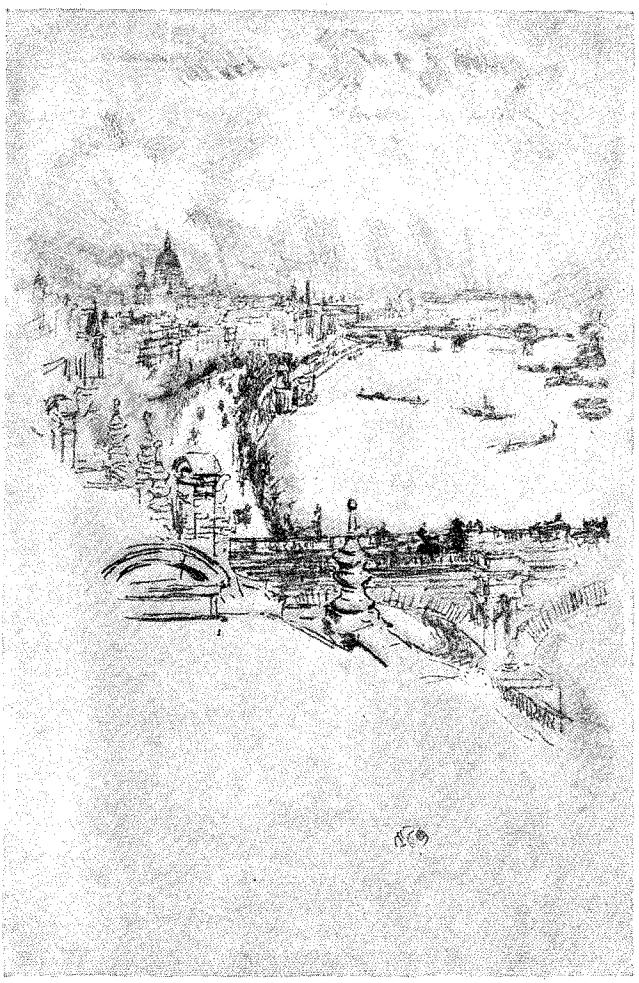

The Little London.

tiplication of his work, wise or unwise as one may be pleased to think it, is as old as Dürer, and older.

For awhile artists distrusted a medium patented and advertised in the interests of business, and exploited by the maker of calico and the publisher of music. Nor were the initial efforts of painters and draughtsmen reassuring. In England Delamotte, Serres, Singleton, long since forgotten, Benjamin West, and Fuseli, honored while they lived, were the contributors to the "Polyautographic Album"—lithography in England rejoicing, at the time, in the high-sounding name of polyautography—and certainly they were not men to kindle enthusiasm or to inaugurate a new movement. In Germany the pioneers were Strixner and Piloty, and they were content to copy rather than to create. In France General Lejeune's famous Cossack was the first lithograph to make a sensation, but its success was in the palace and the drawing-room, not in the studio; and at fashion's toys art looks askance.

However, the artist had only to draw on the stone to be fascinated; and in time he, too, experimented. And the zest with which he gave himself up to lithography was the greater because of his long hesitation. So soon as men like Charlet and Isabey showed the way, it was quickly followed. By 1820, in France at least, there was a perfect rage for lithography. From 1830, for some ten or twenty years, everybody everywhere was drawing on the stone—artists as opposed as Ingres and Millet, as Corot and Huet, as Travies and Devéria, as Prout and Cattermole, as Lane and Harding. Some produced an occasional series: Delacroix in his "Faust," Bonington in Nodier's "Voyages Pittoresques." Others found time for little else—Raffet, Daumier, Gavarni. And there were few who could not, with Jean Gigoux, look back to the time when, poor and unknown, they had depended upon lithography to launch them into fame and prosperity.

Now lithography is an art which must suffer from so wide-spread a practice. On stone, as on copper, there are some things that can be said admirably, while others had far better be reserved for canvas or direct transmission to paper. But when the demand for the lithograph was pressing, artists could not always stop to ask whether the stone was best adapted to the

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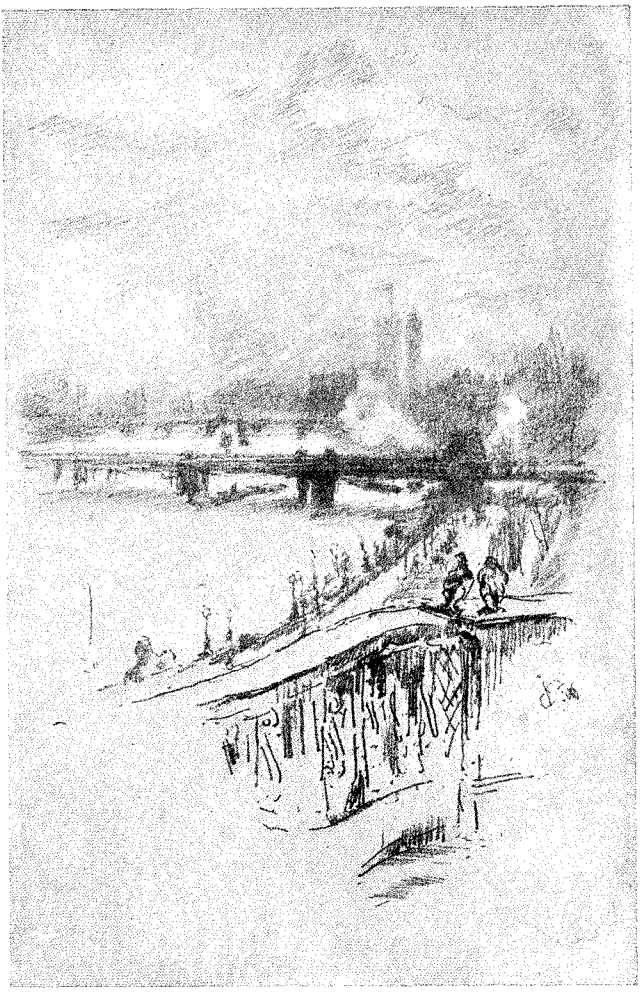
subject or the mood of the moment, and a large proportion of the early prints were done by illustrators who would often have been as ready to draw for process, had process then been invented and in vogue. Otherwise it would not be easy to explain why, once publishers turned to other and perhaps still cheaper methods of reproduction, the artist, unprotesting, resigned the stone to the chromo-lithographer, and commerce recovered its monopoly.

Only now and then, after this, was thought or time found to remember the neglected art. Manet occasionally made lithographs. Rossetti would have liked to, did eventually manage a few illustrations and some playing-cards —might not one, he asked, in confiding one's designs to the stone, "get one's brains into print before one died, like Albert Dürer, and, moreover, be freed, perhaps, from slavery to patrons while one lived?" Further sporadic attempts here and there might be chronicled; for one, Mr. Sandys's "Nightmare," the burlesque of Millais's "Sir Isumbras," the caricature of Ruskin and the Preraphaelites, a lithograph which has become historic. But it was left to Mr. Whistler to recognize, fully and entirely, the possibilities of the stone while it was still despised of men. His interest was not in response to fad or fashion, not to fill the order of editor or publisher, but because lithography happened to be the method of artistic expression which, at times, met his needs and requirements. This it is which gives his lithographs their great distinction. They have the freshness, the spontaneity, which is the very life of the art.



The Savoy Pigeons.

The earliest belong to the year 1877. But dates are of small assistance when the beauty or the quality of the work is to be considered. The man who does not already know how to draw, and that supremely well, had best not tamper with the stone upon which, for good or for ill, a design must remain as it is made; lines and color and composition unalterable: irrevocable in their loveliness or their indiscretion. His first print, as his last, shows Mr. Whistler to be the accomplished artist in this as in all mediums; and the date of his original appearance as lithographer is important solely to emphasize the fact that then, as always, he was independent of fashion and movements. To honor Senefelder upon the hundredth

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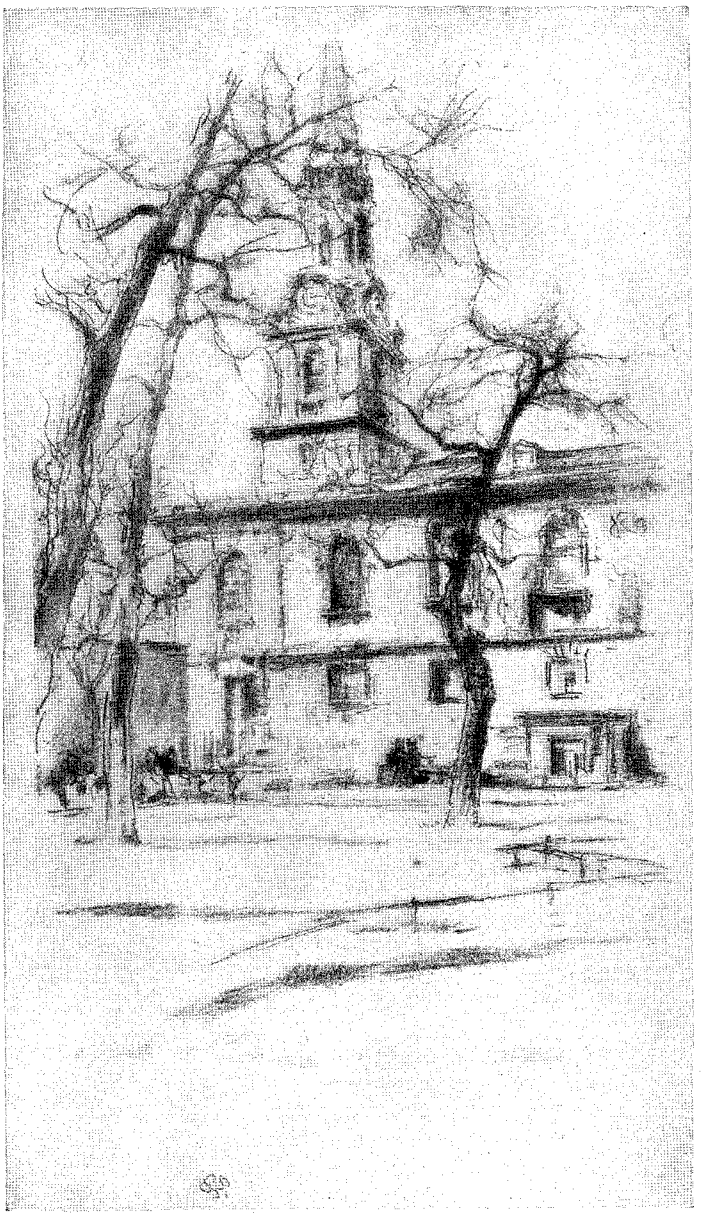
anniversary of his invention there has been a recent revival,* bearing such fruit as the publication of "L'Estampe Originale;" centenary exhibitions in Paris, New York, and elsewhere; amusing experiments on the walls of the Champ-de-Mars Salon; auto-lithographic supplements to art periodicals. Painters of note or notoriety have covered the stone with elaborate devices which, seen in the print, must fill them with sorrow for their imprudence. The lithograph has become a familiar word in shop and school and studio. The voice of the professional prophet is heard predicting the new and glorious career which, the chances are, does not await it. As to the revival of its popularity, that is another question.



St. Giles's, Soho.

But in 1877, and for many years after, no one thought, or talked, or cared about the lithograph. As late as 1887, when Mr. Whistler sent a few prints to an exhibition, they were such a puzzle to the critic that one rash writer described them as sketches in Indian-ink and crayon, unworthy the glories of *fac-simile* reproduction; thus contributing, all unwillingly, another episode to the "Gentle Art of Making Enemies." When that gay and impudent paper, *The Whirlwind*, published two or three as supplements, rare was the collector wise enough to obtain them for his portfolio, as he might then, but never may again, at the outlay of a penny apiece. Only now, in the midst of centennial excitement, the new lithographers have learned, to their amaze-

* See "The Renaissance of Lithography," by M. H. Spielmann, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for November, 1896.

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ment, that for twenty years Mr. Whistler has practised the art which they thought to resurrect; that in the place of their feeble, tentative performances, he can fill a gallery with his masterpieces. No less than seventy prints were hung when he exhibited them last winter, in London, at the Fine Art Society's, and several more were added before the exhibition closed, and many had already been shown in New York.

Little Evelyn.

To look through the prints, whether in portfolio or gallery, is to be impressed by the style and elegance of the series as a whole, and of each separate lithograph, even the slightest. Not that this could come as a surprise. One knows Mr. Whistler's paintings; one knows his pastels, his etchings, his water-colors. And this means that one knows he can do nothing that is not elegant, nothing that has not that supreme and all but indefinable quality which is called style. The artist who painted the portrait in the Luxembourg, the Carlyle, the Miss Alexander, would not, of a sudden, condescend to the common or sink into insignificance simply because he had substituted the lithographic point or pencil for the brush. Here, again, he has played with his material as a Swinburne plays with rhythm—as only the master can, always with new glory to the game, never with suspicion of discredit upon himself. He has drawn directly on the stone, as he did chiefly in the seventies; and he has drawn, as latterly almost altogether, on the transfer paper which, invented by Senefelder, has since been enormously improved. He has worked in wash—the "Nocturne," "Limehouse," "Early Morning," and "The Toilet," four of the first prints, were done in this way. He has drawn with lithographic chalk; he has painted, one might say, with the stump; and if, ordinarily, he gets his effect with black-and-white, occasionally he has used color with a delicacy and restraint that makes one wish these prints were less limited in number.

Always, no matter for which of these methods he decides, Mr. Whistler exercises the same punctilious observance of the proprieties of his medium—to borrow Mr. Pater's phrase. The bungler or the amateur must think of the technical necessities and limitations of the art as a restriction; none but the real artist can find in them an opportunity. For it is important not merely that the lithographer should have something to say—*Qu' avez vous à dire?* that was Millet's first question to the student—but that he should know exactly what it is, and how to say it. Intentions and ideas, however excellent in themselves, are useless; knowl-

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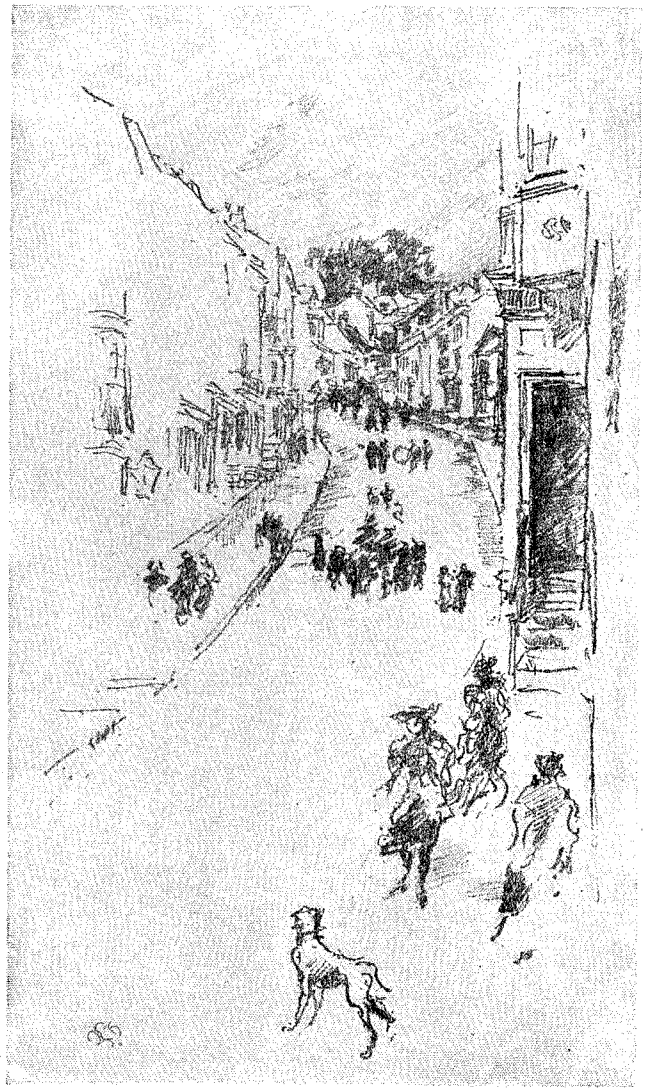

Sunday—Lyme Regis.

edge, absolute knowledge, alone will suffice. Every touch upon the stone or the transfer paper must find its utmost degree of expression. Flaubert never insisted upon the right word more jealously than the lithographer upon the right line or tone; and, moreover, the lithographer must find spontaneously the rightness which Flaubert sought at times during days and weeks. Mr. Whistler, however, has the science of his materials, nor is he ever hindered by haziness of expression. He knows; and because he knows, his lithographs fill one with confidence, with that serene pleasure invariably felt in the presence of the perfect work of art. You feel at once the vitality and freedom and force of their line, the fine quality of their color—for Mr. Whistler, as has been said of Gavarni, is a colorist even in black-and-white—and the appropriateness of their subjects to the medium.

For these subjects Mr. Whistler has gone to the life about him. He has never believed in the imagination that soars not above the remote and the archaic, in the romance of the bric-à-brac shop, in the poetry of distorted symbol and dim allegory. Like Rembrandt, like Velasquez, like all great men, he has not required to alter his surroundings, beauty for him being in the development of his work. The man of fine imagination divines loveliness in the chance turn of a woman's head, in the pose of a graceful figure, in the character of a strong personality. The poet exults in the play of light and shadow, whether seen from a city window, through a lowly doorway, or in open country. He rejoices in the harmony of form and color wherever it confronts him, in the tumble-down shop as in the noble palace, in the disorder of the market-place as along the terraces of the stately garden. Mr. Whistler has made many portraits on the stone, he has worked much out of doors; but his motive has ever been suggested by the pictorial aspect of men and women and the world he lives in. His concern is with the realities of life, that poetry may be the result—the poetry of paint or pencil.

To him the country is scarce less an enemy than it was to the De Goncourts, who

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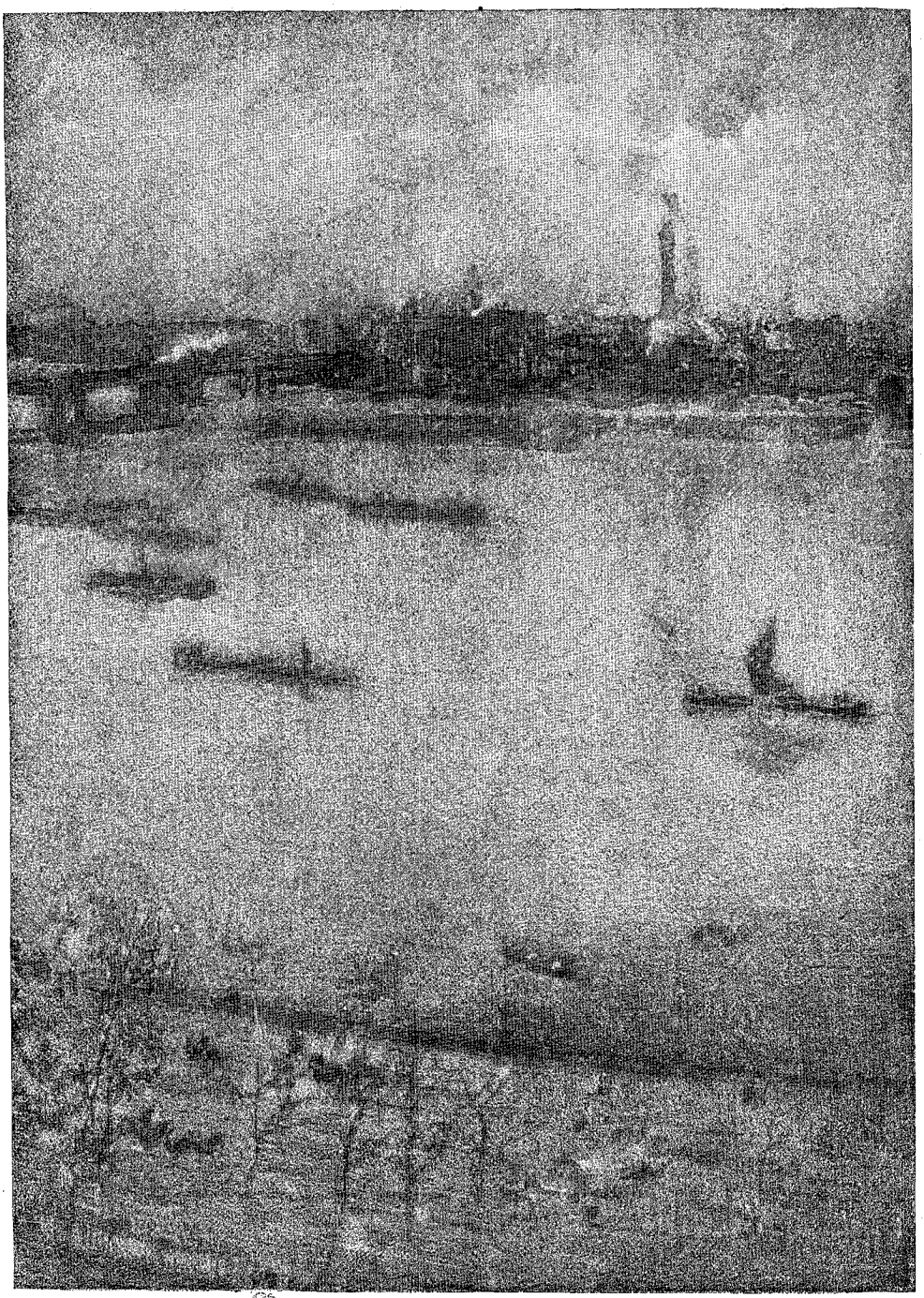

The River, from the Savoy.

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saw in it one large charnel-house. Town has ever had for him a more irresistible charm. London, of

> The mysterious distances, the glooms
> Romantic, the august
> And solemn shapes!

Paris, the elegant, the dainty, the distinguished city of vast vistas and terraced gardens, has held him by a more potent spell than ploughed field and meadow land, than green valleys winding among the hills. He would rather see the fog lifting and falling on the street's long façade than the cloud-shadows drifting across the mountain-side; he would find more majesty in the forest of masts along the quays than in the greenest depth of Fontainebleau or Sherwood. In the city he has painted his nocturnes, and it is the city that has been the inspiration of his needle. With the exception of a very occasional etching, I do not remember a landscape by Mr. Whistler. And, as with his paintings and plates, so with his lithographs; when he has worked out of doors it has been in London or Lyme Regis, in Paris or Vitré.

There is a long London series, begun with his first lithographs, continued at intervals, and, it is to be hoped, not yet ended. Throughout the series, as in London itself, you come constantly upon glimpses of the river, its "green garlands and windy eyots forgot," as, barge-laden and all astir with life, it flows between the gray splendor and squalor of the motley shores. It has been said that Mr. Whistler stands supreme among painters as the interpreter of night. But it is no less his special distinction that he has made the Thames his own in art, even as Mr. Henley has been its discoverer in verse. It seems, then, in keeping that his first use of the stone should have been in the river's service. The shipping and barges at Limehouse, the fairyland of Chelsea, in the hour before night when factories are palaces and chimneys become campanili, filled him with a sense of the Thames's beauty in 1878 and 1879, even as to-day he has been rejoicing in the swing of the stream past Somerset House, and the solemn graciousness of Wren's city rising from the banks. The "Nocturne" at Chelsea was done in wash; and the brush, sweeping with unerring skill and sympathy across the stone, missed nothing of the subtleties in the shadowy water, nothing of the variety in the twilit sky, nothing of the golden mystery of lights and re-

The Long Gallery in the Louvre.

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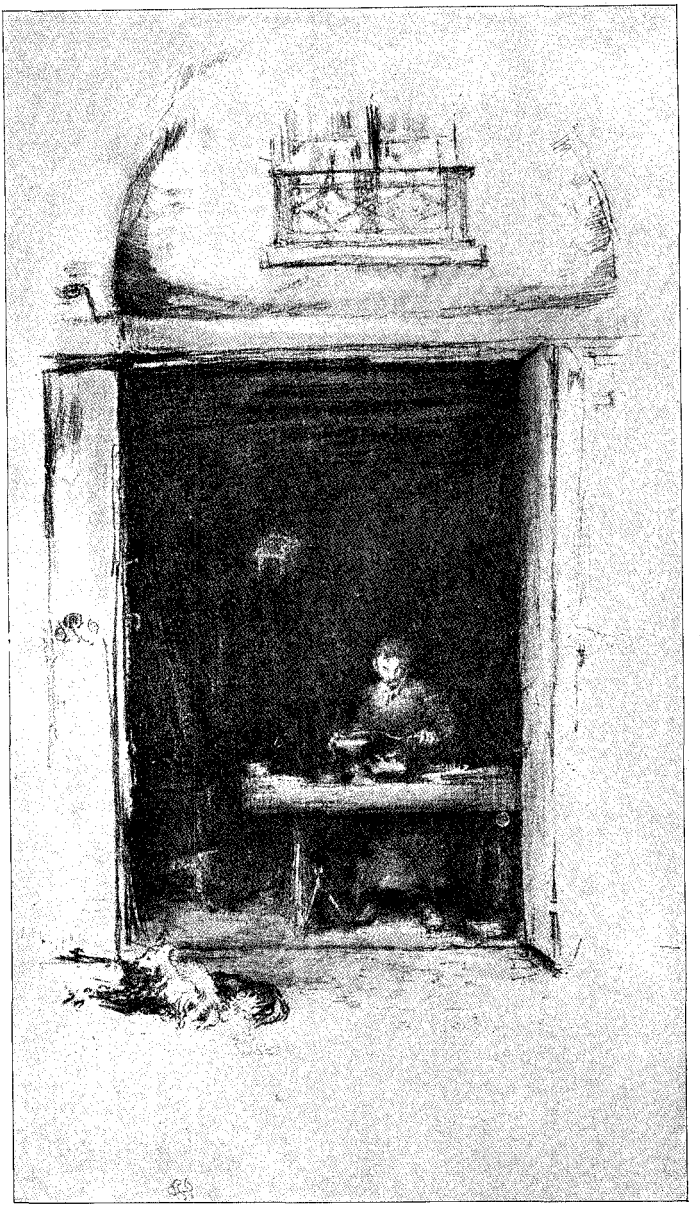
flections gleaming through the tender gloom. But no less subtle and varied are the effects in his Thames of to-day, though he has rarely used wash since those early prints. From the windows of the Savoy Hotel, looking eastward, he has watched the river hurrying to the sea; he has noted the dignity of towers and spires rising high, "through flight on flight of springing, soaring stone," above the clustered roofs, the great dome dominating all, in beautiful lines and curves, against a sky which, though it wear an unwonted glitter when the east wind blows, is more often veiled in mist or covered with clouds; and these things he has recorded in his "Little London." The stump has been the flexible, responsive tool with which he has fairly painted on the stone, giving tone and color. I know of nothing like this in lithography. To the Frenchmen of 1830 "stumping" was common enough; but even Daumier and Gavarni, who were such masters, sought with it the draughtsman's rather than the painter's quality. Again, looking southward and westward, Mr. Whistler has followed the wide curve of the Embankment, the height and spread of the frontage opposite, and the flow of the Thames under Waterloo Bridge; and he has seen them as no one else would, lingering lovingly over every detail, though never giving to it undue importance, delighting in the elegance of the hansom, in the grace of the unpretentious railing about the garden, in the movement and life and change of it all.



The Smith, Place du Dragon.

And his interest in London has not been restricted to the Thames. Seeing the beautiful, where other men might be

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discouraged by dulness, he has taken his subject, now in the little cheap shop opening a low window upon the street, now in the forgotten church hidden away in a lonely square. The "Chelsea Rags," convincingly rendered, than in their figures: the delicious little child, thrilling with excitement, craning her neck for one look upon the wonders of the "Fish-Shop," or the heavy, alert bull-dog that

The Little Model Reading.

the "Shops, Chelsea," the "Drury Lane," as well as the "Butcher's Dog," that dates but from yesterday, are impressions of vague Rembrandtesque interiors where figures, grim or graceful, peer from out the deep shadows—shops as lovely in his prints as the halls of a Veronese, the palaces of a Claude. And could character be more keenly observed and felt, more keeps the street for the butcher, or the two men working to no more profitable end than the making of a fine vigorous pattern in the "Wheelwright, Chelsea?" The two churches which he has drawn during the last year make one hope that others are to follow. St. Anne's in Soho, just round the corner from the noise and brand-new aggressiveness of Shaftesbury

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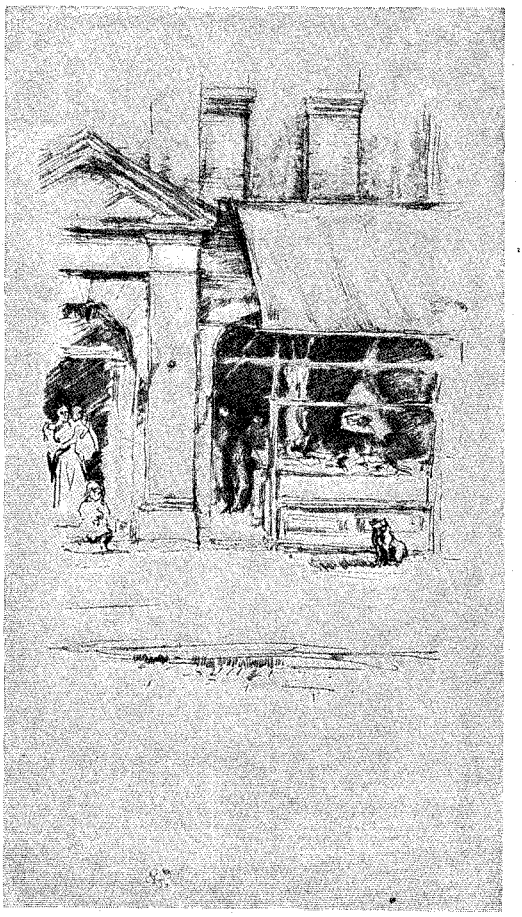
Avenue, is a quiet, quaint eighteenth-century building, somewhat raised above the level of the street, set in a square of its own, where, on benches under pleasant trees, the tired population of Soho, mostly foreign, comes to take its rest as in the somnolent garden of a French or Italian provincial town. Mr. Whistler has suggested the details of the architecture with great reticence, precision, and grace. Fortunately it was still winter at the moment, and no foliage conceals the fine lines and curves of the branches spreading themselves into a beautiful decoration across the simple façade. Once a critic, in days when he knew not how to distinguish between dry point and what was left unbitten on the plate, declared that Mr. Whistler could not draw a tree: by this lithograph alone the folly of such criticism is laid bare. The "St. Giles's" is another church, like St. Anne's, set in an enclosure in the midst of trees; in it, again, there is delicate drawing, as decorative as true, of tree forms; and in their treatment, in the rendering of church and sky, you find that quality of "paintiness" which is so delightful in the "Little London."

Sometimes it has been, not before a church, not before a shop, not before a river, but in a tiny court, as at Cloth Fair, at an entrance-gate, as to St. Bartholomew's, in front of a theatre, that Mr. Whistler has noted a chance beauty of line, or of form, or of shadowy depths through gaping door or window. No matter by what way he goes, by what corner he turns, he, like Mr. Henley, has eyes but to see "How goodly this his London Town can be!"—his by that most indisputable of all rights, the artist's.

Town, with its moving figures, its dim enchanted shops, is for him as inexhaustible at Lyme Regis. On Sunday he is happily conscious of the long, placid street, the slow-going men and women; and with the lightest touch, the simplest means, he has put down on paper the curving lines marked out by the direction of the simple houses, the movement of the little figures, the swirl of a skirt in the wind, the calm and quiet of the day. Or, it is the town fair in which he has revelled; the crowded tents, the flapping canvas, the glaring lights, the falling shadows, and the holiday-makers—strange imposing figures in their unwonted surroundings. Or else, the blacksmith's shop; that wonderful forge, where the two horses wait to be shod; the first horses Mr. Whistler has drawn, and yet, how perfect the modelling, how sure the handling, how pictorial the arrangement!



The Butcher's Dog.

In France his pleasure is in kindred places and subjects: in the wide, crowded market of the provincial town, and the houses rotting on the canal side; in the simple shop, now of the "*Fruitière*," now of the "*Blanchisseuse*,"

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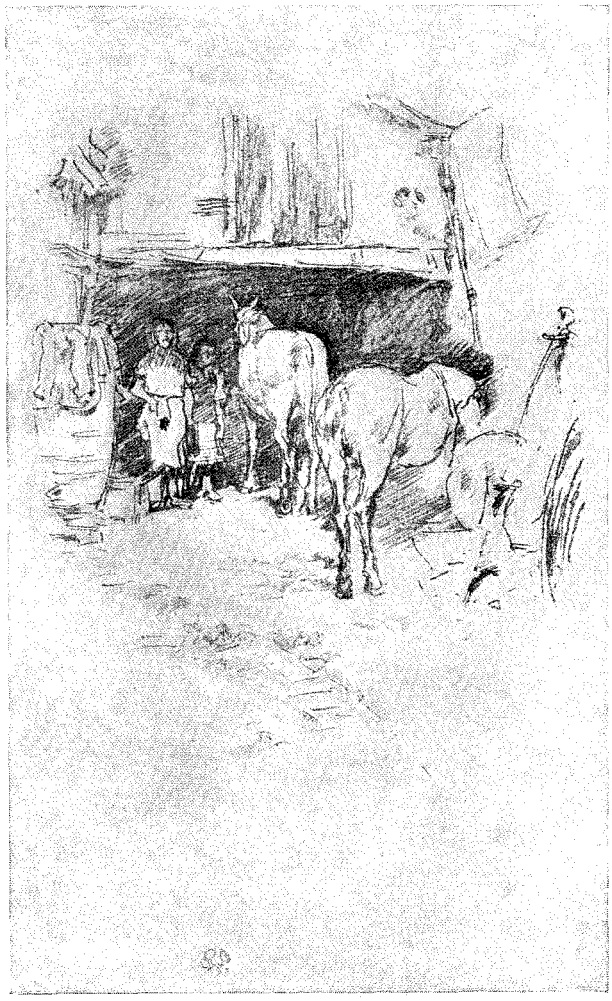
and again of the blacksmith, with its strange shadows and phantom shapes. There are two of those interiors, "The Forge" and "The Smith, Place du Dragon," each with a rich, noble background of darkness; not a flat black wall which the mere clever craftsman might so readily substitute, but darkness that is filled with air! Twice in the French series Mr. Whistler has used color—in the "Yellow House, Guingcamp," "the Red House, Paimpol," chromo-lithographs that redeem the name from its long dishonor. Here you have the right application of color to the lithograph; no endeavor to paint an elaborate picture as if with oils, no slavery to the flat washes of the modern poster-designer, but tint and tone introduced where they help to accentuate character or heighten an effect; much, indeed, as in Mr. Whistler's own pastels.

In Paris he has found still another subject in the Garden, and at the Luxembourg he is as truly in his element as a Millet on the sad plain of Barbizon, as a Corot at Ville D'Avray. Have I not said that style and elegance are the essentials of his art? and are they not here made to his hand in the broad terraces, the wide flights of steps, the prim paths, the classic avenues; in the adorable groups of *bébés*, all frills, of *bonnes*, all ribbons, of *Parisiennes*, all *chic*? In one print in particular, "A Conversation," he seems, on a few inches of paper, to give the entire gardens, or the very spirit of them. There is the posing statue under its canopy of trees, there below on the terrace are the well-dressed women, one with her hat set aloft with inimitable swagger on the coils of her well-groomed hair; there, in the distance, are the children at play, and it all sparkles with light and color. You scarce know which is the greatest marvel, the beauty of the garden, the character in the figures, or the slenderness of means employed to produce so large and comprehensive an effect.



The Smith's Tavern—Lyme Regis.

His portraits fortunately are many. All the masters distinguished themselves in their portraits — Daumier, Raffet, Devéria, Gigoux, Gavarni, Lane. There are special prints, like the Tony and Alfred Johannot by Gigoux, that are as memorable as any contemporary portrait of the painter, whether that painter were Ingres or Lawrence. The long list borrows new glory now that Mr. Whistler has added to it. His portraits on the stone have the subtlety and elegance and dignity of his portraits on can-

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vas. But in them he never exceeds the limit of his medium. The names of several of the prints explain this: for instance, "*La Belle Dame Endormie*," "*La Belle Dame Paresseuse*," two which could not well be exceeded in their dignified beauty. Not even in the Miss Alexander has he placed the figure in a picture more symmetrically than this beautiful woman who leans back in her chair with joyous, exquisite indolence. There are others in which he has noted, with the same quick sympathy, a moment of less repose, if of no less perfect unison of effect—"*La Belle Jardinière*," at work among her flowers; "The Duet," the light soft upon the faces of the two players; "*La jolie New Yorkaise*," alert, correct in her out-door costume, as she drinks afternoon tea; the tall, graceful girl who pauses as she passes, holding the "*Gants de Suède*," just drawn off the firm hands that now are clasping them. And unwearied still are invention and sympathy and fancy, direct still the method, slender the means, in as many more: "*La Robe Rouge;*" "*Confidences dans le Jardin;*" "The Winged Hat;" "The Sisters;" "Little Evelyn," the one child in the series—very sweet in her simplicity, the artist needing no pathetic or anecdotal accessories to express this sweetness. Nor can it be said of his lithographs, as of M. Helleu's dry points, that they include not a single portrait of a man. His print of "Stéphane Mallarmé" was published as a frontispiece in the latest collection of the poet's verse; his "Doctor" appeared only last Christmas in the *Pageant*. That they are vigorous, full of personal distinction and manliness, is only what one looks for in every portrait by the artist who painted the Carlyle, the Montesquiou, the Sarasate.

With some of his other figure subjects, he furnishes even more convincing evidence of his knowledge, of his scholarly draughtsmanship, of his absolute command of technique. These are his studies of the nude or partly draped model. Without them, the series of his lithographs would be less complete. By his drawing of the nude, the measure of an artist's capacity—or incapacity—may be judged. By it he stands convicted of perfection, or of failure as it may be and too often is. There is nothing more difficult in art than to draw the figure, and the difficulty is increased a hundredfold when the medium is as inexorable as the lithographic chalk. Mr. Whistler's little model now sits reading, now reclines, now stands by a large bowl. In this print she wears but the beauty of her nudity; in that, drapery falls about her in folds that help to express rather than hide the modelling of the flesh beneath, or sways and floats with every movement of her body. These studies have been likened, more than once, to the work of Tanagra; and justly, for theirs is the same flawless daintiness, the same purity of pose, the same harmony of line, the same grace of contour. And slight as they may seem to the casual amateur, in them you have the firm foundation, the groundwork, as it were, of the art that bears as its perfect flower the harmonies on the Thames and in the Luxembourg Gardens, the incomparable portraits. With them, too, must be classed the "Mother and Child," instinct with maternal devotion as the Madonnas of Bellini or Fra Angelico, the plump nakedness of the child a marvel of masterly execution, of eloquent form.

I am not attempting to give a list of Mr. Whistler's lithographs. The task would be beyond my limit and, indeed, my intention. For, after all, the important thing is to know, not merely how many prints he has published, but the qualities in which their greatness lies. The present revival bids fair to be more prolific in reckless talk than worthy achievement—though worthy achievement there is, and that from more than one man. I noticed this year, in the Salon of the Champs-Elysées, that the tendency of the lithographer now again, as in Munich a hundred years since, is to copy, and in copying to imitate, the technique of the engraver on steel or on wood. But Mr. Whistler, indifferent to ephemeral tendencies, works in his own, which is the right, way to-day as he did twenty years ago; he has established the standard, against which it is useless for the present generation to rebel. Originality in creation, individuality of observation, unswerving directness of expression—here you have the seal, or hallmark, which he has set upon the lithograph. And while fashions change with the changing seasons, his art will remain.

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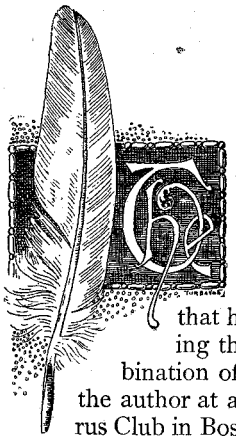
THE STORY OF A PLAY

BY W. D. HOWELLS

I



A YOUNG actor who thought he saw his part in Maxwell's play had so far made his way upward on the Pacific Coast that he felt justified in taking the road with a combination of his own. He met the author at a dinner of the Papyrus Club in Boston, where they were introduced with a facile flourish of praise from the journalist who brought them together, as the very men who were looking for each other, and who ought to be able to give the American public a real American drama. The actor, who believed he had an ideal of this drama, professed an immediate interest in the kind of thing Maxwell told him he was trying to do, and asked him to come the next day, if he did not mind its being Sunday, and talk the play over with him.

He was at breakfast when Maxwell came, at about the hour people were getting home from church, and he asked the author to join him. But Maxwell had already breakfasted, and he hid his impatience of the actor's politeness as well as he could, and began at the first moment possible: "The idea of my play is biblical; we're still a very biblical people." He had thought of the fact in seeing so many worshippers swarming out of the churches.

"That is true," said the actor.

"It's the old idea of the wages of sin. I should like to call it that."

"The name has been used, hasn't it?"

"I shouldn't mind; for I want to get a new effect from the old notion, and it would be all the stronger from familiar association with the name. I want to show that the wages of sin is mere sinning, which is the very body of death."

"Well?"

"Well, I take a successful man at the acme of his success, and study him in a succession of scenes that bring out the fact of his prosperity in a way to strike the imagination of the audience, even the groundlings; and, of course, I have to deal with success of the most appreciable sort—a material success that is gross and palpable. I have to use a large canvas, as big as Shakespeare's, in fact, and I put in a great many figures."

"That's right," said the actor. "You want to keep the stage full, with people coming and going."

"There's a lot of coming and going, and a lot of incidents, to keep the spectator interested, and on the lookout for what's to happen next. The whole of the first act is working up to something that I've wanted to see put on the stage for a good while, or ever since I've thought of writing for the stage, and that is a large dinner, one of the public kind."

"Capital!" said the actor.

"I've seen a good deal of that sort of thing as a reporter; you know they put us at a table off to one side, and we see the whole thing, a great deal better than the diners themselves do. It's a banquet, given by a certain number of my man's friends, in honor of his fiftieth birthday, and you see the men gathering in the hotel parlor—well, you can imagine it in almost any hotel—and Haxard is in the foreground. Haxard is the hero's name, you know."

"It's a good name," the actor mused aloud. "It has a strong sound."

"Do you like it? Well, Haxard," Maxwell continued, "is there in the foreground, from the first moment the curtain rises, receiving his friends, and shaking hands right and left, and joking and laughing with everybody—a very small joke makes a very large laugh on occasions like that, and I shall try to give some notion of the comparative size of the joke and the laugh—and receiving congratulations, that give a notion of what the dinner is for, and the kind of man he is, and how universally respected and all that, till everybody has come; and then

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the doors between the parlor and the dining-room are rolled back, and every man goes out with his own wife, or his sister, or his cousin, or his aunt, if he hasn't got a wife; I saw them do that once, at a big commercial dinner I reported."

"Ah, I was afraid it was to be exclusively a man's dinner!" the actor interrupted.

"Oh, no," Maxwell answered, with a shade of vexation. "That wouldn't do. You couldn't have a scene, or, at least, not a whole act, without women. Of course I understand that. Even if you could keep the attention of the audience without them, through the importance of the intrigue, still you would have to have them for the sake of the stage-picture. The drama is literature that makes a double appeal; it appeals to the sense as well as the intellect, and the stage is half the time merely a picture-frame. I had to think that out pretty early."

The actor nodded. "You couldn't too soon."

"It wouldn't do to have nothing but a crowd of black coats and white shirt-fronts on the stage through a whole act. You want color, and a lot of it, and you can only get it, in our day, with the women's costumes. Besides, they give movement and life. After the dinner begins they're supposed to sparkle all through. I've imagined the table set down the depth of the stage, with Haxard and the nominal host at the head, fronting the audience, and the people talking back and forth on each side, and I let the ladies do most of the talking, of course. I mean to have the dinner served through all the courses, and the waiters coming and going; the events will have to be hurried, and the eating merely sketched, at times; but I should keep the thing in pretty perfect form, till it came to the speaking. I shall have to cut that a good deal, but I think I can give a pretty fair notion of how they butter the object of their hospitality on such occasions; I've seen it and heard it done often enough. I think, perhaps, I shall have the dinner an act by itself. There are only four acts in the play now, and I'll have to make five. I want to give Haxard's speech as fully as possible, for that's what I study the man in, and make my confidences to the audience about him. I shall make him butter himself, but all with the utmost humility, and brag of everything that he disclaims the merit of."

The actor rose and reached across the table for the sugar. "That's a capital notion. That's new. That would make a hit—the speech would."

"Do you think so?" returned the author. "*I* thought so. I believe that in the hands of a good actor the speech could be made tremendously telling. I wouldn't have a word to give away his character, his nature, except the words of his own mouth, but I would have them do it so effectually that when he gets through the audience will be fairly 'onto him,' don't you know."

"Magnificent!" said the actor, pouring himself some more cocoa.

Maxwell continued: "In the third act—for I see that I shall have to make it the third now—the scene will be in Haxard's library, after he gets home from the complimentary dinner, at midnight, and he finds a man waiting for him there—a man that the butler tells him has called several times, and was so anxious to see him that Mrs. Haxard has given orders to let him wait. Oh, I ought to go back a little, and explain——"

"Yes, do!" The actor stirred his cocoa with mounting interest. "Yes, don't leave anything out."

"I merely meant to say that in the talk in the scene, or the act, before the dinner—I shall have two acts, but with no wait between them; just let down the curtain and raise it again—it will come out that Haxard is not a Bostonian by birth, but has come here since the war from the Southwest, where he went, from Maine, to grow up with the country, and is understood to have been a sort of quiescent Union man there; it's thought to be rather a fine thing the way he's taken on Boston, and shown so much local patriotism and public spirit and philanthropy, in the way he's brought himself forward here. People don't know a great deal about his past, but it's understood to have been very creditable. I shall have to recast that part a little, and lengthen the delay before he comes on, and let the guests, or the hosts—for *they're* giving *him* the dinner—have time to talk about him, and free their minds in honor of him behind his back, before they begin to his face."

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"Never bring your principal character on at once," the actor interjected.

"No," Maxwell consented. "I see that wouldn't have done." He went on: "Well, as soon as Haxard turns up the light in his library, the man rises from the lounge where he has been sitting, and Haxard sees who it is. He sees that it is a man whom he used to be in partnership with in Texas, where they were engaged in some very shady transactions. They get caught in one of them—I haven't decided yet just what sort of transaction it was, and I shall have to look that point up; I'll get some law-student to help me—and Haxard, who wasn't Haxard then, pulls out and leaves his partner to suffer the penalty. Haxard comes North, and after trying it in various places, he settles here, and marries, and starts in business and prospers on, while the other fellow takes their joint punishment in the penitentiary. By the way, it just occurs to me! I think I'll have it that Haxard has killed a man, a man whom he has injured; he doesn't mean to kill him, but he has to; and this fellow is knowing to the homicide, but has been prevented from getting onto Haxard's trail by the consequences of his own misdemeanors; that will probably be the best way out. Of course it all has to transpire, all these facts, in the course of the dialogue which the two men have with each other there in Haxard's library, after a good deal of fighting away from the inevitable identification on Haxard's part. After the first few preliminary words with the butler at the door before he goes in to find the other man—his name is Greenshaw——"

"That's a good name, too," said the actor.

"Yes, isn't it? It has a sort of probable sound, and yet it's a made-up name. Well, I was going to say——"

"And I'm glad you have it a homicide that Haxard is guilty of, instead of a business crime of some sort. That sort of crime never tells with an audience," the actor observed.

"No," said Maxwell. "Homicide is decidedly better. It's more melodramatic, and I don't like that, but it will be more appreciable, as a real sin, to most of the audience; we steal and cheat so much, and we kill comparatively so little in the North. Well, I was going to say that I shall have this whole act to consist entirely of the passage between the two men. I shall let it begin with a kind of shiver creeping over the spectator, when he recognizes the relation between them, and I hope I shall be able to make it end with a shudder, for Haxard must see from the first moment, and he must let the audience see at last, that the only way for him to save himself from his old crime is to commit a new one. He must kill the man who saw him kill a man."

"That's good," the actor thoughtfully murmured, as if tasting a pleasant morsel to try its flavor. "Excellent."

Maxwell laughed for pleasure, and went on: "He arranges to meet the man again at a certain time and place, and that is the last of Greenshaw. He leaves the house alone; and the body of an unknown man is found floating up and down with the tide under the Long Bridge. There are no marks of violence; he must have fallen off the bridge in the dark, and been drowned; it could very easily happen. Well, then comes the most difficult part of the whole thing; I have got to connect this casualty with Haxard in the most unmistakable way, unmistakable to the audience, that is; and I have got to have it brought home to him in a supreme moment of his life. I don't want to have him feel any remorse for it; that isn't the modern theory of the criminal; but I do want him to be anxious to hide his connection with it, and to escape the consequences. I don't know but I shall try another dinner-scene, though I am afraid it would be a risk."

The actor said: "I don't know. It might be the very thing. The audience likes a recurrence to a distinctive feature. It's like going back to an effective strain in music."

"Yes," Maxwell resumed, "slightly varied. I might have a private dinner, this time; perhaps a dinner that Haxard himself is giving. Toward the end the talk might turn on the case of the unknown man, and the guests might discuss it philosophically together; Haxard would combat the notion of a murder, and even of a suicide; he would contend for an accident, pure and simple. All the fellows would take a turn at the theory, but the

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summing-up opinion I should leave to a legal mind, perhaps the man who had made the great complimentary speech at the public dinner to Haxard in the first act. I should have him warm to his work, and lay it down to Haxard in good round fashion, against his theory of accident. He could prove to the satisfaction of everybody that the man who was last seen with the drowned man—or was supposed to have been seen with him—according to some very sketchy evidence at the inquest, which never amounted to anything—was the man who pushed him off the bridge. He could gradually work up his case, and end the argument with a semi-jocular, semi-serious appeal to Haxard himself, like, 'Why, suppose it was your own case,' and so forth, and so forth, and so forth, and then suddenly stop at something he notices queer in Haxard, who is trying to get to his feet. The rest applaud: 'That's right! Haxard has the floor,' and so on, and then Haxard slips back into his chair, and his head falls forward— I don't like death-scenes on the stage. They're usually failures. But if this was managed simply, I think it would be effective."

The actor left the table and began to walk about the room. "I shall want that play. I can see my part in Haxard. I know just how I could make up for him. And the play is so native, so American, that it will go like wildfire."

The author heard these words with a swelling heart. He did not speak, for he could not. He sat still, watching the actor as he paced to and fro, histrionically rapt in his representation of an actor who had just taken a piece from a young dramatist. "If you can realize that part as you've sketched it to me," he said, finally, "I will play it exclusively, as Jefferson does Rip Van Winkle. There are immense capabilities in the piece. Yes, sir; that thing will run for years!"

"Of course," Maxwell found voice to say, "there is one great defect in it, from the conventional point of view." The actor stopped and looked at him. "There's no love-business."

"We must have that. But you can easily bring it in."

"By the head and shoulders, yes. But I hate love-making, on the stage, almost as much as I do dying. I never see a pair of lovers beyond the footlights without wanting to kill them." The actor remained looking at him over his folded arms, and Maxwell continued, with something like a personal rancor against love-making, while he gave a little, bitter laugh, "I might have it somehow that Haxard had killed a pair of stage-lovers, and this was what Greenshaw had seen him do. But that would have been justifiable homicide."

The actor's gaze darkened into a frowning stare, as if he did not quite make out this kind of fooling. "All the world loves a lover," he said, tentatively.

"I don't believe it does," said Maxwell, "except as it's stupid, and loves anything that makes it laugh. It loves a comic lover, and in the same way it loves a droll drunkard or an amusing madman."

"We shall have to have some sort of love-business," the actor returned, with an effect of leaving the right interpretation of Maxwell's peculiar humor for some other time. "The public wants it. No play would go without it. You can have it subordinate if you like, but you have got to have it. How old did you say Haxard was?"

"About fifty. Too old for a lover, unless you could make him in love with someone else's wife, as he has one of his own already. But that wouldn't do."

The actor looked as if he did not know why it would not do, but he said, "He could have a daughter."

"Yes, and his daughter could have a lover. I had thought of something of that kind, and of bringing in their ill-fated passion as an element of the tragedy. We could have his disgrace break their hearts, and kill two birds with one stone, and avenge a long-suffering race of playwrights upon stage-lovers."

The actor laughed like a man of small humor, mellowly, but hollowly. "No, no! We must have the love-affair end happily. You can manage that somehow. Have you got the play roughed out at all?"

"Not in manuscript. I've only got it roughed out in my mind."

"Well, I want that play. That's settled. I can't do anything with it this winter, but

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I should like to open with it next fall. Do you think you could have it ready by the end of July ? "

II

THEY sat down and began to talk times and terms. They parted with a perfect understanding, and Maxwell was almost as much deceived as the actor himself. He went home full of gay hopes to begin work on the play at once, and to realize the character of Haxard with the personality of the actor in his eye. He heard nothing from him till the following spring, when the actor wrote, with all the ardor of their parting moment, to say that he was coming East for the summer, and meant to settle down in the region of Boston somewhere, so that they could meet constantly and make the play what they both wanted. He said nothing to account for his long silence, and he seemed so little aware of it, that Maxwell might very well have taken it for a simple fidelity to the understanding between them, too unconscious to protest itself. He answered discreetly, and said that he expected to pass the summer on the coast somewhere, but was not yet quite certain where he should be ; that he had not forgotten their interview, and should still be glad to let him have the play if he fancied it. Between this time and the time when the actor appeared in person, he sent Maxwell several short notes, and two or three telegrams, sufficiently relevant but not very necessary, and when his engagement ended in the West, a fortnight after Maxwell was married, he telegraphed again and then came through without a stop from Denver, where the combination broke up, to Manchester-by-the-Sea. He joined the little colony of actors which summers there, and began to play tennis and golf, and to fish and to sail, almost without a moment's delay. He was not very fond of any of these things, and in fact he was fond only of one thing in the world, which was the stage ; but he had a theory that they were recreation, and that if he went in for them, he was building himself up for the season, which began early in September ; he had appropriate costumes for all of them, and no one dressed the part more perfectly in tennis or golf, or sailing, or fishing. He believed that he ought to read up in the summer, too, and he had the very best of the recent books, in fiction and criticism, and the new drama. He had all of the translations of Ibsen, and several of Mæterlinck's plays in French ; he read a good deal in his books, and he lent them about in the hotel even more. Among the ladies there he had the repute of a very modern intellect, and of a person you would never take for an actor, from his tastes. What his tastes would have been if you had taken him for an actor, they could not have said, perhaps, but probably something vicious, and he had not a vice. He did not smoke, and he did not so much as drink tea or coffee ; he had cocoa for breakfast, and at lunch a glass of milk, with water at dinner. He had a tint like the rose, and when he smiled or laughed, which was often, from a constitutional amiability and a perfect digestion, his teeth showed white and regular, and an innocent dimple punctured either cheek. His name was Godolphin, for he had instinctively felt that in choosing a name he might as well take a handsome one while he was about it, and that if he became Godolphin there was no reason why he should not become Launcelot, too. He did not put on these splendors from any foible, but from a professional sense of their value in the bills ; and he was not personally characterized by them. As Launcelot Godolphin he was simpler than he would have been with a simpler name, and it was his ideal to be modest in everything that personally belonged to him. He studied an unprofessional walk, and a very colloquial tone in speaking. He was of course clean-shaven, but during the summer he let his mustache grow, though he was aware that he looked better without it. He was tall, and he carried himself with the vigor of his perfect health ; but on the stage he looked less than his real size, like a perfectly proportioned edifice.

Godolphin wanted the Maxwells to come to his hotel in Manchester, but there were several reasons for their not doing this ; the one Maxwell alleged was that they could not afford it. They had settled for the summer, when they got

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home after their brief wedding journey, at a much cheaper house in Magnolia, and the actor and the author were then only three miles apart, which Mrs. Maxwell thought was quite near enough. "As it is," she said, "I'm only afraid he'll be with you every moment with his suggestions, and won't let you have any chance to work out your own conceptions."

Godolphin had not failed to notify the public through the press that Mr. Brice Maxwell had severed his connection with the Boston *Abstract*, for the purpose of devoting himself to a new play for Mr. Launcelot Godolphin, and he thought it would have been an effective touch if it could have been truthfully reported that Mr. Godolphin and Mr. Maxwell might be seen almost any day swinging over the roads together in the neighborhood of Manchester, blind and deaf to all the passing, in their discussion of the play, which they might almost be said to be collaborating. But failing Maxwell's consent to anything of the sort, Godolphin did the swinging over the roads himself, so far as the roads lay between Manchester and Magnolia. He began by coming in the forenoon, when he broke Maxwell up fearfully, but he was retarded by a waning of his own ideal in the matter, and finally got to arriving at that hour in the afternoon when Maxwell could be found revising his morning's work, or lying at his wife's feet on the rocks, and now and then irrelevantly bringing up a knotty point in the character or action for her criticism. For these excursions Godolphin had equipped himself with a gray corduroy sack and knickerbockers, and a stick which he cut from the alder thicket; he wore russet shoes of ample tread, and very thick-ribbed stockings, which became his stalwart calves.

Nothing could be handsomer than the whole effect he made in this costume, and his honest face was a pleasure to look at, though its intelligence was of a kind so wholly different from the intelligence of Maxwell's face, that Mrs. Maxwell always had a struggle with herself before she could allow that it was intelligence at all. He was very polite to her; he always brought her flowers, and he opened doors, and put down windows, and leaped to his feet for every imaginable occasion of hers, in a way that Maxwell never did, and somehow a way that the polite men of her world did not, either. She had to school herself to believe him a gentleman, and she would not accept a certain vivid cleanliness he had, as at all aristocratic; she said it was too fresh, and he ought to have carried a warning placard of "Paint." She found that Godolphin had one great and constant merit: he believed in Maxwell's genius as devoutly as she did herself. This did not prevent him from coming every day with proposals for changes in the play, more or less structural. At one time he wished the action laid in some other country and epoch, so as to bring in more costume, and give the carpenter something to do; he feared that the severity of the *mise en scène* would ruin the piece. At another time he wanted lines taken out of the speeches of the inferior characters, and put into his own, to fatten the part, as he explained. At other times he wished to have paraphrases of passages, that he had brought down the house with in other plays, written into this; or scenes transposed, so that he would make a more effective entrance here or there. There was no end to his inventions for spoiling the simplicity and truthfulness of Maxwell's piece, which he yet respected as the virtues of it, and hoped the greatest things from.

One afternoon he arrived with a scheme for a very up-to-date scene in the last act; have it a supper instead of a dinner, and then have a skirt-dancer introduced, as society people had been having Carmencita. "When Haxard dies, you know," he explained, "it would be tremendously effective if you could have the woman catch him in her arms, and she would be a splendid piece of color in the picture, with Haxard's head lying in her lap, as the curtain comes down with a run."

At this suggestion Mrs. Maxwell was too indignant to speak; her husband merely said, with his cold smile, "Yes; but I don't see what it would have to do with the rest of the play."

"You could have it," said Godolphin, "that he was married to a Mexican during his Texas episode, and this girl was their daughter." Maxwell still smiled, and Godolphin deferred to his wife: "But perhaps Mrs. Maxwell would object to the skirt-dance?"

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"Oh, no," she answered, ironically, "I shouldn't mind having it, with Carmencita in society for a precedent. But," she added, "the incident seems so out of keeping with the action and the temperament of the play, and everything. If I were to see such a thing on the stage, merely as an impartial spectator, I should feel insulted."

Godolphin flushed. "I don't see where the insult would come in. You mightn't like it, but it would be like anything else in a play that you were not personally concerned in."

"No, excuse me, Mr. Godolphin. I think the audience is as much concerned in the play as the actor or the author, and if either of these fails in the ideal, or does a bit of clap-trap when they have wrought the audience up in expectation of something noble, then they insult the audience —or all the better part of it."

"The better part of the audience never fills the house," said the actor.

"Very well. I hope my husband will never write for the worse part."

"And I hope I shall never play to it," Godolphin returned, and he looked hurt at the insinuation of her words.

"It isn't a question of all that," Maxwell interposed, with a worried glance at his wife. "Mr. Godolphin has merely suggested something that can be taken into the general account; we needn't decide it now. By the way," he said to the actor, "have you thought over that point about changing Haxard's crime, or the quality of it? I think it had better not be an intentional murder; that would kill the audience's sympathy with him from the start, don't you think? We had better have it what they call a rencontre, down there, where two gentlemen propose to kill each other on sight. Greenshaw's hold on him would be that he was the only witness of the fight, and that he could testify to a wilful murder if he chose. Haxard's real crime must be the killing of Greenshaw."

"Yes," said Godolphin, and he entered into the discussion of the effect this point would have with the play. Mrs. Maxwell was too much vexed to forgive him for making the suggestion which he had already dropped, and she left the room for fear she should not be able to govern herself at the sight of her husband condescending to temporize with him. She thought that Maxwell's willingness to temporize, even when it involved no insincerity, was a defect in his character; she had always thought that, and it was one of the things that she meant to guard him against with all the strength of her zeal for his better self. When Godolphin was gone at last, she lost no time in coming back to Maxwell, where he sat with the manuscript of his play before him, apparently lost in some tangle of it. She told him abruptly that she did not understand how, if he respected himself, if he respected his own genius, he could consider such an idea as Godolphin's skirt-dance for an instant.

"Did I consider it?" he asked.

"You made him think so."

"Well," returned Maxwell, and at her reproachful look he added, "Godolphin never thought I was considering it. He has too much sense, and he would be astonished and disgusted if I took him in earnest, and did what he wanted. A lot of actors get round him over there, and they fill him up with all sorts of stage notions, and what he wants of me is that I shall empty him of them and yet not put him to shame about them. But if you keep on in that way you took with him, he'll throw me over."

"Well, let him!" cried Mrs. Maxwell. "There are twenty other actors who would jump at the chance to get such a play."

"Don't you believe it, my dear. Actors don't jump at plays, and Godolphin is the one man for me. He's young, and has the friendly regard from the public that a young artist has, and yet he isn't identified with any part in particular, and he will throw all his force into creating this, as he calls it."

"I can't bear to have him use that word, Brice. *You* created it."

"The word doesn't matter. It's merely a technical phrase. I shouldn't know where to turn if he gave it up."

"Pshaw! You could go to a manager."

"Thank you; I prefer an actor. Now, Louise, you must not be so abrupt with Godolphin when he comes out with those things."

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"I can't help it, dearest. They are insulting to you, and insulting to common-sense. It's a kindness to let him know how they would strike the public. I don't pretend to be more than the average public."

"He doesn't feel it a kindness the way you put it."

"Then you don't like me to be sincere with him! Perhaps you don't like me to be sincere with *you* about your play?"

"Be as sincere with me as you like. But this—this is a matter of business, and I'd rather you wouldn't."

"Rather I wouldn't say anything at all?" demanded Louise.

"I didn't say so, and you know I didn't; but if you can't get on without ruffling Godolphin, why, perhaps——"

"Very well, then, I'll leave the room the next time he comes. That will be perfectly simple; and it will be perfectly simple to do as most other people would—not concern myself with the play in any way from this out. I daresay you would prefer that, too, though I didn't quite expect it to come to that before our honeymoon was out."

"Oh, now, my dear!"

"You know it's so. But I can do it! I might have expected it from a man who was so perfectly self-centred and absorbed. But I was such a fool—" Her tears came and her words stopped.

Maxwell leaned forward with his thin face between his hands. This made him miserable, personally, but he was not so miserable but his artistic consciousness could take note of the situation as a very good one, and one that might be used effectively on the stage. He analyzed it perfectly in that unhappy moment. She was jealous of his work, which she had tolerated only while she could share it, and if she could not share it, while some other was suffered to do so, it would be cruel for her. But he knew that he could not offer any open concession now, without making bad worse, and he must wait till the right time for it came. He had so far divined her, without formulating her, that he knew she would be humiliated by anything immediate or explicit, but would later accept a tacit repentance from him; and he instinctively forebore.

III

For the present in her resentment of his willingness to abase his genius before Godolphin, or even to hold it in abeyance, Mrs. Maxwell would not walk to supper with her husband in the usual way, touching his shoulder with hers from time to time, and making herself seem a little lower in stature by taking the downward slope of the path leading from their cottage to the hotel. But the necessity of appearing before the people at their table on as perfect terms with him as ever, had the effect that conduct often has on feeling, and she took his arm in going back to their cottage, and leaned tenderly upon him.

Their cottage was one of the farthest from the hotel, and the smallest and quietest. In fact there was yet no one in it but themselves, and they dwelt there in an image of home, with the sole use of the veranda and the parlor, where Maxwell had his manuscripts spread about on the table as if he owned the place. A chambermaid came over from the hotel in the morning to put the cottage in order, and then they could be quite alone there for the rest of the day.

"Shall I light the lamp for you, Brice?" his wife asked, as they mounted the veranda steps.

"No," he said, "let us sit out here," and they took the arm-chairs that stood on the porch, and swung to and fro in silence for a little while. The sea came and went among the rocks below, marking its course in the deepening twilight with a white rope of foam, and raving huskily to itself, with now and then the long plunge of some heavier surge against the bowlders, and a hoarse shout. The Portland boat swam by in the offing, a glitter of irregular lights, and the lamps on the different points of the Cape blinked as they revolved in their towers. "This is the kind of thing you can get only in a novel," said Maxwell, musingly. "You couldn't possibly give the feeling of it in a play."

"Couldn't you give the feeling of the people looking at it?" suggested his wife, and she put out her hand to lay it on his.

"Yes, you could do that," he assented, with pleasure in her notion, "and that would be better. I suppose that is what

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would be aimed at in a description of the scene, which would be tiresome if it didn't give the feeling of the spectator."

"And Godolphin would say that if you let the carpenter have something to do, he would give the scene itself, and you could have the effect of it at first-hand."

Maxwell laughed. "I wonder how much they believe in those contrivances of the carpenter, themselves. They have really so little to do with the dramatic intention; but they have been multiplied so since the stage began to make the plays, that the actors are always wanting them in. I believe the time will come when the dramatist will avoid the occasion, or the pretext for them."

"That will be after Godolphin's time," said Mrs. Maxwell.

"Well, I don't know," returned Maxwell. "If Godolphin should happen to imagine doing without them, he would go all lengths."

"Or if you imagined it, and let him suppose he had. He never imagines anything of himself."

"No, he doesn't. And yet how perfectly he grasps the notion of the thing when it is done! It is very different from literature, acting is. And yet literature is only the representation of life."

"Well, acting is the representation of life at second-hand, then, and it ought to be willing to subordinate itself. What I can't bear in Godolphin is his setting himself up to be your artistic equal. He is no more an artist than the canvas is that the artist paints a picture on."

Maxwell laughed. "Don't tell him so; he won't like it."

"I will tell him so some day, whether he likes it or not."

"No, you mustn't; for it isn't true. He's just as much an artist in his way as I am in mine, and so far as the public is concerned, he has given more proofs."

"Oh, *his* public!"

"It won't do to despise any public, even the theatre-going public." Maxwell added the last words with a faint sigh.

"It's always second-rate," said his wife, passionately. "Third-rate, fourth-rate! Godolphin was quite right about that. I wish you were writing a novel, Brice, instead of a play. Then you would be really addressing refined people."

"It kills me to have you say that, Louise."

"Well, I won't. But don't you see, then, that you must stand up for art all the more unflinchingly, if you intend to write plays that will refine the theatre-going public, or create a new one? That is why I can't endure to have you even seem to give way to Godolphin."

"You must stand it, so long as I only seem to do it. He's far more manageable than I expected him to be. It's quite pathetic how docile he is, how perfectly ductile. But it won't do to browbeat him when he comes over here a little out of shape. He's a curious creature," Maxwell went on with a relish in Godolphin as material, which his wife suffered with difficulty. "I wonder if he could ever be got into a play. If he could, he would like nothing better than to play himself, and he would do it to perfection; only it would be a comic part, and Godolphin's mind is for the serious drama." Maxwell laughed again. "All his artistic instincts are in solution, and it needs something like a chemical agent to precipitate them in form, or to give them any positive character. He's like a woman!"

"Thank you," said Mrs. Maxwell.

"Oh, I mean all sorts of good things by that. He has the sensitiveness of a woman."

"Is that a good thing? Then I suppose he was so piqued by what I said about his skirt-dance that he will renounce you."

"Oh, I don't believe he will. I managed to smooth him up after you went out."

Mrs. Maxwell sighed. "Yes, you are very patient, and if you are patient, you are good. You are better than I am."

"I don't see the sequence exactly," said Maxwell.

They were both silent, and she seemed to have followed his devious thought in the same muse, for when he spoke again she did not reproach him with an equal inconsequence. "I don't know whether I could write a novel, and, besides, I think the drama is the supreme literary form. It stands on its own feet; it walks off on its own legs. It doesn't have to be pushed along, or pulled along, as the novel does."

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"Yes, of course, it's grand. That's the reason I can't bear to have you do anything unworthy of it."

"I know, Louise," he said, tenderly, and then again they did not speak for a little while.

He emerged from their silence at a point apparently very remote, with a sigh. "If I could only know just what the feelings of a murderer really were for five minutes, I could out-Shakespeare Shakespeare in that play. But I shall have to trust to the fall of man, and the general depravity of human nature, I suppose. After all, there's the potentiality of every kind of man in every man. If you've known what it is to hate, you've known what it is to kill."

"I felt once as if I had killed *you*," she said, and then he knew that she was thinking of a phase of their love which had a perpetual fascination for them both. "But I never hated you."

"No; I did the hating," he returned, lightly.

"Ah, don't say so, dear," she entreated, half in earnest.

"Well, have it all to yourself, then," he said; and he rose and went indoors, and lighted the lamp, and she saw him get out the manuscript of his play, while she sat still, recalling the time when she had tried to dismiss him from her thoughts upon a theory of his unworthiness. He had not yet spoken of love to her then, but she felt as if she had refused to listen to him, and her remorse kept his image before her in an attitude of pathetic entreaty, for at least a hearing. She knew that she had given him reason, if she had not given him courage, to believe that she cared for him; but he was too proud to renew the tacit approaches from which she had so abruptly retreated, and she had to invite them from him.

When she began to do this with the arts so imperceptible to the single-mindedness of a man, she was not yet sure whether she could endure to live with him or not; she was merely sure that she could not live without him, or to be more specific, without his genius, which she believed no one else appreciated as she did. She believed that she understood his character better than anyone else, and would know how to supplement it with her own. She had no ambition herself, but she could lend him a more telescopic vision in his, and keep his aims high, if his self-concentration ever made him short-sighted. He would write plays because he could not help it, but she would inspire him to write them with the lofty sense of duty she would have felt in writing them, if she had his gifts.

She was as happy in their engagement and as unhappy as girls usually are during their courtship. It is the convention to regard those days as very joyous, but probably no woman who was honest about the fact would say that they were so, from her own experience. Louise found them full of excitement and an interest from which she relaxed at times with such a sense of having strained forward to their end that she had a cold reluctance from Maxwell, and though she never dreamed of giving him up again, she sometimes wished she had never seen him. She was eager to have it all over, and be married and out of the way, for one thing because she knew that Maxwell could never be assimilated to her circumstance, and she should have no rest till she was assimilated to his. When it came to the dinners and lunches, which the Hilary kinship and friendship made in honor of her engagement, she found that Maxwell actually thought she could make excuse of his work to go without him, and she had to be painfully explicit before she could persuade him that this would not do at all. He was not timid about meeting her friends, as he might very well have been; but, in comparison with his work, he apparently held them of little moment, and at last he yielded to her wishes rather than her reasons. He made no pretence of liking those people, but he gave them no more offence than might have been expected. Among the Hilary cousins there were several clever women, who enjoyed the quality of Maxwell's somewhat cold, sarcastic humor, and there were several men who recognized his ability, though none of them liked him any better than he liked them. He had a way of regarding them all at first as of no interest, and then, if something kindled his imagination from them, of showing a sudden technical curiosity, which made the ladies, at least, feel as if he were dealing with them as so much material. They professed to think that it

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was only a question of time when they should all reappear in dramatic form, unless Louise should detect them in the manuscript before they were put upon the stage, and forbid his using them. If it were to be done before marriage, they were not sure that she would do it, or could do it, for it was plain to be seen that she was perfectly infatuated with him. The faults they found in him were those of manner mostly, and they perceived that these were such as passion might forgive to his other qualities. There were some who said that they envied her being so much in love with him, but these were not many; and some did not find him good-looking, or see what could have taken her with him.

Maxwell showed himself ignorant of the observances in every way, and if Louise had not rather loved him the more for what he made her suffer because of them, she must certainly have given him up, at times. He had never, to her thinking, known how to put a note properly on paper; his letters were perfectly fascinating, but they lacked a final charm in being often written on one side of half-sheets, and numbered in the upper right hand corner, like printer's copy. She had to tell him that he must bring his mother to call upon her; and then he was so long doing it that Louise imagined a timidity in his mother which he was too proud to own, and made her own mother go with her to see Mrs. Maxwell, in the house which she partly let out in lodgings on a very modest street. It really did not matter about any of those things though, and she and Maxwell's mother got on very well, after the first plunge, though the country doctor's widow was distinctly a country person, with the narrow social horizons of a villager, whose knowledge of the city was confined to the compass of her courageous adventures in it.

To her own mother Louise feigned to see nothing repulsive in the humility of these. She had been rather fastidiously worldly, she had been even aggressively worldly, in her preference for a luxurious and tasteful setting, and her mother now found it hard to bear her contented acceptance of the pervading commonness of things at Mrs. Maxwell's. Either her senses were holden by her fondness for Maxwell, or else she was trying to hoodwink her mother by an effect of indifference; but Mrs. Hilary herself was certainly not obtuse to that commonness. If she did not rub it into Louise, which would have done no good, she did rub it into Louise's father, though that could hardly have been said to do any good, either. Her report of the whole affair made him writhe, but when she had made him writhe enough, she began to admit some extenuating circumstances. If Mrs. Maxwell was a country person, she was not foolish. She did not chaunt, in a vain attempt to be genteel in her speech; she did not expand unduly under Mrs. Hilary's graciousness, and she did not resent it. In fact the graciousness had been very skilfully managed, and Mrs. Maxwell had not been allowed to feel that there was any condescension to her. She got on with Louise very well; if Mrs. Maxwell had any overweening pride in her son, she kept it as wholly to herself as any overweening pride she might have had in her son's choice.

Mrs. Hilary did not like her daughter's choice, but she had at least reached such resignation concerning it as the friends of a hopeless invalid may feel when the worst comes. She had tried to stop the affair when there was some hope or use in trying, and now she determined to make the best of it. The worst was that Maxwell was undoubtedly of different origin and breeding, and he would always, in society, subject Louise to a consciousness of his difference if he did nothing more. But when you had said this, you seemed to have said all there was to say against him. The more the Hilarys learned about the young fellow, the more reason they had to respect him. His life, on its level, was blameless. Every one who knew him spoke well of him, and those who knew him best spoke enthusiastically; he had believers in his talent and in his character. In a society so barometrical as ours, even in a city where it was least barometrical, the obstacles to the acceptance of Maxwell were mainly subjective. They were formed not so much of what people would say as of what Mrs. Hilary felt they had a right to say, and, in view of the necessities of the case, she found herself realizing that if they did not say anything to her, it would be much as if they had not

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said anything at all. She dealt with the fact before her frankly, and in the duties which it laid upon her she began to like Maxwell before Hilary did. Not that Hilary disliked him, but there was something in the young fellow taking his daughter away from him, in that cool matter-of-fact way, as if it were quite in the course of nature that he should, instead of being abashed and overwhelmed by his good fortune, which left Hilary with a misgiving lest he might realize it less and less, as time went on.

Hilary had had no definite ambition for her in marriage, but his vague dreams for her were not of a young man who meant to leave off being a newspaper writer to become a writer of plays. He instinctively wished her to be of his own order of things; and it had pleased him when he heard from his wife's report that Louise had seen the folly of her fancy for the young journalist whom a series of accidents had involved with their lives, and had decided to give him up. When the girl decided again, more tacitly, that she could not give him up, Hilary submitted, as he would have submitted to anything she wished. To his simple idolatry of her she was too good for anything on earth, and if he were to lose her, he found that after all he had no great choice in the matter. As soon as her marriage appeared inevitable, he agreed with his wife that their daughter must never have any unhappiness of their making; and they let her reverse without a word the purpose of going to spend the winter abroad which they had formed at her wish when she renounced Maxwell.

All this was still recent in point of time, and though marriage had remanded it to an infinite distance apparently with the young people, it had not yet taken away the importance or the charm of the facts and the feelings that had seemed the whole of life before marriage. When Louise turned from her retrospect she went in through the window that opened on the veranda, and stood beside her husband, where he sat with his manuscript before him, frowning at it in the lamplight that made her blink a little after the dark outside. She put her hand on his head, and carried it down his cheek over his mouth, so that he might kiss its palm.

"Going to work much longer, little man?" she asked, and she kissed the top of his head, in her turn. It always amused her to find how smooth and soft his hair was. He flung his pen away and threw himself back in his chair. "Oh, it's that infernal love-business!" he said.

She sat down and let her hands fall on her lap. "Why, what makes it so hard?"

"Oh, I don't know. But it seems as if I were *fighting* it, as the actors say, all the way. It doesn't go of itself at all. It's forced, from the beginning."

"Why do you have it in, then?"

"I have to have it in. It has to be in every picture of life, as it has to be in every life. Godolphin is perfectly right. I talked with him about leaving it out, to-day, but I had to acknowledge that it wouldn't do. In fact, I was the first to suggest there must be some sort of love-business when I first talked the play over with him. But I wish there hadn't. It makes me sick every time I touch it. The confounded fools don't know what to do with their love."

"They might get married with it," Louise suggested.

"I don't believe they have sense enough to think of that," said her husband. "The curse of their origin is on them, I suppose. I tried to imagine them when I was only fit to imagine a man hating a woman with all his might."

Louise laughed out her secure delight. "If the public could only know why your lovers were such feeble folk, it would make the fortune of the play."

Maxwell laughed, too. "Yes, fancy Pinney getting hold of a fact like that and working it up with all his native delicacy in the Sunday edition of the *Events!*"

Pinney was a reporter of Maxwell's acquaintance, who stood to Louise for all that was most terrible in journalistic enterprise. "Don't!" she shrieked.

Maxwell went on. "He would have both our portraits in, and your father's and mother's, and my mother's; and your house on Commonwealth Avenue, and our meek mansion on Pinckney Street. He would make it a work of art, Pinney would, and he would believe that we were all secretly gratified with it, no matter how we pretended to writhe under it." He laughed and laughed, and then suddenly he stopped, and was very grave.

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"I know what you're thinking of, now," said his wife.

"What?"

"Whether you couldn't use *our* affair in the play?"

"You're a witch! Yes, I was! I was thinking it wouldn't do."

"Stuff! It *will* do, and you must use it. Who would ever know it? And I shall not care how blackly you show me up. I deserve it. If I was the cause of your hating love so much, that you failed with your lovers on the old lines, I certainly ought to be willing to be the means of your succeeding on lines that had never been tried before."

"Generous girl!" He bent over—he had not to bend far—and kissed her. Then he rose, excitedly, and began to walk the floor, with his hands in his pockets, and his head dropped forward. He broke into speech: "I could disguise it so that nobody would ever dream of it. I'll just take a hint from ourselves. How would it do to have had the girl actually reject him? It never came to that with us; and instead of his being a howling outside swell that was rather condescending to her, suppose I have him some sort of subordinate in her father's business? It doesn't matter much what; it's easy to arrange such a detail. She could be in love with him all the time, without even knowing it herself, or, at least, not knowing it when he offers himself; and she could always be vaguely hoping or expecting that he would come to time again."

"That's what I did," said his wife, "and you hadn't offered yourself, either."

Maxwell stopped, with an air of discomfiture and disappointment. "You wouldn't like me to use that point, then?"

"What a simpleton! Of course I should! I shouldn't care if all the world knew it."

"Ah, well, we won't give it to Pinney, anyway; but I really think it could be done without involving our own facts. I should naturally work farther and farther away from them, when the thing got to spinning. Just take a little color from them now and then. I might have him hating her all the way through, or, supposing he hated her, and yet doing all sorts of nice little things, and noble big things for her, till it came out about her father's crime, and then—" He stopped again with a certain air of distaste.

"That would be rather romantic, wouldn't it?" his wife asked.

"That was what I was thinking," he answered. "It would be confoundedly romantic."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Louise; "you could have them squabbling all the way through, and doing hateful things to one another."

"That would give it the cast of comedy."

"Well?"

"And that wouldn't do, either."

"Not if it led up to the pathos and prettiness of their reconciliation in the end? Shakespeare mixes the comic and the tragic, all through!"

"Oh, yes, I know that——"

"And it would be very effective to leave the impression of their happiness with the audience, so that they might have strength to get on their rubbers and wraps after the tremendous ordeal of your Haxard death-scene."

"Godolphin wouldn't stand it. He wants the gloom of Haxard's death to remain in unrelieved inkiness at the end. He wants the people to go away thinking of Godolphin, and how well he did the last gasp. He wouldn't stand any love-business there. He would rather not have any in the play."

"Very well, if you're going to be a slave to Godolphin——"

"I'm not going to be a slave to Godolphin, and if I can see my way to make the right use of such a passage at the close, I'll do it, even if it kills the play for Godolphin."

"Now you're shouting," said Louise. She liked to use a bit of slang when it was perfectly safe, as in very good company, or among those she loved; at other times she scrupulously shunned it.

"But I can do it somehow," Maxwell mused aloud. "Now I have the right idea, I can make it take any shape or color I want. It's magnificent!"

"And who thought of it?" she demanded.

"Who? Why *I* thought of it myself."

"Oh, you little wretch!" she cried, in utter fondness, and she ran at him, and

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drove him into a corner. "Now, say that again and I'll tickle you."

"No, no, no!" he laughed, and he fought away the pokes and thrusts she was aiming at him. "We both thought of it together. It was mind transferrence!"

She dropped her hands with an instant interest in the psychological phenomenon. "Wasn't it strange? Or, no, it wasn't, either! If our lives are so united in everything, the wonder is that we don't think more things and say more things together. But, now, I want you to own, Brice, that I was the first to speak about your using our situation!"

"Yes, you were, and I was the first to think of it. But that's perfectly natural. You always speak of things before you think, and I always think of things before I speak."

"Well, I don't care," said Louise, by no means displeased with the formulation. "I shall always say it was perfectly miraculous. And I want you to give me credit for letting you have the idea after you had thought of it."

"Yes, there's nothing mean about you, Louise, as Pinney would say. By Jove, I'll bring Pinney in! I'll have Pinney interview Haxard concerning Greenshaw's disappearance."

"Very well, then, if you bring Pinney in, you will leave me out," said Louise. "I won't be in the same play with Pinney."

"Well, I won't bring Pinney in, then," said Maxwell. "I prefer you to Pinney—in a play. But I have got to have in an interviewer. It will be splendid on the stage, and I'll be the first to have him." He went and sat down at his table.

"You're not going to work any more to-night!" his wife protested.

"No, just jot down a note or two, to clinch that idea of ours in the right shape." He dashed off a few lines with pencil in his play, at several points, and then he said: "There! I guess I shall get some bones into those two flabby idiots to-morrow. I see just how I can do it." He looked up and met his wife's adoring eyes.

"You're wonderful, Brice!" she said.

"Well, don't tell me so," he returned, "or it might spoil me. Now I wouldn't tell you how good you were, on any account."

"Oh, yes, do, dearest!" she entreated, and a mist came into her eyes. "I don't think you praise me enough."

"How much ought I to praise you?"

"You ought to say that you think I'll never be a hindrance to you."

"Let me see," he said, and he pretended to reflect. "How would it do to say that if I ever come to anything worth while, it'll be because you made me?"

"Oh, Brice! But would it be true?" She dropped on her knees at his side.

"Well, I don't know. Let's hope it would," and with these words he laughed again, and put his arms round her. Presently she felt his arm relax, and she knew that he had ceased to think about her, and was thinking about his play again.

She pulled away, and "Well?" she asked.

He laughed at being found out so instantly. "That was a mighty good thing your father said when you went to tell him our engagement."

"It was *very* good. But if you think I'm going to let you use *that*, you're very much mistaken. No, Brice! Don't you touch papa. He wouldn't like it; he wouldn't understand it. Why, what a perfect cormorant you are!"

They laughed over his voracity, and he promised it should be held in check as to the point which he had thought for a moment might be worked so effectively into the play.

The next morning Louise said to her husband: "I can see, Brice, that you are full of the notion of changing that love-business, and, if I stay round, I shall simply bother. I'm going down to lunch with papa and mamma, and get back here in the afternoon, just in time to madden Godolphin with my meddling."

She caught the first train after breakfast, and in fifteen minutes she was at Beverly Farms. She walked over to her father's cottage, where she found him smoking his cigar on the veranda.

He was alone; he said her mother had gone to Boston for the day; and he asked, "Did you walk from the station? Why in the world didn't you come back in the carriage? It had just been there with your mother."

"I didn't see it. Besides, I might not have taken it if I had. As the wife of a struggling young playwright, I should have

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probably thought it unbecoming to drive. But the struggle is practically over, you'll be happy to know."

"What? Has he given it up?" asked her father.

"Given it up! He's just got a new light on his love-business!"

"I thought his love-business had gone pretty well with him," said Hilary, with a lingering grudge in his humor.

"This is another love-business!" Louise exclaimed. "The love-business in the play. Brice has always been so disgusted with it that he hasn't known what to do. But last night we thought it out together, and I've left him this morning getting his hero and heroine to stand on their legs without being held up. Do you want to know about it?"

"I think I can get on without," said Hilary.

Louise laughed joyously. "Well, you wouldn't understand what a triumph it was if I told you. I suppose, papa, you've no idea how Philistine you are. But you're nothing to mamma!"

"I daresay," said Hilary, sulkily. But she looked at him with eyes beaming with gayety, and he could see that she was happy, and he was glad at heart. "When does Maxwell expect to have his play done?" he relented so far as to ask.

"Why, it's done now, and has been for a month, in one sense, and it isn't done at all, in another. He has to keep working it over, and he has to keep fighting Godolphin's inspirations. He comes over from Manchester with a fresh lot every afternoon."

"I daresay Maxwell will be able to hold his own," said Hilary, but not so much proudly as dolefully.

She knew he was braving it out about the theatre, and that secretly he thought it undignified, and even disreputable, to be connected with it, or to be in such close relations with an actor as Maxwell seemed to be with this fellow who talked of taking his play. Hilary could go back very easily to the time in Boston when the theatres were not allowed open on Saturday night, lest they should profane the approaching Sabbath, and when you would no more have seen an actor in society than an elephant. He had not yet got used to meeting them, and he always felt his difference, though he considered himself a very liberal man, and was fond of the theatre, from the front.

He asked now, "What sort of chap is he, really?" meaning Godolphin, and Louise did her best to reassure him. She told him Godolphin was young and enthusiastic, and he had an ideal of the drama; and he believed in Brice; and he had been two seasons with Booth and Barrett; and now he had made his way on the Pacific Coast, and wanted a play that he could take the road with. She parroted those phrases, which made her father's flesh creep, and she laughed when she saw it creeping, for sympathy; her own had crept first.

"Well," he said, at last, "he won't expect you and Maxwell to take the road, too, with it?"

"Oh, no, we shall only be with him in New York. He won't put the play on there first; they usually try a new play in the country."

"Oh, do they?" said Hilary, with a sense that his daughter's knowledge of the fact was disgraceful to her.

"Yes. Shall I tell you what they call that? Trying it on a dog!" she shrieked, and Hilary had to laugh, too. "It's dreadful," she went on. "Then, if it doesn't kill the dog, Godolphin will bring it to New York, and put it on for a run—a week or a month—as long as his money holds out. If he believes in it, he'll fight it." Her father looked at her for explanation, and she said, with a gleeful perception of his suffering, "He'll keep it on if he has to play to paper every night. That is, free tickets."

"Oh!" said Hilary. "And are you to be there the whole time with him?"

"Why, not necessarily. But Brice will have to be there for the rehearsals; and if we are going to live in New York ——"

Hilary sighed. "I wish Maxwell was going on with his newspaper work; I might be of use to him in that line, if he were looking forward to an interest in a newspaper; but I couldn't buy him a theatre, you know."

Louise laughed. "He wouldn't let you buy him anything, papa; Brice is awfully proud. Now, I'll tell you, if you want to know, just how we expect to manage in New York; Brice and I have been talking it all over; and it's all going to be done

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on that thousand dollars he saved up from his newspaper work, and we're not going to touch a cent of my money till that is gone. Don't you call that pretty business-like?"

"Very," said Hilary, and he listened with apparent acquiescence to the details of a life which he divined that Maxwell had planned from his own simple experience. He did not like the notion of it for his daughter, but he could not help himself, and it was a consolation to see that she was in love with it.

She went back from it to the play itself, and told her father that now Maxwell had got the greatest love-business for it that there ever was. She would not explain just what it was, she said, because her father would get a wrong notion of it, if she did. "But I have a great mind to tell you something else," she said, "if you think you can behave sensibly about it, papa. Do you suppose you can?"

Hilary said he would try, and she went on: "It's part of the happiness of having got hold of the right kind of love-business, now, and I don't know but it unconsciously suggested it to both of us, for we both thought of the right thing at the same time; but in the beginning you couldn't have told it from a quarrel." Her father started, and Louise began to laugh. "Yes, we had quite a little tiff, just like *real* married people, about my satirizing one of Godolphin's inspirations to his face, and wounding his feelings. Brice is so cautious and so gingerly with him; and he was vexed with me and told me he wished I wouldn't do it; and that vexed me, and I said I wouldn't have anything to do with his play after this; and I didn't speak to him again till after supper. I said he was self-centred, and he *is*. He's always thinking about his play and its chances; and I suppose I would rather have had him think more about me, now and then. But I've discovered a way now, and I believe it will serve the same purpose. I'm going to enter so fully into his work that I shall be part of it; and when he is thinking of that he will be thinking of me, without knowing it Now, you wouldn't say there was anything in that to cry about, would you? and yet you see I'm at it!" and with this she suddenly dropped her face on her father's shoulder.

Hilary groaned in his despair of being able to imagine an injury sufficiently atrocious to inflict upon Maxwell for having brought this grief upon his girl. At the sound of his groan, as if she perfectly interpreted his meaning in it, she broke from a sob into a laugh. "Will you never," she said, dashing away the tears, "learn to let me cry, simply because I am a goose, papa, and a goose must weep without reason, because she feels like it? I won't have you thinking that I am not the happiest person in the world; and I was, even when I was suffering so because I had to punish Brice for telling me I had done wrong. And if you think I'm not, I will never tell you anything more, for I see you can't be trusted. Will you?"

He said no to her rather complicated question, and he was glad to believe that she was really as happy as she declared, for if he could not have believed it, he would have had to fume away an intolerable deal of exasperation. This always made him very hot and uncomfortable, and he shrank from it, but he would have done it if had been necessary. As it was, he went back to his newspaper again with a sufficiently light heart, when Louise gave him a final kiss, and went indoors, and put herself in authority for the day, and ordered what she liked for luncheon. The maids were delighted to have her, and she had a welcome from them all, which was full of worship for her as a bride whose honeymoon was not yet over.

She went away before her mother got home, and she made her father own, before she left him, that he had never had such a lovely day since he could remember. He wanted to drive over to Magnolia with her; but she accused him of wanting to go so that he could spy round a little, and satisfy himself of the misery of her married life; and then he would not insist.

(To be continued.)

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THE BUSINESS OF A FACTORY

(THE CONDUCT OF GREAT BUSINESSES—THIRD PAPER)

By Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN ENTIRELY FROM ACTUAL SCENES BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

ONE hot evening in July last I stood on the brink of a little canal that skirts a row of noble buildings constituting the largest textile mill in New England and perhaps in the world, and watched hundreds and thousands of mill-hands pour over the bridge that connects the mills with the town of which they are the chief support and pride. As the great bell clanged forth its six peals, one could hear the cessation of toil for the day. The mighty turbines, fed by this canal from the Merrimac, ceased to revolve, the great Corliss engines that in recent years have come to the aid of water-power in all big mills, came to a stop; the three hundred thousand spindles, the eight thousand looms, and the thousands of other ponderous machines, ingenious and effective almost past belief, for picking, cleaning, roving, bleaching, printing, drying, and finishing the one hundred million yards of cotton and woollen goods turned out from these mills every year—all this vast mass of machinery, scattered over sixty acres of flooring, came to a stop. Bell-time, as six o'clock in the afternoon is called in all New England mill-towns, had come. In place of the hum and clatter of machinery, the patter of innumerable feet made itself heard. Then the first of the army of five thousand operatives began to come, first by driblets, comprising those who did not need to wash, or did not care to, then the larger streams as the doors of some great room were thrown open, each operative having to go and come by a special staircase in order to avoid the gorging of any particular exit in case of fire, and finally the dense stream of humanity, male and female, big and little, until the broad iron bridge was packed and shook under the strain. Browning's description of the rats as they came in answer to the three shrill notes of the Pied Piper came to my mind.

I hope that should any of the mill-hands of this particular mill ever read these lines they will take no offence at the comparison. The picture was not an unpleasant one; it had just the diversity suggested by the poet. There were men and women, boys and girls, of all ages and colors—even green, and blue, and yellow, and striped—for the operatives in the printing and dyeing shops are as apt to be covered with color as the miller is powdered with flour; here were the fat and the lean, the tall and the short, pretty women and women—less pretty; dark and fair, neat and sloven. And it should be said here that no such squalid poverty saddens the visitor to these mills as can be seen in every manufacturing town in England. Every woman and girl wore shoes; the poor slattern, barefooted, and with a ragged shawl thrown over her head, that one finds by the thousand coming from the cotton-mills of England, was conspicuous by her absence. The women and girls of our manufacturing towns, especially where the native American stock still holds its own, retain a vivid appreciation of pretty things in dress and adornment. In some of the cotton towns, such as Fall River, where the French Canadian and the Irish have driven the Yankee girl from the spindles and the loom, there is less concern for personal appearance than in Lynn, for instance, with its American shoe operatives, or in Manchester with its American thread-makers. Among the more recent recruits to the mills are the Armenians and Polish Jews, of whom there are some in almost all the New England manufacturing towns.

Watching the privates of this army of workers pour forth from the mills where

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they have been at work since half past six in the morning, with an hour's rest at noon, and bearing in mind the fact that these mills have been in steady and profitable operation for nearly half a century, the management of this vast machine for turning out and selling one hundred million yards of goods a year will impress any one as possessing as much general interest, and far more human interest, than the processes of manufacture themselves. How is the business conducted, whether the product be cotton-yarn, printed calico, watches, shoes, or bicycles? What are the principles governing the art of making money by the manufacture and sale of articles requiring an army of operatives?

One feature of the manufacturing industries of a country that makes them of perhaps more interest than the agricultural industries, is the constant change in the character of the product, as well as in the methods of manufacture. The farmers' products seldom or never change. The wheat sealed up in Egyptian tombs fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ is found to be identical with that grown in Egypt to-day, and upon being planted yields a similar crop to that now grown. Not only do manufactured objects change every few years, but the field is constantly enlarged by the appearance of new things to make—things not dreamed of a few years ago. Electricity now gives employment to hundreds of thousands of persons whose great-grandfathers never heard of a telegraph, a telephone, an electric light, or a motor. While new farms spring up every day in the wilderness, it is always the same old wheat or corn that results. But every day some new factory begins turning out a product the like of which was never seen before, and, in some cases, let us hope, may not be seen again. More than this, it is not reasonable to suppose that this stream of novelty which began to flow with the printing press, the steam-engine, and the electric spark, will ever cease. It would be strange if we happy possessors of these wonderful tools, unknown to our forefathers, should fail to profit by them, and turn out still more wonderful things in the future. The next century ought certainly to give the world gifts as valuable as steam and electricity. The factories of 1997 will make wonders, of which we have no conception. The field is, however, already so large that one branch of manufacture must be taken as a type of all, and I have selected the making of calicoes as offering the best illustrations of this business of manufacturing. The business problems met with by the man who undertakes to buy cotton, weave, print, and sell it as calico, are similar in kind with those of the man who makes shoes, or lamps, or watches. They involve accurate judgment not only of what the public is asking for, but—far more important—what it is going to ask for; the purchase of raw material, the hiring of labor, the judicious management of an army of people so as to avoid laxity on one hand and strikes on the other, the discovery of new and better processes, the choice of designs, the manufacture itself, finally the disposal of the product by a thousand channels, native and foreign.

Let me, therefore, take a big cotton-mill making and printing its own calicoes, as the type of an American manufacturing business. If a man wants to enter the business of making calicoes, the question of capital is the first consideration. Most of our cotton-mills and paper-mills are stock corporations, largely because of the vast capital needed. The larger the plant the cheaper the product, is an axiom in the cotton business, especially when staple goods, such as sheetings, are to be made. There is always a market here or abroad for American sheeting, and the sales are often made in such vast quantities that the danger of overstocking the market is as nothing compared with fancy dress-goods, shoes, or worsted cloths, the fashions of which change from one year to another. It is not unusual to hear of the sale of thousands of bales of sheetings in one operation. It follows, therefore, that the manufacturer must be ready to take advantage of these periods of profit, so to speak, and be ready with his tens of thousands of bales of goods, where the manufacturer of goods liable to depreciation through change of fashion, such as shoes, hats, fancy printed cloths, etc., does not dare to manufacture much beyond the current demand of the market, and is consequently debarred from manufacture upon

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the vast scale seen in the mills at Fall River, Lowell, and Lawrence. The capital needed for cotton-mills being therefore very large—the mill I have selected as a type having a capital of three million dollars, and its property being assessed at nearly five millions—the ownership is commonly held by a stock company. Boston is said to depend for its cake upon the profits of the New England cotton-mills. When cotton goods sell at a loss, Commonwealth Avenue, metaphorically speaking, is reduced to bread. It speaks well for the business that in the last twenty-five years there have been no failures of importance among the New England cotton-mills. Some years ago, in times of wide-spread financial trouble, one of the big mills at Fall River was compelled to offer its creditors stock instead of money in payment of large obligations; within eight years this stock doubled in value, so that these creditors are not to be pitied. Boston, and a hundred New England towns, harbor thousands and thousands of people, often past middle life and out of business, whose sole dependence is upon the shares they hold in this or that mill, which they may never see, but from which they draw their incomes; they rely wholly upon the judgment and integrity of the officers of the corporation. Upon the other hand, these officers find their task made easy by the confidence of the stockholders, who, when poor times come, accept small dividends without grumbling. To invest savings in mill stock has been the custom for generations in hundreds of New England families, and it may be largely due to the stability of the New England mills that so many other big business properties throughout the country have found it possible within the last few years to reorganize as stock corporations.

Taking the great industries of the country in the order given in the last census reports, but without going into the statistics with which these valuable reports bristle, it does not appear that one class of manufacture is particularly blessed above another in the matter of profits or in the conditions under which the workers live. Looking through the list—leather goods (including shoes, harness, and belting), lumber, flour and grist mills, iron, clothing, cotton, wool, machinery, carriages, and wagons (including railroad cars), agricultural implements, paper, stoves and hardware, hats and caps, and silks—and bearing in mind that in several of these industries the capital invested exceeds one hundred and fifty million dollars, and the number of hands employed approaches half a million, it does not appear that one class of mills or industry is to be envied above all others. If any one employment proved to be especially pleasant or profitable, the rush of workers soon brings down the pay in proportion to its advantages, and maintains the level. The average pay of hands in all the industries just mentioned is remarkably equal, such variations as occur being more apparent than real. Thus, coal miners receive more than factory hands, but women are not allowed as competitors in the mines (in this country), and the work is not steady. The danger of some employments, such as work in powder mills, the unhealthfulness of others, the long and frequent enforced idleness in some trades, are all factors to be considered in estimating the value of the wages received. High rents and cost of living will also account for variations in the rate of pay, which seem at first to indicate that one part of the country or one industry is particularly favored. Reviewing the manufacturing interests of the country as a whole, Mr. Edward Atkinson estimates the maximum margin of profit at ten per cent. on the normal product of the year, and a far smaller profit than this is sufficient to draw capital into any of the leading industries. The proportion between capital and product varies infinitely with the industry and the times. In the cotton industry it is fair to assume that in a mill making medium goods $1,000 are invested in building, machinery, and stock for every workman employed, and that the yearly product will be worth $1,000. Of this $1,000 about $600 go for other purposes than labor, leaving $400 for labor and profits. At present any business attracts capital that offers six per cent. net profit, with four per cent. for a sinking fund or reserve for the maintenance of plant. Taking, therefore, $100 as the capitalist's share, there remains about $300 for labor, which is about the wages of a good female weaver. In other industries where less

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A VIEW IN A MANUFACTURING TOWN.

Rear view along the river of a line of factories which front on a canal a mile long. Lining this canal, which supplies water for power and other purposes, are fully fifty mills, giving employment to about 13,000 operatives, with an annual output of more than $15,000,000.

staple goods are made, the margin of profit has to be higher, and it is commonly estimated that in fancy products the ratio of capital to the value of the product is one dollar to two, instead of being equal. A fair profit, satisfactory to the manufacturers, upon cotton cloth, worth from three to ten cents a yard, is from one-fifth to half a cent a yard, and at this margin of profit good dividends are declared. In average woollen-mills the capital involved is less than with cotton, being estimated at $600 for each workman, and if the owner earns from three to five cents upon each dollar's worth of product he is satisfied. In shoe factories $250 to $350 is required for each hand, with an annual product four times the value of the capital invested. From two to five cents profit on a pair of shoes worth from one to two dollars is given as an average.

In calico printing one-tenth of a cent a yard is a fair profit. In paper manufacture three to five per cent. upon the product will yield ten per cent. upon the capital invested. In sugar refining one-sixteenth of a cent profit upon a pound is more than satisfactory. In making pianos the average wages of the operatives are high as compared to cotton and shoes, and the capital involved comparatively small. Wages in the piano factories of New York and Boston average nearly twenty dollars a week, taking the whole shop, but the profit upon the product in good years runs as high as fifteen per cent. In the manufacture of locomotives the average wage is high, no women finding employment, while in the manufacture of small arms it is correspondingly low, women being largely employed. Reviewing the whole field, it will be found that the product of factories is constantly growing in value and wages increasing, as compared to the capital involved. Some economists assert that capital's share of the profits is constantly decreasing, while that of labor increases, but this is still a mooted point. The difference between the cost of manufacture and the retail selling price, or the share falling to the middleman or men, varies according to the class of product, the rule being that in staple goods it is small, and growing smaller every year, while with fancy goods and what are known as novelties it is large. Common heavy cotton cloth, costing eight cents to make, sells at retail for about nine cents; fancy calicoes may sell at retail for double what they cost to produce. In sugar, half a cent a pound

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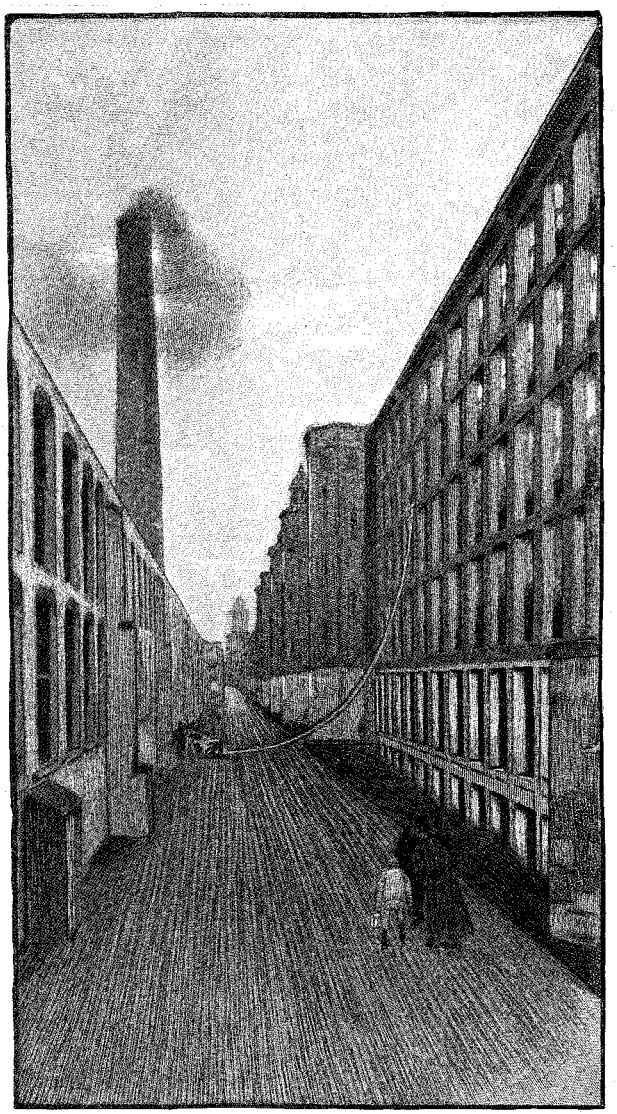

ONE OF THE PASSAGES BETWEEN MILL-BUILDINGS, SHOWING FIRE-ESCAPE.

In a modern mill every facility is afforded the operatives for a speedy exit in case of fire. Not only are ample stairways and permanent fire-escapes provided, but at intervals in the upper stories portable fire-escapes are placed, which are quickly let down from the windows, forming a canvas chute which affords a quick and safe passage to the ground.

is the average difference between cost and retail price. Shoes costing two dollars to make, sell at retail for three dollars.

The necessary capital having been subscribed and the manufacture of cotton goods decided upon, the question of site is next to be settled. In the past good water-power has been of the chief importance in the selection of a mill site. The splendid water-power on the Merrimac, at Lowell, Nashua, Lawrence, and elsewhere explained the existence of gigantic mills at these places. Steam, however, is rapidly replacing water-power, notwithstanding the improvements made in turbine wheels. In most of the older mills of New England steam now shares about equally the work with water, while in the new mills it takes almost the whole burden. Of course in factories where the power needed is small, such as in making hats, clothing, shoes, etc., steam has entirely replaced water, the higher cost being of no importance when its greater reliability is considered. As yet electricity has not appeared as motive power, except in small industries. What the tremendous works at Niagara will do in this field remains to be seen. It is easier with electricity to adapt the power to the needs of the day whether they are great or small, than with steam. Mr. Atkinson foresees the ultimate dispersion of these mill armies to their homes, when electric power can be sent from place to place without loss; then, as before the introduction of steam-power, the weaver will work his loom and the spinner his spindles in his own cottage instead of in the big mill. Whether or not the change will be to the benefit of the operative is still a mooted question among experts. One of the agents of a big mill, a man who has studied the problem at close quarters for twenty years, tells me that the change would be a misfortune for the mill-hand. In the mill the worker has the law as his champion in providing good air and light, and in limiting the hours of labor; in his own cottage the hours of labor will be measured only by the endurance of the weaker members of the family, while

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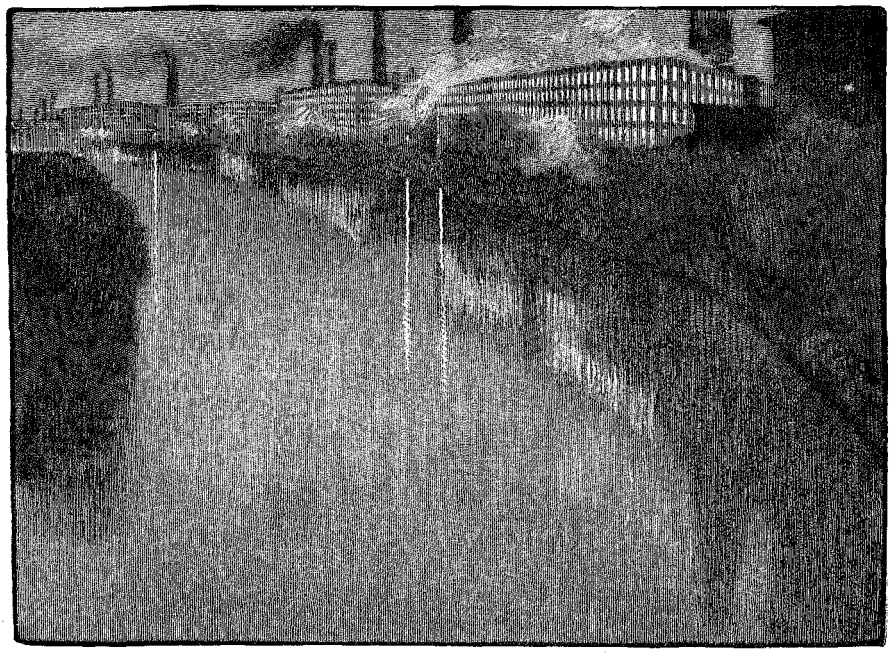
the sanitary arrangements are apt to be defective as compared to those of a modern mill.

It is commonly admitted that while a man or woman who does some small thing in the manufacture of an article—whether it is piecing the broken yarns of a spinning machine, or cutting the eye of a needle, or gathering matches for boxing—may become marvellously expert, the operator runs the risk of becoming more or less of a machine. The girl who stands at the end of a frame of one hundred spindles and sees a broken thread, catches it with lightning-like rapidity and joins it with a touch ; the one who cuts the eyes in needles can do the same thing with a human hair ; and the girls who pack matches pick up the requisite number for the box, whether it is one hundred, more or less, without counting them, judging simply by touch whether or not the right number is there, and doing it as fast as the eye can follow the hand. Mr. Ruskin contends, probably with reason, that the minute division of labor that makes such wonders possible brutalizes the laborer, and that if the girl made the whole article instead of doing one operation out of fifty, she would gain in intelligence if not in expertness. From an economic, or rather an industrial point of view, however, manufacturing has to be carried on at present with the greatest subdivision of labor possible. Fierce competition and a small margin of profit demand it. Mr. Ruskin's dream of a manufacturing community in which the same person shall shear the sheep, clean the wool, dye it, card, spin, and weave it, doing all this in country homes made beautiful with flowers, working but six hours a day, and devoting the rest of the time to reading good books, raising flowers, and singing songs, is a very pretty dream to be made possible only when some philanthropist provides a market at good profit as well as the pleasant conditions for this labor. For the present steam-power is the only power suitable for the work of manufacturing, and this compels the work to be done at one spot.

The extraordinary speed of the operatives is, of course, largely due to this minute subdivision of labor. One of the big Lynn shoe shops made a pair of ladies' boots for the Paris Exhibition of 1889 in twenty-four minutes. A notary public followed the operation, watch in



BUSY TIMES AT THE GREAT MILLS.

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hand. For this feat the pair of shoes went through the usual routine of the shop, but at exceptional speed; fifty-seven different operators and forty-two machines were concerned in the work, which required twenty-six pieces of leather, fourteen pieces of cloth, twenty-four buttons, twenty-four button-holes, eighty tacks, twenty nails, two box-toes, two steel shanks, and twenty yards of thread. Since that time the division of labor upon a pair of shoes has become still greater, and there is a larger number of machines employed, with the result that a pair of ladies' boots can now be made complete in this factory inside of twenty minutes.

This minute subdivision of labor which threatens, according to some economists, to make the operative only a part of a machine, and needing to be little more intelligent than one of its wheels, may go on at one end of the industry to be counterbalanced at the other end by a process of aggrandizement. Just as in the large cities the department store is absorbing the smaller shops of its neighborhood, so the large factory of the future may absorb its smaller rivals, not only in the same branch of industry but in many others. There are great mills in New England to-day which not only spin and weave, but print, using wool and silk as well as cotton, something unheard of a few years ago. It is an interesting speculation among experts as to how long it will be before the same gigantic mill will turn out cotton goods, woollen goods, silks, shoes, umbrellas, hats and caps, and writing-paper. The very process that makes the operative merely the attendant upon a machine favors such a development. When there is no sale for cotton, the army of hands will start up the shoe machines, just as, in the department stores, when business is dull at the silk counter the clerks may be put at selling cigars. This may sound extremely fanciful, but there are indications of such a trend. It may be remembered that when, some thirty years ago, a Philadelphia clothier introduced umbrellas as a part of his stock the innovation was widely denounced as a sinful encroachment upon the rights of umbrella shops. Yet to-day it would be hard to say what the department store does not sell; it supplies or attempts to supply all that man needs from a cradle to a coffin. So the first cotton factory that adds shoes to its list of products may excite criticism, but if there is profit in the change it is sure to come.

Within the last few years, to return to the question of site, much has been said and written about the rise of the Southern cotton-mill depending wholly upon steam-power. The mill at last, it is said, has gone to the cotton, and the fall of the New England mills is only a question of time. Experts differ as to this. Some men with whom I have talked hold that the cotton manufacturing, and, in fact, all other kinds of manufacture, is only a temporary affair at the South, and this wholly for climatic reasons. Just now the poor whites, from which class the mill-hands of the Southern States are recruited, enjoy the novelty of steady work after generations of idleness, and are dazzled with the gewgaws and finery they can purchase with the money earned. They work—and this is the sole real advantage enjoyed by Southern mills over their Northern competitors — for about one-third less wages than the same class of labor at the North, and submit to even longer hours. It is also common for two shifts, one for day and one for night, to be employed in Southern mills, thus getting double duty from the plant. But it is only a question of time when the supply of mill-labor in the cotton States will equal the demand; then wages will rise, the natural and inherited indolence of the poor white, due perhaps to the climate, will assert itself, the mania for trades unions will affect the best work-people, and the movement will come to an end. Those who take such a view believe this to be true of all attempts to implant factories upon Southern soil. Some of the shoe manufacturers who thought to escape the trades-union tyranny and high wages of Lynn have been making recent investigations as to what Georgia offers as a field for them; the same is true of a big manufacturer of brass goods in Connecticut, and of a paper-mill in western Massachusetts. Until the operative is wholly eliminated from the factory and machinery does it all, climate seems to have much to do with the problem of site. Men and women cannot work so long or so effec-

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A MILL TOWN—GOING HOME.

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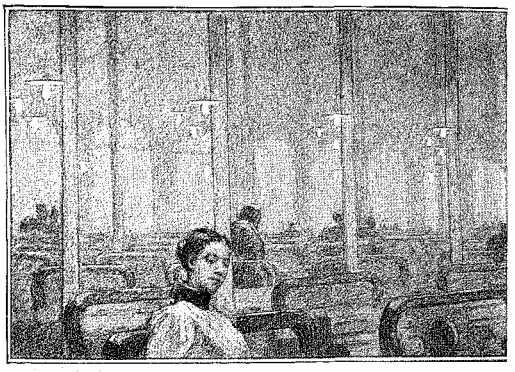
tively when the thermometer is at ninety degrees as when it is at seventy. The vaunted advantage implied in the phrase "taking the mills to the cotton," is, after all, misleading as to any material saving, for when the goods are finished they have to be taken to Boston and New York for sale; the cotton has to come here in the end. In some parts of the country, natural gas has proved as much of an inducement as water-power, and in many Western communities manufacturers are offered land, water-power, gas, exemption from taxes, etc., as inducements to come and establish plants.

When the margin of profit is so close as in any of the industries I have had occasion to mention—cotton, paper, shoes—apparently trifling things may mean success or failure. For instance, a girl who uses the left hand in adjusting a certain movement of the spindle instead of the right, does it, taking a thousand repetitions of the operation to make an average, about one-fifth of a second faster than the girl who uses the right hand. This seems an insignificant trifle, but multiply its effects by the million, in this particular trifle as well as in others, and the mill in which the faster method is enforced will forge ahead of the one in which it is not.



THE OLD WATCHMAN.

Another curious instance is cited in the fact that a certain gigantic flour mill of Indianapolis ascribed a balance on the right side of the ledger one year to the fact that ten hoops had been used on its barrels that year, instead of twelve as in former years. Its margin of profit on a barrel of flour may be seen to have been small enough. A great American manufacturer of matches saved $8,000 in one year by the use of a machine which pasted the labels on the match boxes, the work having been done by hand before that by girls who pasted on twenty thousand labels a day, and got eighty cents for doing it, or at the rate of two hundred and fifty for a cent. The machine did the work faster and cheaper. It is by the use of such machinery that matches are made cheap enough for people to use or waste them at the rate of about five hundred million a day in this country. And yet we burn fewer matches in proportion to population than France or England, the Frenchmen using twelve and the Englishmen eleven, while we use less than ten a day for every man, woman, and child.

In talking over the minute factors that have meant profit or loss to manufacturers, some curious details were given me by experts. For instance, one clock manufacturer of Waterbury, Conn., found that a certain rival was doing a large trade in cheap clocks sent out to the wilds of Africa. He got hold of a sample clock, and finding that there was a heavy profit in the enterprise, invested a large sum of money in making a still better clock, thou-

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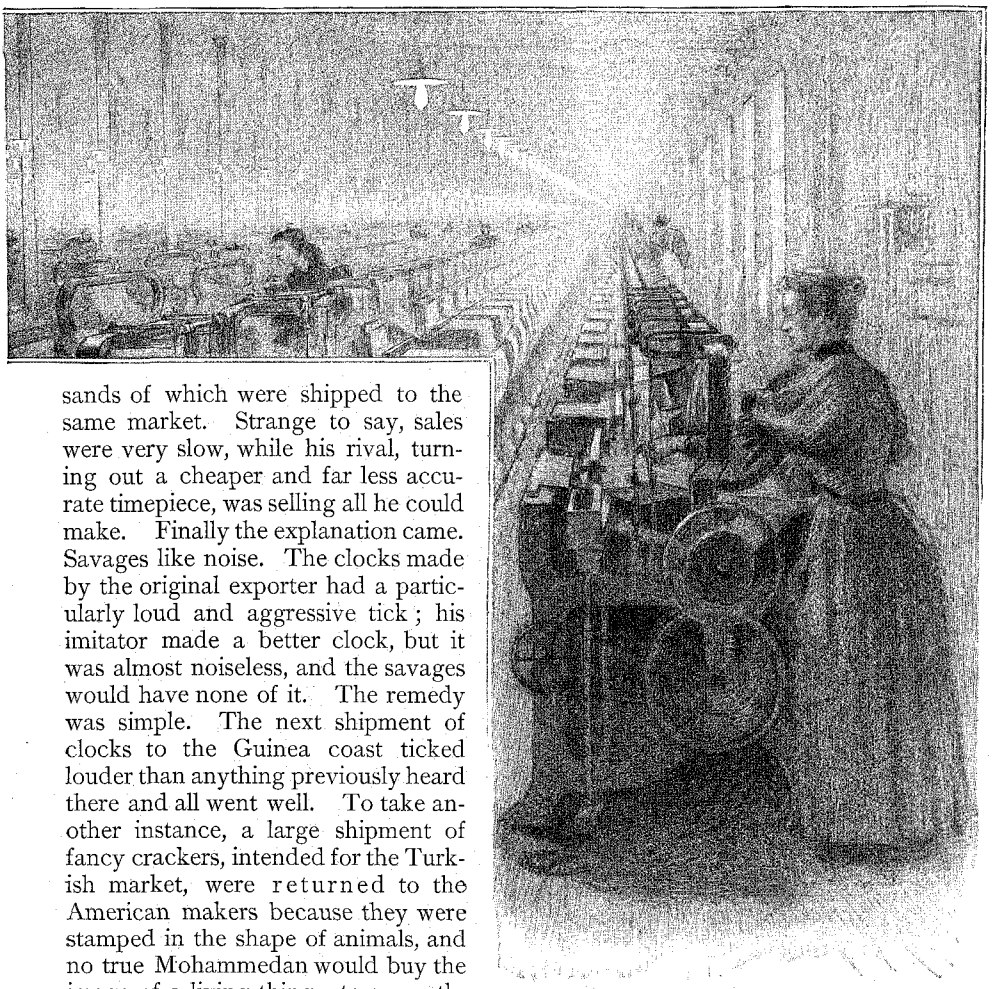

WEAVING-ROOM.

This room (770 feet long by 70 feet wide) contains 1,100 looms weaving print cloths, and the production is over 300,000 yards per week of 58 hours. A large mill has several such rooms. About 225 operatives are employed in this room, and 300 horse-power is required to drive the machinery.

sands of which were shipped to the same market. Strange to say, sales were very slow, while his rival, turning out a cheaper and far less accurate timepiece, was selling all he could make. Finally the explanation came. Savages like noise. The clocks made by the original exporter had a particularly loud and aggressive tick; his imitator made a better clock, but it was almost noiseless, and the savages would have none of it. The remedy was simple. The next shipment of clocks to the Guinea coast ticked louder than anything previously heard there and all went well. To take another instance, a large shipment of fancy crackers, intended for the Turkish market, were returned to the American makers because they were stamped in the shape of animals, and no true Mohammedan would buy the image of a living thing—to say nothing of eating it. Upon such apparent trifles as these sometimes depend success or failure.

The better the operative the better the product, is a truism, and yet none but those who have studied the subject know to what refinement and minutiæ of work the principle applies. This is true as between the mill-hands in different New England towns. When you come to contrast the raw, shiftless workers of the South with such as these, the advantage on the side of the North seems almost overwhelming, even handicapped as it is at present with higher wages. Notwithstanding all of which the South is still building cotton-mills and with New England capital. One of the largest New England mill corporations has just invested $600,000 in a cotton-mill in Alabama. The officers of this company do not want to be without a foothold there should this sudden craze for Southern mill property prove to be permanently profitable.

The business organization of most big factories is simple enough. Almost all cotton-mill properties are managed by a board of directors elected by the stockholders. These directors appoint officers, among whom the treasurer and the agent are the important personages, the first having charge of the finances, the buying of supplies, payment of expenses, and selling of goods; the second having the

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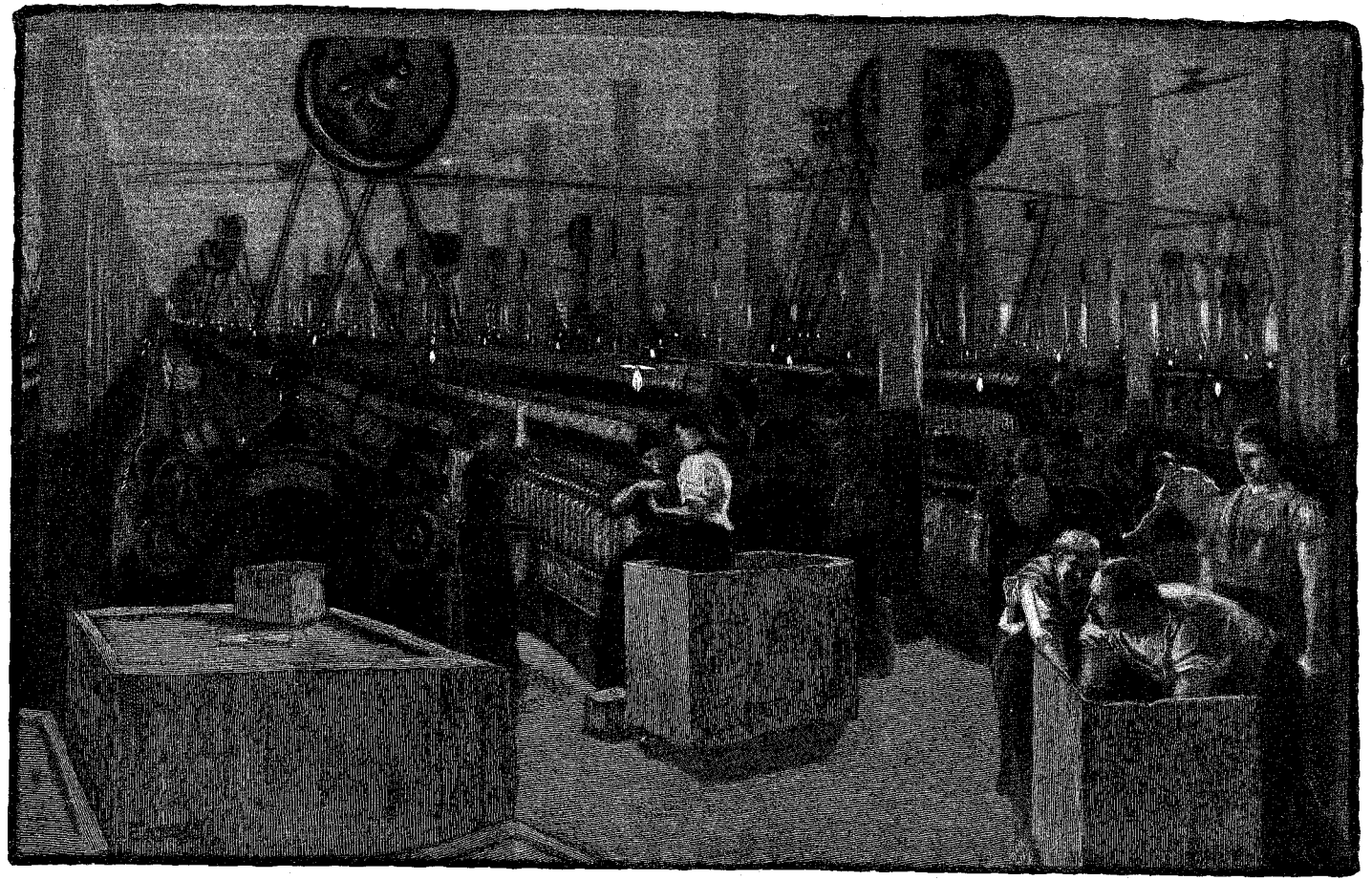

SPINNING-ROOM.

This room (340 by 140 feet), containing 150 spinning frames, each with 156 spindles, is devoted to the spinning of worsted yarns. Each spindle spins about forty thousand yards of yarn per week. One hundred and seventy-six persons are employed in this room—64 males and 112 females. To run the machinery *requires 520 horse power.*

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actual manufacture of the goods under his control, the hiring of labor, the management of the shops or mills. The treasurer of most New England manufacturing corporations lives in Boston, where the goods are sold, and the agent lives near the mills. Taking a big cotton-mill, the agent employs a head or superintendent for each of the important departments, such as the carding, roving, spinning, weaving, bleaching, printing, and packing. Under these superintendents there may be many or few foremen, according to the character of the work. In some departments where the work is all of the same character, each girl of the three hundred in a room doing precisely what her neighbor does, year in and year out, a few foremen suffice. In one room at the mill I have in mind, a room 800 feet long by 70 feet wide, the girls who tend the spindles need small advice, and being paid by the product turned out from their machines, they need small supervision. In other departments, the print works, for instance, there are a variety of operations requiring comparatively few men, but a high grade of intelligence and constant supervision by expert foremen. The transfer of the designs to the copper rolls used in printing, the mixing of the colors, the adjustment of elaborate machinery, all this delicate work requires vast experience. The discipline of such mills is by no means military. In visiting several of the largest of them I was impressed with the friendly relations between superintendents and men. "We never scold," said the agent of a big mill. "If a man or girl proves to be habitually careless or idle, a discharge follows; but for small infractions of rules we trust the various foremen to look after their own people. In the sixteen years I have been here we have had no strikes." At half-past six in the morning the bell rings for work to begin; there is an hour's intermission at noon, and then from one to six it goes on again. On Saturdays all work in most cotton-mills stops for the day at noon. The law limits factory work in Massachusetts to fifty-eight hours a week. In New York State there is no such limit. In some trades, the Lynn shoe shops, for instance, work begins at seven o'clock and there is only half an hour's stop at noon. In Connecticut, the hours at Waterbury and Ansonia are the same as in Lynn. In the paper-mills of Massachusetts and Connecticut work begins at half-past six, with an hour at noon.

Opinions differ as to whether or not the growth of the factory system is a blessing to a community, but, as a rule, it is conceded that the standard of intelligence and of living among the mill-hands of New England is not so high now as it was forty years ago. And this, notwithstanding higher wages and shorter hours. In 1850, the average mill-hand earned $175 a year, as against $300 at present, and worked thirteen hours a day as against ten hours to-day. The American farmer's daughter who worked in the cotton mills fifty years ago has been almost wholly displaced, first by women of Irish and English birth, and more recently by the French Canadian, all representing lower types. The very growth of the mills has tended to do away with certain features of factory life, that worked for good in smaller communities. In the old days, say in 1850, the American girls who made cotton cloth in Lowell, or shoes in Lynn, or thread in Manchester, had their own singing and reading societies, their benevolent clubs, and church sociables. The owner or agent of a small mill in a small town was able to exercise something of a paternal supervision over the few hundred girls or men who might work for him. With the immense increase in mill plants, the force now numbering thousands where it was hundreds fifty years ago, this is impossible. Yet, whether it be as a matter of self-interest or not, the visitor to Lowell, Manchester, Lawrence, Fall River, and other factory centres will find an attempt on the part of mill owners to help the hands after they leave the buildings. Saving societies, libraries, hospitals are common. In Lawrence there are no less than three flourishing co-operative stores patronized exclusively by mill-hands. The rise in power of the unions seems to have made the mill-hands suspicious of all interference with matters outside the mill. One is apt to find a dozen unions in a cotton-mill, and in the shoe shops there are unions for every one of the score or more of operations through

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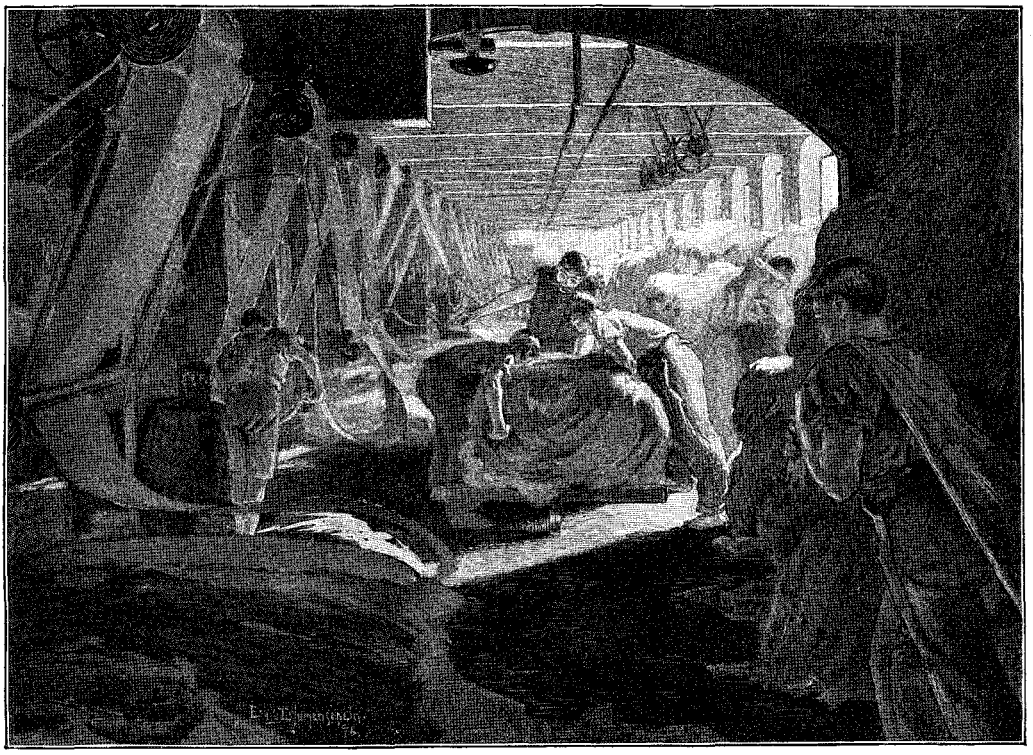
which a shoe passes. The factory law of Massachusetts prescribes that wages shall be paid weekly. This rule has been found to work rather disadvantageously so far as saving by the mill-hand goes, for, receiving no large sum of money in a lump, he finds it difficult to spare from the comparatively small weekly wage. Efforts are made almost periodically by many mill corporations to render the homes of the hands more sanitary than they were in earlier years, and attractive with gardens and flowers. In some towns, notably in Manchester, where the mill operatives number many native Americans, some success in this direction has been met with; in other towns, notably the larger centres—Lowell, Nashua, Fall River, Lawrence—where the population is either foreign-born or but one generation removed from it, not much has been effected. The hands live mostly in tenements unadorned with gardens or even grass-plats. A large number of the hands in every factory are young people who have to board, necessitating the existence in all mill towns of large rows of tenements known as boarding-houses, as a rule dreary homes inside and out. The people who live in them, looking upon themselves as temporary inmates or tenants only, cannot be induced to better their surroundings, and will decline to care for the vines and flowers offered to them by their employers.

In none of the factories which it has been my privilege to visit have I found any such minute and effective care for the operative—man or woman—as obtains in certain of the great French and German mill towns. For some reason or other, possibly the greater independence of our mill hands, such comprehensive schemes for the care of their people as the mill-owners of Mülhausen, in Alsace, attempt through their famous *Société Industrielle* is unknown. This society, to which all the important manufacturers of a great indus-



SHEARING-ROOM.

There are fourteen shearing machines in this room—forty-two hands are employed. The shearing is one of the first processes in printing, and is done by rapidly revolving sharp knives against the surface of the cloth.

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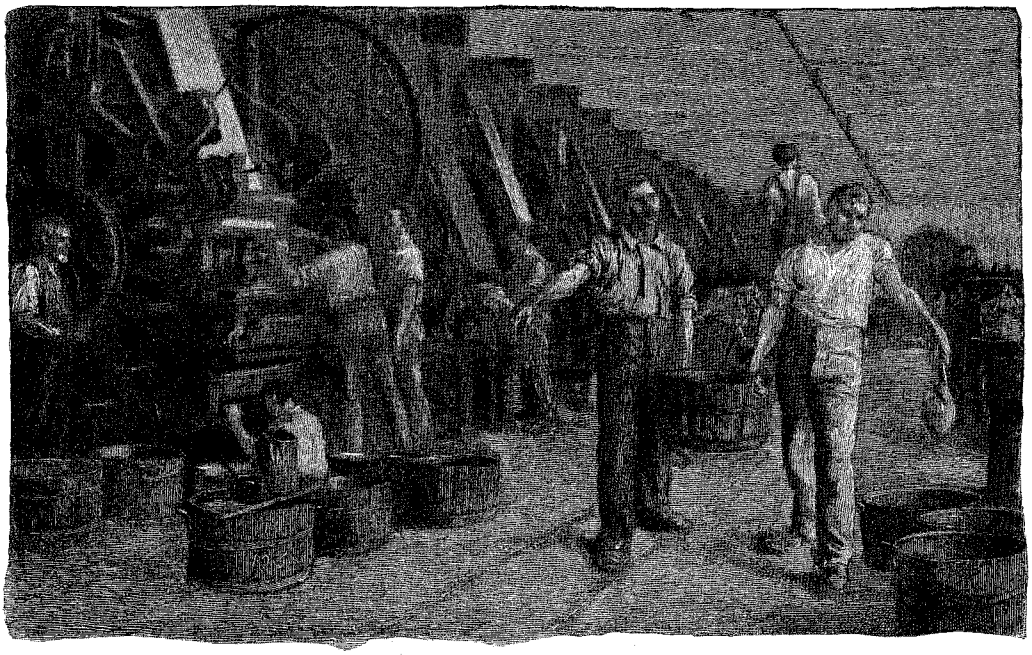
trial community belong, may be said to look after the welfare of the operative from birth to death. It provides midwives for the mothers, exempts them from labor in the mills for six weeks after childbirth, so that the infant may get a fair start in life, provides a *crêche*, or nursery, for the young children, schools for the older ones, technical instruction for all who deserve it, hospitals for the sick, libraries and amusements, pensions for the aged, and a decent burial for the dead. The workpeople themselves are assessed to help provide the money for all this, but without the incentive furnished by a few leading philanthropists among the great manufacturers, nothing would be done. As yet the great manufacturers of Lawrence, Fall River, and Providence do not seem to have found the way to successful cooperative schemes of this sort.

As in most other trades, strikes are the bane of the factory owner's existence. With a plant worth perhaps a million dollars brought to a standstill, and perhaps half a million dollars' worth of raw material in process of manufacture, a strike coming at an awkward time of year means tremendous loss.

Next in importance, or perhaps even of more importance than the character of the hands, comes the character of the machinery in use. The entire machinery of a mill may be said to change every twenty years, just as the entire material of the human body is said to change every seven years, or eleven years—I forget which. I asked one mill superintendent, a veteran who has seen the inside of about every mill in the country, what he looked at most carefully upon entering a rival establishment. "First the machinery, then the hands." Nine-tenths of the machinery used in cotton and woollen manufacture, ninety-nine hundredths of that used in shoe making, and all of that used in paper-mills is made in this country. In cotton-mills we still use English carders, as the machines for cleaning the cotton from small imperfections are called. In return for their carders we have given the English the most important improvement made in cotton manufacture during this genera-



COLOR-PRINTING ROOM.

Three hundred and twenty-four feet by sixty feet—105 persons employed. Twenty-six printing machines, fitted with 1 to 14 printing rollers; each machine is operated by an independent steam-engine. Production 1,925,000 yards per week of calicoes, fine lawns, organdies, percales, robes, and furniture stuffs, etc.

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FRENCH CANADIAN TYPES.

tion—the Rabbeth spindle, which makes ten thousand revolutions a minute, as against half that speed with the old-fashioned spindle. It has been estimated by General William F. Draper, an expert on the subject, that the Rabbeth spindle, invented in 1866 by Francis J. Rabbeth, of Ilion, N. Y., has effected a saving of $100,000,000 to this country since its introduction about 1870. In equipping a new factory there is always a certain advantage over older establishments, thanks to changes and improvements in the machinery. What is done to-day in the new mills just finished at the South would astonish the mill-hands of twenty years ago. As a rule, these changes in cotton machinery have been introduced without opposition. The spinning and weaving, for instance, are paid for by the piece, so that the introduction of the Rabbeth spindle, doing twice the work and requiring actually less care and watchfulness on the part of the operator, found its champions as well as its detractors. In some trades, however, the spirit that led to the breaking-up of Arkwright's spinning frames because they did so much work survives. The shoe manufacturers of Lynn have not yet dared to introduce a certain lasting machine largely employed in Europe and in certain western cities of this country because the lasters' trades union forbids its use. According to the leading shoemakers of Lynn, this machine would revolutionize the business. One firm has very recently induced the Lynn lasters' union to consent to the introduction of two of these machines as experiments, the lasters themselves to try the machines and to fix the conditions under which they may be used if used at all. It is evident that in a big manufactory it is not everything to invent a labor-saving machine; endless tact must be used to induce the unions to allow its use.

That the purchase of raw material for a big factory requires the services of a dozen experts may well be imagined, when the vast sums of money involved are considered. In one cotton-mill of New England there was used last year 25,000 bales of cotton, worth about $1,000,000, 8,000,000 pounds of wool, 50,000 tons of coal, and $100,000 worth of coloring matter and dyes. It is hardly necessary to say that an expert at a liberal salary the

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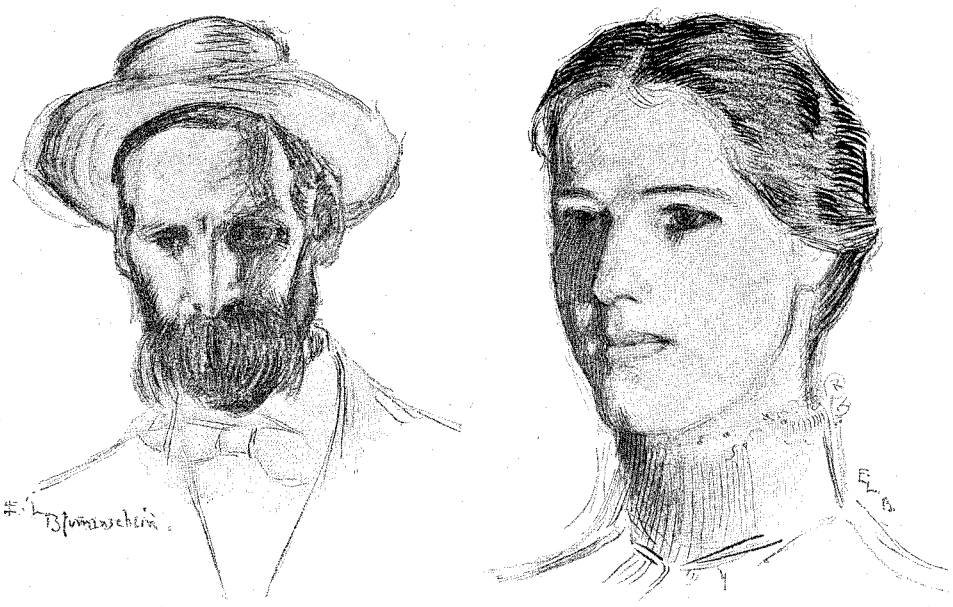

NEW ENGLAND TYPES.

year round is essential for each of these purchases. The cotton buyer spends his whole time in the South watching the growing crops, purchasing sometimes a year before the crop is grown, keeping an eye on the stock on hand in different parts of the country and calculating to a nicety exactly what will be needed and when. All the cotton for a big mill is thus bought where it is grown. The same is true of the wool, and the coal buyer lives in the mining regions of Pennsylvania. The coloring matter used in printing a yard of calico that sells for ten cents costs less than the twentieth part of a cent, yet fortunes have been spent in recent years in efforts to reduce this cost. It is said that one mill-owner of Rhode Island spent $70,000 inside of three years in experiments to replace madder dyes, the experiments, by the way, leading to nothing valuable in the end. The chemist at one cotton-mill I have in mind, a modest man, who spends his time mixing colors and testing dyes in his laboratory, receives a salary of $5,000 a year. He has to know not only how to prepare the colors for the printers, but how to insure their permanency. "Will it wash?" is about the first question asked by every woman who examines a piece of calico on the dry-goods counter. The chemist is responsible for that.

The labor charge in the cost of a manufactured article varies so much with the character of the product that separate figures, or tables of figures, would be required for each factory. In plain sheeting it is small as compared to fancy prints and fine woollens; in shoes, the more expensive the shoe the greater proportion of cost goes to the workman. For this reason it has been suggested that in parts of the country where labor is cheap, the finest goods, those requiring most hand labor, would be most profitable to make. But as yet the rule is the other way, the older manufacturing communities having a monopoly of expert labor. It might be thought that with labor at ten cents a day, as in China, that country would turn out marvellous goods, requiring much hand labor, at low prices; and it is, perhaps, this expectation that has led to the building of cotton mills in China, no less than four mills having been built in Shanghai with American capital during the last year. The average wages in New

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England cotton mills, taking all the hands, exclusive of superintendents of departments, is $7.80 a week. In the shoe trade of Lynn the earnings are higher. Taking the figures of a factory which turns out an average of three thousand pairs of shoes daily, we have the following table showing the wages paid in the building where ladies' shoes are made :

Week ending June 29, 1895—

	Males.	Females.
Under $5	7	3
$5 but under $6	3	2
6 " " 7	14	3
7 " " 8	13	5
8 " " 9	8	10
9 " " 10	6	8
10 " " 12	12	22
12 " " 15	41	39
15 " " 20	47	19
20 and over	36	3
	187	114

In all factory work it is essential to have as complete a system of checks upon defective work as possible, especially since the opposition of the unions to improved machinery has made payment by the piece obligatory. In cotton-mills to-day more than seventy per cent. of the hands are paid by the piece, in shoe factories ninety per cent., in brass-ware factories eighty per cent., and in paper-mills sixty per cent. The visitor to any big cotton-mill will notice that the spools of yarn from the spinners all bear a colored chalk mark, the finished roll of cloth from the looms a similar mark, and so on, from first to last, every piece of work bearing a mark, sometimes red, sometimes blue, all the colors and shades of the rainbow being used, and often two colors together. By this means each piece is traced back. The weaver who finds that the yarn furnished to her is defective in the spinning has only to examine the chalk-mark on the spool to find out who spun it, and so on through the whole operation till the finished piece of goods reaches the packer. In shoe factories another system is followed. No order for less than a case or sixty pairs of shoes being taken, the case is considered the unit, and a blank order-sheet is made out for every case, bearing upon it the quality of leather to be used, the size and style of the shoe, and a dozen or twenty directions as to minor details. This blank follows this particular sixty pairs of shoes from the man who cuts out the leather to the man who counts and packs the finished shoes. As each operator gets through with his particular work upon that case of shoes he signs the blank and passes it on. If a month later a shoe is sent back as defective in any part the superintendent can trace the defect back to the particular workman, and tell on what day and at what hour the work was done.

A factory having been put up in a suitable spot, equipped with proper machinery, and a force of competent hands engaged, the important question arises : What kind of goods shall be made ? This is a question to be decided by the persons who sell the product of the mill—the selling agents. Under the direction of these agents, the art director, so to speak, of the corporation seeks high and low for designs, takes suggestions where he can, employs designers and artists. We can surpass the world at machinery, but as yet we have to go to Paris for our designs. Each of the big mills where printed goods are made keeps its man in Paris watching the new designs and buying the best he can from the professional designers, of which there are a hundred in Paris, some of them earning as high as $20,000 a year. A designer of international reputation commands his own price, inasmuch as the design makes or mars the product ; it sells or does not sell according to the favor the pattern meets with. The question is often asked : How do the men who make designs know what kind of goods the public is going to demand ? The designs for next winter's goods are already finished. How does the artist know that the fickle public is not going to discard all that it has admired this year, and go wild over what it now ignores ? This year the colors are faint and suggestive ; next year they may be kaleidoscopic in brilliancy. This year ladies' shoes run to a point, next year they may be square-toed. Upon an accurate forecast of the public's whims in these matters depends success. Well, the truth seems to be that sudden or violent as these fluctuations appear, there is really an evolutionary process in-

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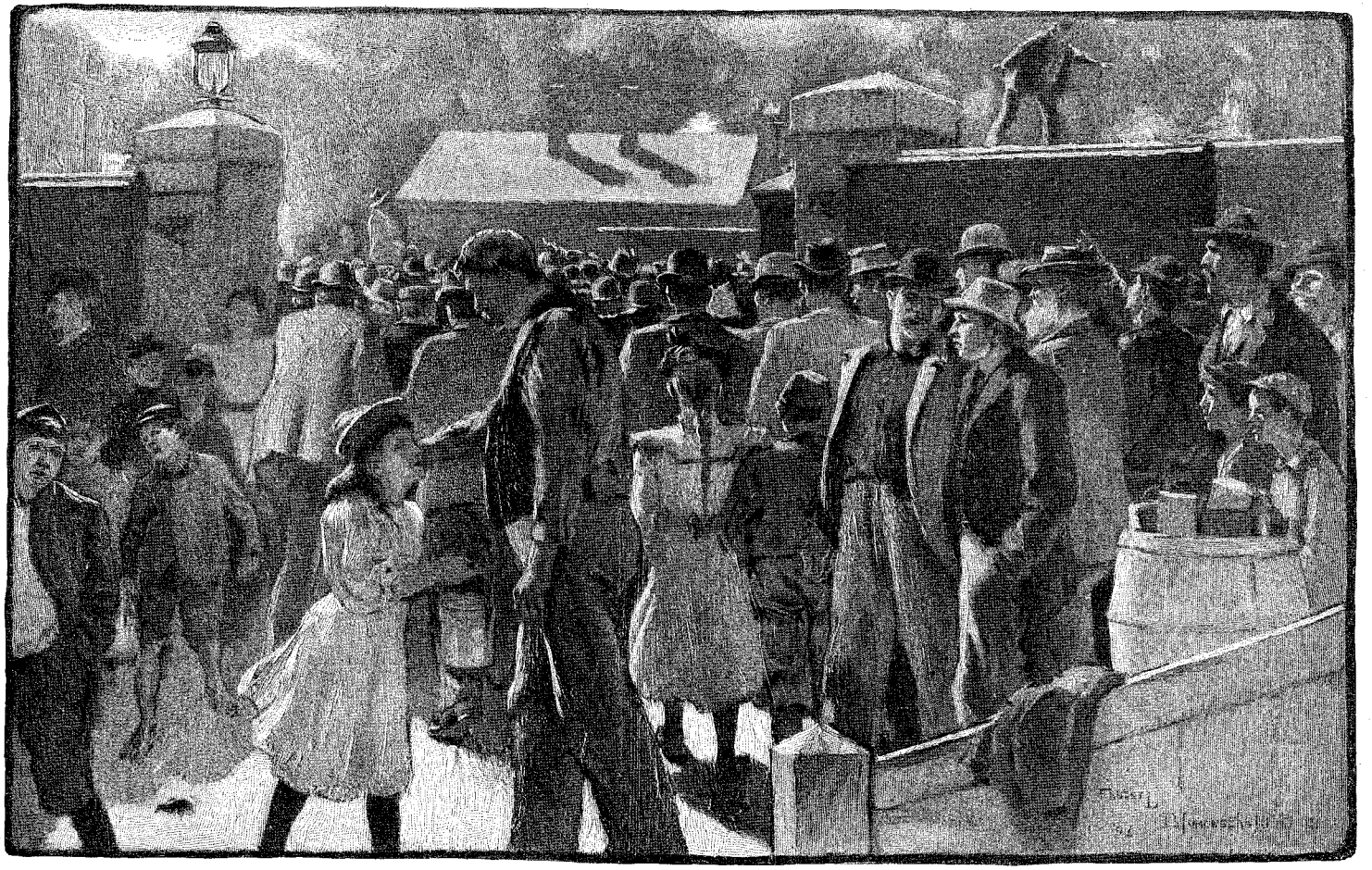

DINNER HOUR.

There are five such entrances to the mill yards for the five thousand operatives. The children are not employees, but are bringing dinners.

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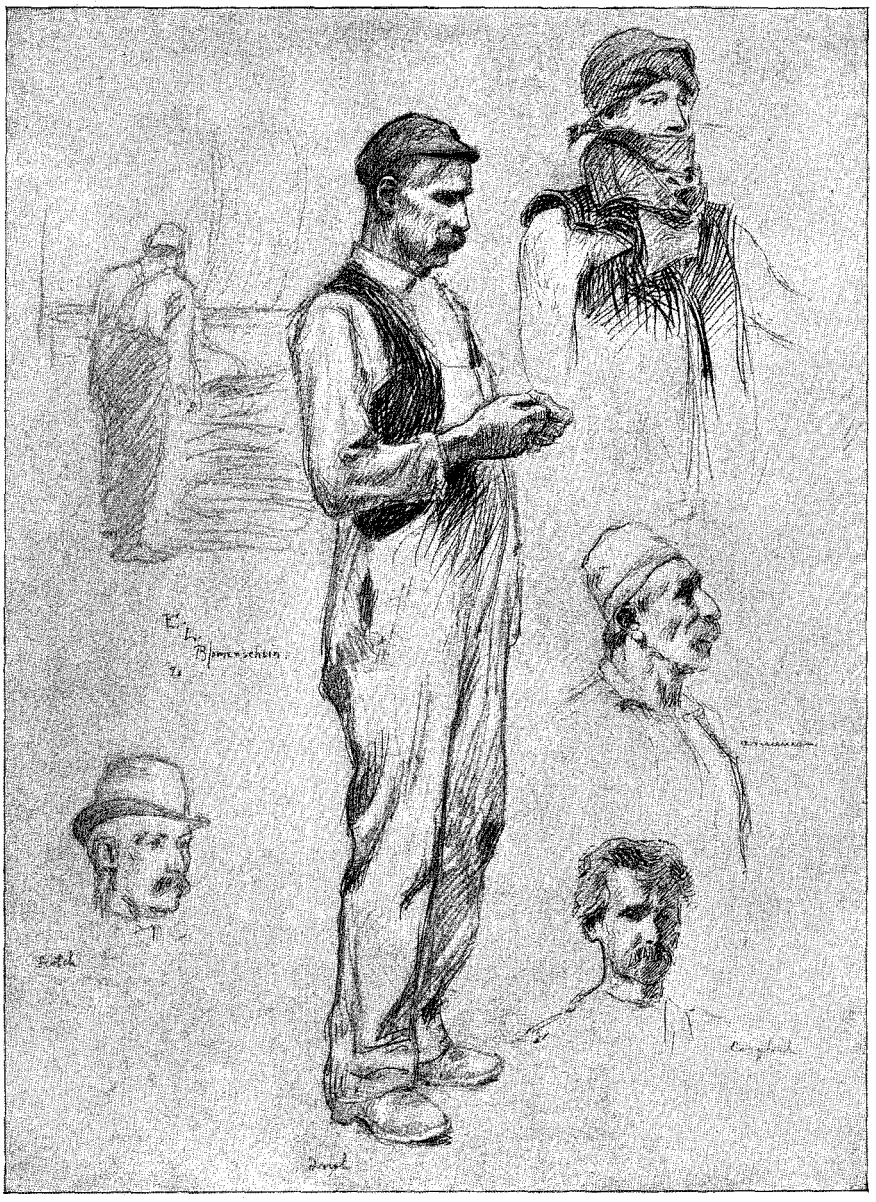

MILL TYPES.

A modern mill is extremely cosmopolitan in the character of its help, yet there is very little friction, and all classes work together harmoniously. The barriers of language are overcome as quickly as possible, and all seem to strive to become merged in the one class of "Americans."

volved. Each style or fashion has in it the germs of what is to follow, perhaps visible only to experts, but to be discerned. The designer accents the peculiar attributes of a pattern that has found favor one year in order to create his design for the next season. The short life of a design is somewhat surprising. Out of the six or eight hundred patterns made during this last year by the largest calico-mill in the country it is not likely that ten will be called for two years hence. The designs (the word design covering the texture of the material as well as its ornamentation) for every class of goods have to be virtually new every year, and the

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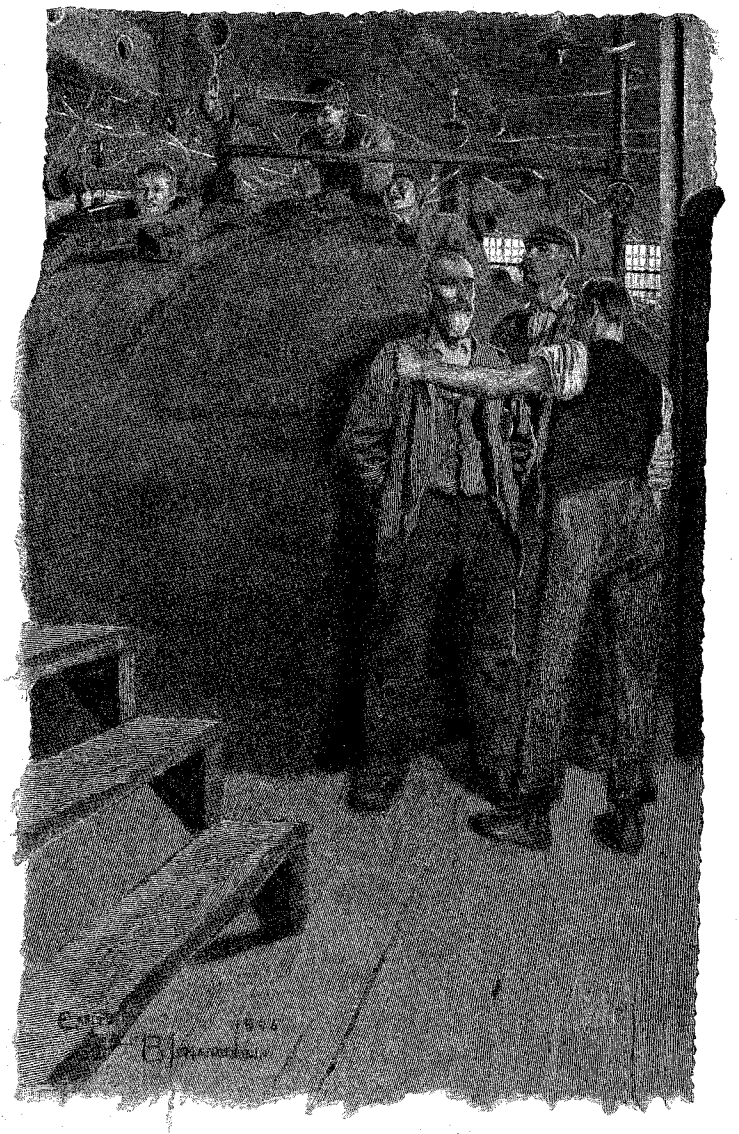
explanation given for this is hardly flattering to the fair wearers of these pretty mousselines, lawns, organdies, cashmeres, serges, and brocades.

"Not only," said a mill agent, "do fashions change in a bewildering way, and a most expensive way to us manufacturers, but they have a way of changing so radically that new goods may be wholly unsalable if they bear any resemblance to the dress goods in demand last year. Why? Simply because a woman who buys a new dress wants a pattern and a color wholly different from that of her last year's frock, in order that there may be no question as to its being a new frock. She not only wants a different design, but a very different one, so that he, or, more probably, she, who runs may see that it is a new dress."

The same demand for novelty holds good in the shoe trade, in the manufacture of fancy writing-papers, in hats, ribbons, and, to some extent, in underwear, and one exasperating feature of this matter is that when times are hard and business dull the public, or the great caterers for the public, the retail shops, are more exacting than ever in demanding novelties. One of the great shoe manufacturers of Lynn said to me:

"The four or five hundred retailers throughout the country for whom we make shoes, finding that their customers do not buy, are constantly sending us word that they want new styles of shoes; they want us to turn out something so attractive that people will buy shoes notwithstanding the hard times. Several times this last year we have gone to the expense of making new lasts and dies for a new style of shoe—an expense of some



AMONG THE KIERS.

Bleaching-room (140 by 60 feet) where 66 hands are employed. There are 14 kiers in this room, having a capacity, when charged, of 770,000 yards of cloth.

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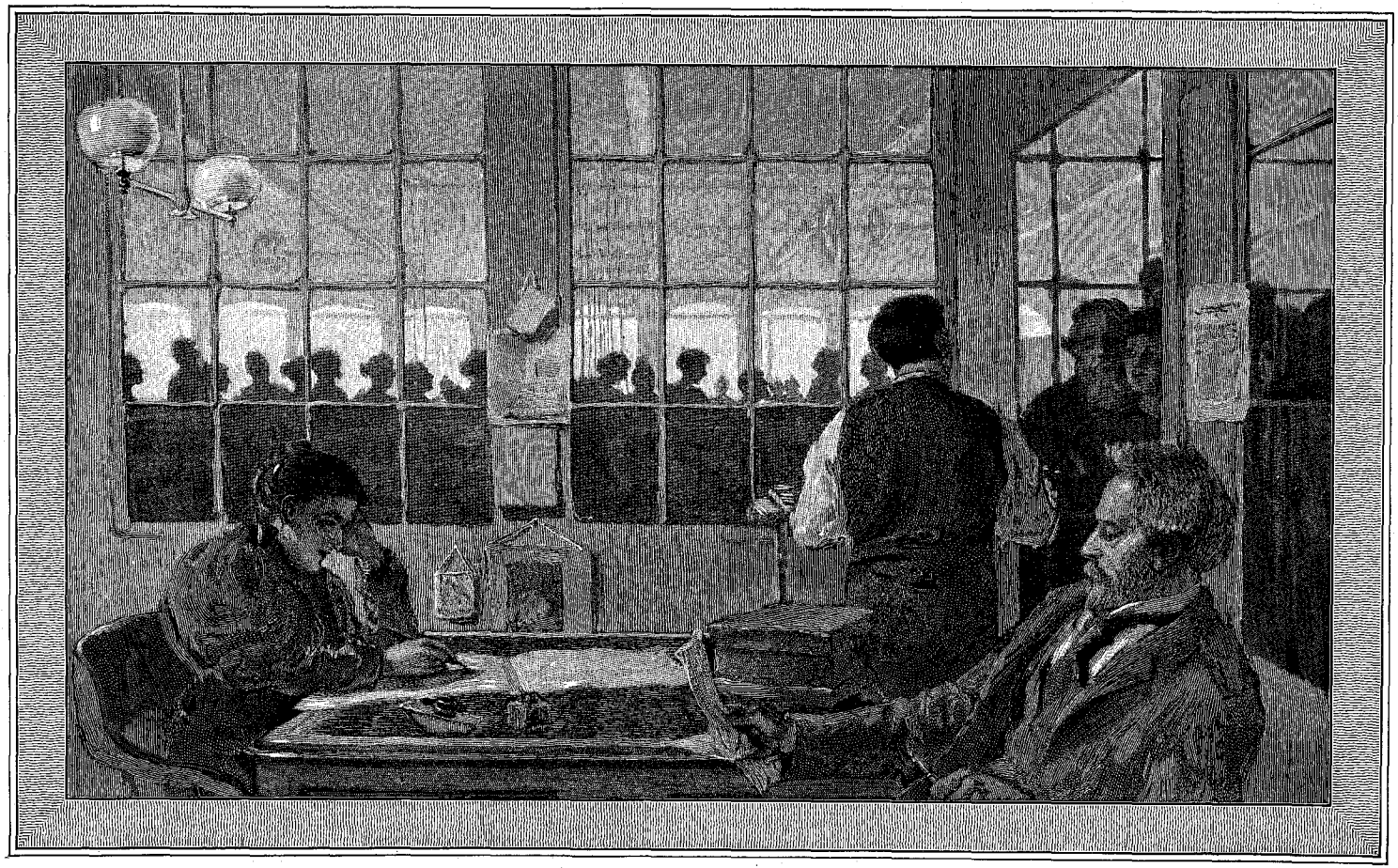

PAY-DAY IN THE WEAVING DEPARTMENT.

Once each week the operatives receive their previous week's earnings. Promptly at the appointed hour the pay clerk arrives with his trunk, arranges the pay envelopes on a table before him; the line is quickly formed, and each in turn receives her envelope and returns to her work, with scarcely any time lost; and in a surprisingly short time the entire room has been paid off. Forty thousand dollars is thus paid out each week, varying somewhat with the season of the year, and the quality of the cloths being made.

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thousands of dollars—only to find when the shoes reached the market that public taste had veered, and that buyers wanted something else. If it were not for the small towns of the far West, too far away for their inhabitants to discover that Boston and New York have discarded this or that style, we shoe manufacturers would be ruined by this craze for novelty. Some time ago every woman wanted a shoe tipped with patent leather; a few months later we might not be able to give such shoes away. I have in my store-room scores of cases of shoes that cost me nearly $2 a pair to make, which I should be glad to sell at half cost. They are better shoes, of better leather, and more comfortable than the shoes we are making to-day, but we cannot sell them for half what they cost us to make."

The element of chance thus enters more or less into any manufacture dependent upon changes of fashion. As the styles for summer have to be made in winter, and those for winter in summer, a manufacturer cannot wait to see what the public wants; he has to take his chances. What he has made may or may not meet with favor. If it does not, his whole product will have to be sold at cost or less, to be sent to the confines of civilization. Upon the other hand, fortunes are often made when fashion veers in favor of a particular style of goods. At one time a few years ago all the women suddenly wanted dresses made of bunting, which material, before that, had been used chiefly for flags; the mills equipped with machinery for making bunting were driven night and day, for the stock was soon exhausted, while manufacturers of ordinary dress goods looked on with envy. The demand for bunting ceased as suddenly as it arose. The same phenomenon was observed with regard to braid. Every woman's dress at one time had more or less braid upon it; braid-makers made fortunes, which in some instances they invested in building braid-mills and turning out vast stocks of goods that proved unsalable because the fashion suddenly changed. Another curious freak of fashion, said to be due partly to hard times, and affecting the business of many mills, was last summer's prevalence of shirt-waists. The mills which turned out suitable materials for shirt-waists did well last year, while mills making a specialty of the heavier goods used for skirts were behind in the race, because a woman bought half a dozen shirt-waists and one skirt. A few years hence she may want one shirt-waist and half a dozen skirts. Another curious factor in the change of patterns, is the fact, that the very popularity of a pattern or style of material often proves its downfall. Cheap imitations will soon bring the most admirable design into disrepute, and this process of vulgarizing goes on notwithstanding rigid copyright laws supposed to protect the original producer.

Some factories, usually very small ones, depend wholly upon novelties. Each year some new trifle comes up upon which the whole establishment is put to work. Holiday goods, the trifles sold by sidewalk pedlers, and many cheap toys are of this class where the ingenuity of the deviser or designer is everything. Of a curious character was a small factory near Philadelphia, devoted wholly at one time to the manufacture of hoaxes sold through advertisement. Among the notable successes of this precious establishment was a device warranted to kill the potato-bug. Thousands of farmers sent their half-dollars in exchange for two little slabs of wood with the directions: "Place the bug between these two blocks of wood and press hard." This seems scarcely worth noting as an industry, and yet incredible sums of money are made out of the manufacture of things hardly less trivial. Many readers may remember the vogue of a wooden ball fastened to a rubber string, so that the ball when thrown returned to the hand. It is said that the patentee and manufacturer of that toy made $80,000 in one season from it.

The demand for novelties, always novelties, imposes a constant expense and drain upon all manufacturing corporations, and yet it is the novelties that offer the greatest field for profit. Staple goods not affected by fashion must be sold almost at cost because every mill can make them, and the stocks of such goods on hand are always enormous. When orders are scarce and a mill agent hesitates

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ROOF OF THE DYE-HOUSE IN THE WORSTED DEPARTMENT.

One hundred and eighty persons employed. Half a million yards are dyed per week; $55,000 worth of dyestuffs, etc., are required each year, and 10,000 tons of coal are consumed in producing the steam required for the different dyeing processes.

about letting his hands go for fear that he may not be able to get the best of them back in time of need, the force may be used in turning out coarse staple goods, sure to find a market some day. But such work offers only a minimum margin of profit. One case of fancy goods that sell well brings in a larger profit than one hundred cases of some staple article that every mill in the country, North and South, can turn out. Novelty is the cry of all manufacturers. Give us something new to make. Every year the mills of this country turn out from three to five thousand new designs, of which perhaps one thousand find a profitable sale.

A factory having produced a stock of goods from the best designs to be obtained by its agents here and abroad, the next step is to sell at a profit. Twenty-five years ago the mill or factory sold all its goods to the jobbers, who in turn distributed them to the retailers throughout the country. Each mill had its selling agents who undertook to dispose of its product to the jobbers. A retailer could buy nothing directly from the agent of the mill. Within the last ten or fifteen years the small jobber has been eliminated. In 1850 there were half a hundred dry-goods jobbers in New York City and as many in Boston, all doing a good business. To-day the number has dwindled to half a dozen in each city. The same thing is true of Philadelphia and Chicago. Only a few of the very largest jobbing houses have survived. The selling agents of the mills now go direct to the retailer, because the retailers have in many instances become buyers upon a much larger scale than the small jobber of former days. Go into the Boston or New York office of the agent of any important mill, and you will find plenty of samples and clerks, but almost no buyers. The agent now goes to the buyer. The agent of the largest cotton-mill in western Massachusetts told me that he sent his men to every large dry-goods shop in Boston every day, and his partner in New York did the same thing there. At certain seasons Boston and New York, twenty-five or thirty years ago, were overrun with the buyers of dry-goods houses from all parts of the country. There were hotels and even newspapers devoted to these buyers and their doings. Much of this business has passed away. To-day the travelling men, "drummers," of the mills and the few large jobbing houses that have survived, scour the country, taking their samples to the retailer. A few large jobbers, doing an immense business, still survive in all our large centres because they have the machinery for the distribution of goods in channels where it is not worth the while of the agent to enter — small shops in small towns. The small jobber who gave up business when he found the mills selling directly to the retail shops who could buy

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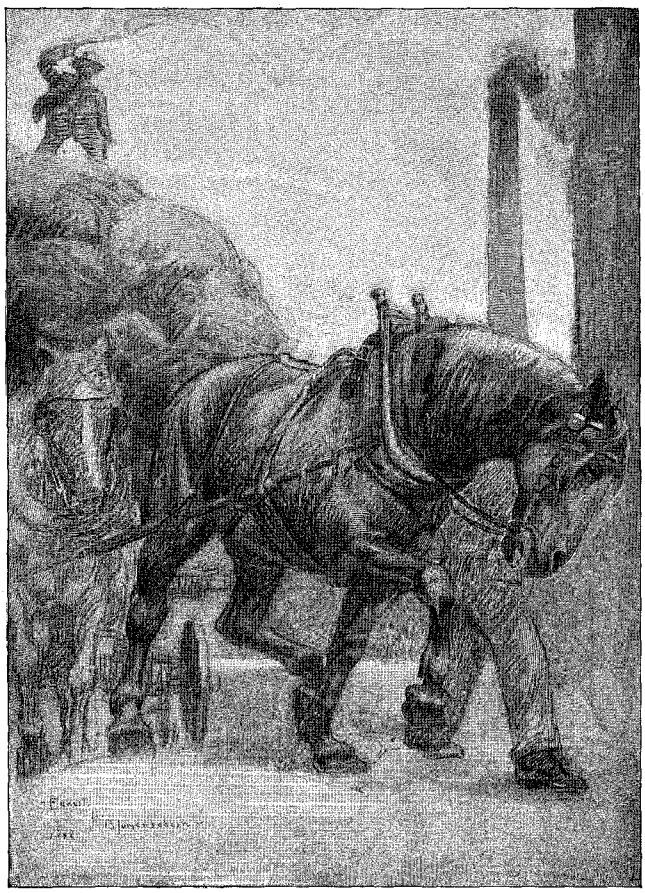
even more goods at a time than he could, had neither the capital nor the army of travelling men necessary to do business upon this scale. The jobber who could buy five thousand cases of goods at a time, and had the machinery and the means for disposing of it, survives because the mills sell cheapest to the largest buyer, and the jobber who buys on this scale is more important than even the largest retail store. But the small jobber, buying one hundred cases of the same goods, gets no better terms than the big retailer and has therefore no excuse for being. Some of the big department stores now obtain a monopoly of certain patterns or designs by taking the whole output of the mill, thus doing what was formerly in the power of only the greatest of jobbers.

The object of the country merchant in sending his buyer to New York or Boston every year was to get a more attractive stock than that obtained by his rival on the next block, and at better prices. The buyer comes no more to headquarters. A few big jobbers send their men to him, as I have said, and supplement these visits in the following way: The big jobber's travelling man, making a specialty, say of the eastern end of Long Island, and having a number of customers in that region, not only takes his samples over the route several times each season, but he promises his customer that when novelties of importance or goods at extraordinarily low prices appear in New York he will take care that some are sent out to this customer. The travelling man has an accurate knowledge of the selling capacity of his customer, and an agreement with him to the effect that the country merchant will take a certain amount of whatever goods the "drummer" may see fit to send him in an emergency. Much depends, as will be seen, upon the judgment of this latter. If he abuses his privilege, there will be trouble. If, on the contrary, he acts with good judgment, he will be invaluable.

Now suppose that one day a certain mill comes to the house in New York with the offer of a big stock of new and fashionable goods, or goods at a remarkably low price; the outside force is called together and an estimate is made of the quantity of such goods that can be distributed. The Long Island man puts down this customer of his for three cases, that one for one case, and some one else for half a case. The jobbing house may be able, by taking the whole country, to buy



HAULING WASTE COTTON.

The waste cotton material, unfit for yarn, is bagged up and sold each week, and 1,200 tons are thus disposed of each year at this mill.

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THE ENGRAVING-ROOM.

Section of engraving-room showing die cutters, plate engravers, and pentographers, sketchmakers, and hand engravers at work. The staff employed in this department numbers about seventy-six. It is here that the designs are put on copper rollers by means of pressure, cutting, or etching.

the whole stock of this pattern from the mill, thus getting exceptional terms and a monopoly of the pattern. The country merchant who gets the goods, of which his rival across the way can get none, will make money or lose it according to their desirability. He may receive too many goods in this way, in which case he can restrict the privilege of the New York house, or he may find that he could have sold five times as much of a cheap and popular style of goods as he received. I have been told of instances in which five thousand cases of printed calicoes, or about eight million yards, have been disposed of in this way in one morning by the largest jobbing house in this country.

AN ENGLISH FOREMAN OF ENGRAVERS.

In England and Scotland in the engraving and calico printing trades, the old apprentice system is still in vogue. Until recent years nearly all the workmen in these two trades in American factories were either men or their sons who had served their time across the water.

The search for a foreign outlet for American manufactures began more than half a century ago and still goes on. Every year some new market is discovered. Our old competitor, England, fights hard, but we can often beat her on her own ground. Everyone may know that we send our New England cotton-cloth to the British colonies by the thousand cases, but it may be news to many that 25,000 American ploughs went to the Argentine Republic last year, and that the thousands of watches distributed to the Japanese army as rewards of bravery were made in this country. American trade-marks have always been and now are of exceptional value the world over, and this notwithstanding the frequent imitations of them practised by foreign competitors in the past. During the War of Secession the

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export of American cotton was interrupted, and to many distant markets almost ceased, when it became a common practice for English firms to put well-known and popular American brands upon similar but often inferior goods of their own make. This went on for some years after the close of the war. With the resumption of American trade in foreign markets, the existence of this wrong was soon discovered and finally remedied through the operation of the English Registration of Trade Marks Act, under which American marks are admitted to registration upon precisely the same conditions as those of Great Britain. It should also be said that nearly all the English houses which had imitated American marks, in many cases ignorantly, being instructed to copy certain brands from patterns furnished them by their customers abroad, promptly discontinued the practice when the facts were made known to them. No less than twenty-seven imitations of one American brand were thus voluntarily withdrawn. For years past, however, the export of American cotton goods to India and China has more than resumed its old proportions, the shipments for 1896 having exceeded those of any previous year.

A DESIGNING OFFICE IN NEW YORK.

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"You, sir, were a great soldier."—Page 350.

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SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

V

THE visit to the city was imitated on the three succeeding evenings by similar excursions. On one night they returned to the plaza, and the other two were spent in drifting down the harbor and along the coast on King's yacht. The President and Madame Alvarez were King's guests on one of these moonlight excursions, and were saluted by the proper number of guns, and their native band played on the forward deck. Clay felt that King held the centre of the stage for the time being, and obliterated himself completely. He thought of his own paddle-wheel tug-boat that he had had painted and gilded in her honor, and smiled grimly.

MacWilliams approached him as he sat leaning back on the rail and looking up, with the eye of a man who had served before the mast, at the lace-work of spars and rigging above him. MacWilliams came toward him on tiptoe and dropped carefully into a wicker chair. "There don't seem to be any door-mats on this boat," he said. "In every other respect she seems fitted out quite complete; all the latest magazines and enamelled bath-tubs, and Chinese waiter-boys with cock-tails up their sleeves. But there ought to be a mat at the top of each of those stair-ways that hang over the side, otherwise someone is sure to soil the deck. Have you been down in the engine-room yet?" he asked. "Well, don't go, then," he advised, solemnly. "It will only make you feel badly. I have asked the Admiral if I can send those half-breed engine drivers over to-morrow to show them what a clean engine-room looks like. I've just been talking to the chief. His name's MacKenzie, and I told him I was Scotch myself, and he said it 'was a greet pleesure' to find a gentleman so well acquainted with the movements of machinery. He thought I was one of King's friends, I guess, so I didn't tell him I pulled a lever for a living myself. I gave him a cigar though, and he said 'Thankee, sir,' and touched his cap to me."

MacWilliams chuckled at the recollection, and crossed his legs comfortably. "One of King's cigars, too," he said. "Real Havana; he leaves them lying around loose in the cabin. Have you had one? Ted Langham and I took about a box between us."

Clay made no answer, and MacWilliams settled himself contentedly in the great wicker chair and puffed grandly on a huge cigar.

"It's demoralizing, isn't it?" he said at last.

"What?" asked Clay, absently.

"Oh, this associating with white people again, as we're doing now. It spoils you for tortillas and rice, doesn't it? It's going to be great fun while it lasts, but when they've all gone, and Ted's gone, too, and the yacht's vanished, and we fall back to tramping around the plaza twice a week, it won't be gay, will it? No; it won't be gay. We're having the spree of our lives now, I guess, but there's going to be a difference in the morning."

"Oh, it's worth a headache, I think," said Clay, as he shrugged his shoulders and walked away to find Miss Langham.

The day set for the visit to the mines rose bright and clear. MacWilliams had rigged out his single passenger-car with rugs and cushions, and flags flew from its canvas top that flapped and billowed in the wind of the slow-moving train. Their observation-car, as MacWilliams termed it, was placed in front of the locomotive, and they were pushed gently along the narrow rails between forests of Manaca palms, and through swamps and jungles, and at times over the limestone formation along the coast, where the waves dashed as high as the smoke-stack of the locomotive, covering the excursionists with a sprinkling of

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white spray. Thousands of land-crabs, painted red and black and yellow, scrambled with a rattle like dead men's bones across the rails to be crushed by the hundreds under the wheels of the Juggernaut; great lizards ran from sunny rocks at the sound of their approach, and a deer bounded across the tracks fifty feet in front of the cow-catcher. MacWilliams escorted Hope out into the cab of the locomotive, and taught her how to increase and slacken the speed of the engine, until she showed an unruly desire to throw the lever open altogether and shoot them off the rails into the ocean beyond.

Clay sat at the back of the car with Miss Langham, and told her and her father of the difficulties with which young MacWilliams had had to contend. Miss Langham found her chief pleasure in noting the attention which her father gave to all that Clay had to tell him. Knowing her father as she did, and being familiar with his manner toward other men, she knew that he was treating Clay with unusual consideration. And this pleased her greatly, for it justified her own interest in him. She regarded Clay as a discovery of her own, but she was glad to have her opinion of him shared by others.

Their coming was a great event in the history of the mines. Kirkland, the foreman, and Chapman, who handled the dynamite, Weimer, the Consul, and the native doctor, who cared for the fever-stricken and the casualties, were all at the station to meet them in the whitest of white duck and with a bunch of ponies to carry them on their tour of inspection, and the village of mud-cabins and zinc-huts that stood clear of the bare sun-baked earth on white-washed wooden piles was as clean as Clay's hundred policemen could sweep it. Mr. Langham rode in advance of the cavalcade, and the head of each of the different departments took his turn in riding at his side, and explained what had been done, and showed him the proud result. The village was empty, except for the families of the native workmen and the ownerless dogs, the scavengers of the colony, that snarled and barked and ran leaping in front of the ponies' heads.

Rising abruptly above the zinc village, lay the first of the five great hills, with its open front cut into great terraces, on which the men clung like flies on the side of a wall, some of them in groups around an opening, or in couples pounding a steel bar that a fellow-workman turned in his bare hands, while others gathered about the panting steam-drills that shook the solid rock with fierce, short blows, and hid the men about them in a throbbing curtain of steam. Self-important little dummy-engines, dragging long trains of ore-cars, rolled and rocked on the uneven surface of the ground, and swung around corners with warning screeches of their whistles. They could see, on peaks outlined against the sky, the signal-men waving their red flags, and then plunging down the mountain-side out of danger, as the earth rumbled and shook and vomited out a shower of stones and rubbish into the calm hot air. It was a spectacle of desperate activity and puzzling to the uninitiated, for it seemed to be scattered over an unlimited extent, with no head nor direction, and with each man, or each group of men, working alone, like rag-pickers on a heap of ashes.

After the first half hour of curious interest Miss Langham admitted to herself that she was disappointed. She confessed she had hoped that Clay would explain the meaning of the mines to her, and act as her escort over the mountains which he was blowing into pieces.

But it was King, somewhat bored by the ceaseless noise and heat, and her brother, incoherently enthusiastic, who rode at her side, while Clay moved on in advance and seemed to have forgotten her existence. She watched him pointing up at the openings in the mountains and down at the ore-road, or stooping to pick up a piece of ore from the ground in cow-boy fashion, without leaving his saddle, and pounding it on the pommel before he passed it to the others. And, again, he would stand for minutes at a time up to his boot-tops in the sliding waste, with his bridle rein over his arm and his thumbs in his belt, listening to what his lieutenants were saying, and glancing quickly from them to Mr. Langham to see if he were following the technicalities of their speech. All of the men who had welcomed the appearance of the women on their arrival, with such obvious delight and with so much embarrassment, seemed now as oblivious of their presence as Clay himself.

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Miss Langham pushed her horse up into the group beside Hope, who had kept her pony close at Clay's side from the beginning; but she could not make out what it was they were saying, and no one seemed to think it necessary to explain. She caught Clay's eye at last and smiled brightly at him; but, after staring at her for fully a minute, until Kirkland had finished speaking, she heard him say, "Yes, that's it exactly; in open-face workings there is no other way," and so showed her that he had not been even conscious of her presence. But a few minutes later she saw him look up at Hope, folding his arms across his chest tightly and shaking his head. "You see it was the only thing to do," she heard him say, as though he were defending some course of action, and as though Hope were one of those who must be convinced. "If we had cut the opening on the first level, there was the danger of the whole thing sinking in, so we had to begin to clear away at the top and work down. That's why I ordered the bucket-trolley. As it turned out, we saved money by it."

Hope nodded her head slightly. "That's what I told father when Ted wrote us about it," she said; "but you haven't done it at Mount Washington."

"Oh, but it's like this, Miss—" Kirkland replied, eagerly. "It's because Washington is a solider foundation. We can cut openings all over it and they won't cave, but this hill is most all rubbish; it's the poorest stuff in the mines."

Hope nodded her head again and crowded her pony on after the moving group, but her sister and King did not follow. King looked at her and smiled. "Hope is very enthusiastic," he said. "Where did she pick it up?"

"Oh, she and father used to go over it in his study last winter after Ted came down here," Miss Langham answered, with a touch of impatience in her tone. "Isn't there some place where we can go to get out of this heat?"

Weimer, the Consul, heard her and led her back to Kirkland's bungalow, that hung like an eagle's nest from a projecting cliff. From its porch they could look down the valley over the greater part of the mines, and beyond to where the Caribbean Sea lay flashing in the heat.

"I saw very few Americans down there, Weimer," said King. "I thought Clay had imported a lot of them."

"About three hundred altogether, wild Irishmen and negroes," said the Consul; "but we use the native soldiers chiefly. They can stand the climate better, and, besides," he added, "they act as a reserve in case of trouble. They are Mendoza's men, and Clay is trying to win them away from him."

"I don't understand," said King.

Weimer looked around him and waited until Kirkland's servant had deposited a tray full of bottles and glasses on a table near them, and had departed. "The talk is," he said, "that Alvarez means to proclaim a dictatorship in his own favor before the spring elections. You've heard of that, haven't you?" King shook his head.

"Oh, tell us about it," said Miss Langham; "I should so like to be in plots and conspiracies."

"Well, they're rather common down here," continued the Consul, "but this one ought to interest you especially, Miss Langham, because it is a woman who is at the head of it. Madame Alvarez, you know, was the Countess Manueleta Hernandez before her marriage. She belongs to one of the oldest families in Spain. Alvarez married her in Madrid, when he was Minister there, and when he returned to run for President, she came with him. She's a tremendously ambitious woman, and they do say she wants to convert the Republic into a monarchy, and make her husband King, or, more properly speaking, make herself Queen. Of course that's absurd, but she is supposed to be plotting to turn Olancho into a sort of dependency of Spain, as it was long ago, and that's why she is so unpopular."

"Indeed?" interrupted Miss Langham, "I did not know that she was unpopular."

"Oh, rather. Why her party is called the Royalist Party already, and only a week before you came the Liberals plastered the city with denunciatory placards against her, calling on the people to drive her out of the country."

"What cowards—to fight a woman!" exclaimed Miss Langham.

"Well, she began it first, you see," said the Consul.

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"Who is the leader of the fight against her?" asked King.

"General Mendoza; he is commander-in-chief and has the greater part of the army with him, but the other candidate, old General Rojas, is the popular choice and the best of the three. He is Vice-President now, and if the people were ever given a fair chance to vote for the man they want, he would unquestionably be the next President. The mass of the people are sick of revolutions. They've had enough of them, but they will have to go through another before long, and if it turns against Dr. Alvarez, I'm afraid Mr. Langham will have hard work to hold these mines. You see, Mendoza has already threatened to seize the whole plant and turn it into a Government monopoly."

"And if the other one, General Rojas, gets into power, will he seize the mines, too?"

"No, he is honest, strange to relate," laughed Weimer, "but he won't get in. Alvarez will make himself dictator, or Mendoza will make himself President. That's why Clay treats the soldiers here so well. He thinks he may need them against Mendoza. You may be turning your saluting-gun on the city yet, Commodore," he added, smiling, "or, what is more likely, you'll need the yacht to take Miss Langham and the rest of the family out of the country."

King smiled and Miss Langham regarded Weimer with flattering interest. "I've got a quick-firing gun below decks," said King, "that I used in the Malaysian Peninsula on a junkful of Black Flags, and I think I'll have it brought up. And there are about thirty of my men on the yacht who wouldn't ask for their wages in a year if I'd let them go on shore and mix up in a fight. When do you suppose this——"

A heavy step and the jingle of spurs on the bare floor of the bungalow startled the conspirators, and they turned and gazed guiltily out at the mountain-tops above them as Clay came hurrying out upon the porch.

"They told me you were here," he said, speaking to Miss Langham. "I'm so sorry it tired you. I should have remembered—it is a rough trip when you're not used to it," he added, remorsefully. "But I'm glad Weimer was here to take care of you."

"It was just a trifle hot and noisy," said Miss Langham, smiling sweetly. She put her hand to her forehead with an expression of patient suffering. "It made my head ache a little, but it was most interesting." She added, "You are certainly to be congratulated on your work."

Clay glanced at her doubtfully with a troubled look, and turned away his eyes to the busy scene below him. He was greatly hurt that she should have cared so little, and indignant at himself for being so unjust. Why should he expect a woman to find interest in that hive of noise and sweating energy? But even as he stood arguing with himself his eyes fell on a slight figure sitting erect and graceful on her pony's back, her white habit soiled and stained red with the ore of the mines, and green where it had crushed against the leaves. She was coming slowly up the trail with a body-guard of half a dozen men crowding closely around her, telling her the difficulties of the work, and explaining their successes, and eager for a share of her quick sympathy.

Clay's eyes fixed themselves on the picture, and he smiled at its significance. Miss Langham noticed the look, and glanced below to see what it was that had so interested him, and then back at him again. He was still watching the approaching cavalcade intently, and smiling to himself. Miss Langham drew in her breath and raised her head and shoulders quickly, like a deer that hears a footstep in the forest, and when Hope presently stepped out upon the porch, she turned quickly toward her, and regarded her steadily, as though she were a stranger to her, and as though she were trying to see her with the eyes of one who looked at her for the first time.

"Hope!" she said, "do look at your dress!"

Hope's face was glowing with the unusual exercise, and her eyes were brilliant. Her hair had slipped down beneath the visor of her helmet.

"I am so tired—and so hungry." She was laughing and looking directly at Clay. "It has been a wonderful thing to have seen," she said, tugging at her heavy gauntlet, "and to have done," she added. She pulled off her glove and held out her

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hand to Clay, moist and scarred with the pressure of the reins.

"Thank you," she said, simply.

The master of the mines took it with a quick rush of gratitude, and, looking into the girl's eyes, saw something there that startled him, so that he glanced quickly past her at the circle of booted men grouped in the door behind her. They were each smiling in appreciation of the tableaux; her father and Ted, MacWilliams and Kirkland, and all the others who had helped him. They seemed to envy, but not to grudge, the whole credit which the girl had given to him.

Clay thought, "Why could it not have been the other?" but he said, aloud, "Thank *you*. You have given me my reward."

Miss Langham looked down impatiently into the valley below, and found that it seemed more hot and noisy, and more grimy than before.

VI

Clay believed that Alice Langham's visit to the mines had opened his eyes fully to vast differences between them. He laughed and railed at himself for having dared to imagine that he was in a position to care for her. Confident as he was at times, and sure as he was of his ability in certain directions, he was uneasy and fearful when he matched himself against a man of gentle birth and gentle breeding, and one who, like King, was part of a world of which he knew little, and to which, in his ignorance concerning it, he attributed many advantages that it did not possess. He believed that he would always lack the mysterious something which these others held by right of inheritance. He was still young and full of the illusions of youth, and so gave false values to his own qualities, and values equally false to the qualities he lacked. For the next week he avoided Miss Langham, unless there were other people present, and whenever she showed him special favor, he hastily recalled to his mind her failure to sympathize in his work, and assured himself that if she could not interest herself in the engineer, he did not care to have her interested in the man. Other women had found him attractive in himself; they had cared for his strength of will and mind, and because he was good to look at. But he determined that this one must sympathize with his work in the world, no matter how unpicturesque it might seem to her. His work was the best of him, he assured himself, and he would stand or fall with it.

It was a week after the visit to the mines that President Alvarez gave a great ball in honor of the Langhams, to which all of the important people of Olancho, and the Foreign Ministers were invited. Miss Langham met Clay on the afternoon of the day set for the ball, as she was going down the hill to join Hope and her father at dinner on the yacht.

"Are you not coming, too?" she asked.

"I wish I could," Clay answered. "King asked me, but a steamer-load of new machinery arrived to-day, and I have to see it through the Custom-house."

Miss Langham gave an impatient little laugh, and shook her head. "You might wait until we were gone before you bother with your machinery," she said.

"When you are gone I won't be in a state of mind to attend to machinery, or anything else," Clay answered.

Miss Langham seemed so far encouraged by this speech that she seated herself in the boat-house at the end of the wharf. She pushed her mantilla back from her face and looked up at him, smiling brightly.

"'The time has come, the walrus said,'" she quoted, "'to talk of many things.'"

Clay laughed and dropped down beside her. "Well?" he said.

"You have been rather unkind to me this last week," the girl began, with her eyes fixed steadily on his. "And that day at the mines when I counted on you so, you acted abominably."

Clay's face showed so plainly his surprise at this charge, which he thought he only had the right to make, that Miss Langham stopped.

"I don't understand," said Clay, quietly. "How did I treat you abominably?"

He had taken her so seriously that Miss Langham dropped her lighter tone and spoke in one more kindly:

"I went out there to see your work at its best. I was only interested in going because it was your work, and because it was you who had done it all, and I expected that you would try to explain it to me and help me to understand, but you

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didn't. You treated me as though I had no interest in the matter at all, as though I was not capable of understanding it. You did not seem to care whether I was interested or not. In fact, you forgot me altogether."

Clay exhibited no evidence of a reproving conscience. "I am sorry you had a stupid time," he said, gravely.

"I did not mean that, and you know I didn't mean that," the girl answered. "I wanted to hear about it from you, because you did it. I wasn't interested so much in what had been done, as I was in the man who had accomplished it."

Clay shrugged his shoulders impatiently, and looked across at Miss Langham with a troubled smile.

"But that's just what I don't want," he said. "Can't you see? These mines and other mines like them are all I have in the world. They are my only excuse for having lived in it so long. I want to feel that I've done something outside of myself, and when you say that you like me personally, it's as little satisfaction to me as it must be to a woman to be congratulated on her beauty, or on her fine voice. That is nothing she has done herself. I should like you to value what I have done, not what I happen to be."

Miss Langham turned her eyes to the harbor, and it was some short time before she answered.

"You are a very difficult person to please," she said, "and most exacting. As a rule men are satisfied to be liked for any reason. I confess frankly, since you insist upon it, that I do not rise to the point of appreciating your work as the others do. I suppose it is a fault," she continued, with an air that plainly said that she considered it, on the contrary, something of a virtue. "And if I knew more about it technically, I might see more in it to admire. But I am looking farther on for better things from you. The friends who help us the most are not always those who consider us perfect, are they?" she asked, with a kindly smile. She raised her eyes to the great ore-pier that stretched out across the water, the one ugly blot in the scene of natural beauty about them. "I think that is all very well," she said; "but I certainly expect you to do more than that. I have met many remarkable men in all parts of the world, and I know what a strong man is, and you have one of the strongest personalities I have known. But you can't mean that you are content to stop with this. You should be something bigger and more wide-reaching and more lasting. Indeed, it hurts me to see you wasting your time here over my father's interests. You should exert that same energy on a broader map. You could make yourself anything you chose. At home you would be your party's leader in politics, or you could be a great general, or a great financier. I say this because I know there are better things in you, and because I want you to make the most of your talents. I am anxious to see you put your powers to something worth while."

Miss Langham's voice carried with it such a tone of sincerity that she almost succeeded in deceiving herself. And yet she would have hardly cared to explain just why she had reproached the man before her after this fashion. For she knew that when she spoke as she had done, she was beating about to find some reason that would justify her in not caring for him, as she knew she could care—as she would not allow herself to care. The man at her side had won her interest from the first, and later, had occupied her thoughts so entirely, that it troubled her peace of mind. Yet she would not let her feeling for him wax and grow stronger, but kept it down. And she was trying now to persuade herself that she did this because there was something lacking in him and not in her.

She was almost angry with him for being so much to her and for not being more acceptable in little things, like the other men she knew. So she found this fault with him in order that she might justify her own lack of feeling.

But Clay, who only heard the words and could not go back of them to find the motive, could not know this. He sat perfectly still when she had finished and looked steadily out across the harbor. His eyes fell on the ugly ore-pier, and he winced and uttered a short grim laugh.

"That's true, what you say," he began, "I haven't done much. You are quite right. Only—" he looked up at her curiously and smiled—"only you should not have been the one to tell me of it."

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Miss Langham had been so far carried away by her own point of view that she had not considered Clay, and now that she saw what mischief she had done, she gave a quick gasp of regret, and leaned forward as though to add some explanation to what she had said. But Clay stopped her. "I mean by that," he said, "that the great part of the inspiration I have had to do what little I have done came from you. You were a sort of promise of something better to me. You were more of a type than an individual woman, but your picture, the one I carry in my watch, meant all that part of life that I have never known, the sweetness and the nobleness and grace of civilization. Something I hoped I would some day have time to enjoy. So you see," he added, with an uncertain laugh, "it's less pleasant to hear that I have failed to make the most of myself from you than from almost anyone else."

"But, Mr. Clay," protested the girl, anxiously, "I think you have done wonderfully well. I only said that I wanted you to do more. You are so young and you have——"

Clay did not hear her. He was leaning forward looking moodily out across the water, with his folded arms clasped across his knees.

"I have not made the most of myself," he repeated; "that is what you said." He spoke the words as though she had delivered a sentence. "You don't think well of what I have done, of what I am."

He drew in his breath and shook his head with a hopeless laugh, and leaned back against the railing of the boat-house with the weariness in his attitude of a man who has given up after a long struggle.

"No," he said, with a bitter flippancy in his voice, "I don't amount to much. But, my God!" he laughed, and turning his head away, "when you think what I was! This doesn't seem much to you, and it doesn't seem much to me now that I have your point of view on it, but when I remember!" Clay stopped again and pressed his lips together and shook his head. His half-closed eyes, that seemed to be looking back into his past, lighted as they fell on King's white yacht, and he raised his arm and pointed to it with a wave of the hand. "When I was sixteen I was a sailor before the mast," he said. "The sort of sailor that King's crew out there wouldn't recognize in the same profession. I was of so little account that I've been knocked the length of the main deck at the end of the mate's fist, and left to lie bleeding in the scuppers for dead. I hadn't a thing to my name then but the clothes I wore, and I've had to go aloft in a hurricane and cling to a swinging rope with my bare toes and pull at a wet sheet until my finger-nails broke and started in their sockets; and I've been a cow-boy, with no companions for six months of the year but eight thousand head of cattle and men as dumb and untamed as the steers themselves. I've sat in my saddle night after night, with nothing overhead but the stars, and no sound but the noise of the steers breathing in their sleep. The women I knew were Indian squaws, and the girls of the sailor's dance-houses and the gambling-hells of Sioux City and Abilene, and Callao and Port Saïd. That was what I was and those were my companions. Why!" he laughed, rising and striding across the boat-house with his hands locked behind him, "I've fought on the mud floor of a Mexican shack, with a naked knife in my hand, for my last dollar. I was as low and as desperate as that. And now——" Clay lifted his head and smiled. "Now," he said, in a lower voice and addressing Miss Langham with a return of his usual grave politeness, "I am able to sit beside you and talk to you. I have risen to that. I am quite content."

He paused and looked at Miss Langham uncertainly for a few moments as though in doubt as to whether she would understand him if he continued.

"And though it means nothing to you," he said, "and though as you say I am here as your father's employee, there are other places, perhaps, where I am better known. In Edinburgh or Berlin or Paris, if you were to ask the people of my own profession, they could tell you something of me. If I wished it, I could drop this active work to-morrow and continue as an adviser, as an expert, but I like the active part better. I like doing things myself. I don't say, 'I am a salaried servant of Mr. Langham's,' I put it differently. I say, 'There are five mountains

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of iron. You are to take them up and transport them from South America to North America, where they will be turned into railroads and ironclads.' That's my way of looking at it. It's better to bind a laurel to the plough than to call yourself hard names. It makes your work easier —almost noble. Cannot you see it that way, too ?"

Before Miss Langham could answer, a deprecatory cough from one side of the open boat-house startled them, and turning they saw MacWilliams coming toward them. They had been so intent upon what Clay was saying that he had approached them over the soft sand of the beach without their knowing it. Miss Langham welcomed his arrival with evident pleasure.

"The launch is waiting for you at the end of the pier," MacWilliams said. Miss Langham rose and the three walked together down the length of the wharf, MacWilliams moving briskly in advance in order to enable them to continue the conversation he had interrupted, but they followed close behind him, as though neither of them were desirous of such an opportunity.

Hope and King had both come for Miss Langham, and while the latter was helping her to a place on the cushions, and repeating his regrets that the men were not coming also, Hope started the launch, with a brisk ringing of bells and a whirl of the wheel and a smile over her shoulder at the figures on the wharf.

"Why didn't you go?" said Clay; "you have no business at the Custom-house."

"Neither have you," said MacWilliams. "But I guess we both understand. There's no good pushing your luck too far."

"What do you mean by that—this time ?"

"Why, what have we to do with all of this ?" cried MacWilliams. "It's what I keep telling you every day. We're not in that class, and you're only making it harder for yourself when they've gone. I call it cruelty to animals myself, having women like that around. Up North, where everybody's white, you don't notice it so much, but down here—Lord !"

"That's absurd," Clay answered. "Why should you turn your back on civilization when it comes to you, just because you're not going back to civilization by the next steamer? Every person you meet either helps you or hurts you. Those girls help us, even if they do make the life here seem bare and mean."

"Bare and mean !" repeated MacWilliams, incredulously. "I think that's just what they don't do. I like it all the better because they're mixed up in it. I never took so much interest in your mines until she took to riding over them, and I didn't think great shakes of my old ore-road, either, but now that she's got to acting as engineer, it's sort of nickel-plated the whole outfit. I'm going to name the new engine after her—when it gets here—if her old man will let me."

"What do you mean? Miss Langham hasn't been to the mines but once, has she ?"

"Miss Langham !" exclaimed MacWilliams. "No, I mean the other, Miss Hope. She comes out with Ted nearly every day now, and she's learning how to run a locomotive. Just for fun, you know," he added, reassuringly.

"I didn't suppose she had any intention of joining the Brotherhood," said Clay. "So she's been out every day, has she ? I like that," he commented, enthusiastically. "She's a fine, sweet girl."

"Fine, sweet girl !" growled MacWilliams. "I should hope so. She's the best. They don't make them any better than that, and just think, if she's like that now, what will she be when she's grown up, when she's learned a few things ? Now her sister. You can see just what her sister will be at thirty, and at fifty, and at eighty. She's thoroughbred and she's the most beautiful woman to look at I ever saw—but, my son—she is too careful. She hasn't any illusions, and no sense of humor. And a woman with no illusions and no sense of humor is going to be monotonous. You can't teach her anything. You can't imagine yourself telling her anything she doesn't know. The things we think important don't reach her at all. They're not in her line, and in everything else she knows more than we could ever guess at. But that Miss Hope ! It's a privilege to show her about. She wants to see everything and learn everything, and she goes poking her head into open-

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ings and down shafts like a little fox terrier. And she'll sit still and listen with her eyes wide open and tears in them, too, and she doesn't know it—until you can't talk yourself for just looking at her."

Clay rose and moved on to the house in silence. He was glad that MacWilliams had interrupted him when he did. He wondered whether he understood Alice Langham after all. He had seen many fine ladies before during his brief visits to London, and Berlin, and Vienna, and they had shown him favor. He had known other women not so fine. Spanish-American señoritas through Central and South America, the wives and daughters of English merchants exiled along the Pacific coast, whose fair skin and yellow hair whitened and bleached under the hot tropical suns. He had known many women, and he could have quoted

> Trials and troubles amany,
> Have proved me,
> One or two women, God bless them!
> Have loved me.

But the woman he was to marry must have all the things he lacked. She must fill out and complete him where he was wanting. This woman possessed all of these things. She appealed to every ambition and to every taste he cherished, and yet he knew that he had hesitated and mistrusted her, when he should have declared himself eagerly and vehemently, and forced her to listen with all the strength of his will.

Miss Langham dropped among the soft cushions of the launch with a sense of having been rescued from herself and of delight in finding refuge again in her own environment. The sight of King standing in the bow beside Hope with his cigarette hanging from his lips, and peering with half-closed eyes into the fading light, gave her a sense of restfulness and content. She did not know what she wished from that other strange young man. He was so bold, so handsome, and he looked at life and spoke of it in such a fresh, unhackneyed spirit. He might make himself anything he pleased. But here was a man who already had everything, or who could get it as easily as he could increase the speed of the launch, by pulling some wire with his finger.

She recalled one day when they were all on board of this same launch, and the machinery had broken down, and MacWilliams had gone forward to look at it. He had called Clay to help him, and she remembered how they had both gone down on their knees and asked the engineer and fireman to pass them wrenches and oil-cans, while King protested mildly, and the rest sat helplessly in the hot glare of the sea, as the boat rose and fell on the waves. She resented Clay's interest in the accident, and his pleasure when he had made the machinery right once more, and his appearance as he came back to them, with oily hands and with his face glowing from the heat of the furnace, wiping his grimy fingers on a piece of packing. She had resented the equality with which he treated the engineer in asking his advice, and it rather surprised her that the crew saluted him when he stepped into the launch again that night as though he were the owner. She had expected that they would patronize him, and she imagined after this incident that she detected a shade of difference in the manner of the sailors toward Clay, as though he had cheapened himself to them—as he had to her.

VII

At ten o'clock that same evening Clay began to prepare himself for the ball at the Government Palace, and MacWilliams, who was not invited, watched him dress with critical approval that showed no sign of envy.

The better to do honor to the President, Clay had brought out several foreign orders, and MacWilliams helped him to tie the collar of the Red Eagle which the German Emperor had given him around his neck, and to fasten the ribbon and cross of the Star of Olancho across his breast, and a Spanish Order and the Legion of Honor to the lapel of his coat. MacWilliams surveyed the effect of the tiny enamelled crosses with his head on one side, and with the same air of affectionate pride and concern that a mother shows over her daughter's first ball-dress.

"Got any more?" he asked, anxiously.

"I have some war medals," Clay answered, smiling doubtfully. "But I'm not in uniform."

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"Oh, that's all right," declared MacWilliams. "Put 'em on, put 'em all on. Give the girls a treat. Everybody will think they were given for feats of swimming, anyway; but they will show up well from the front. Now, then, you look like a drum-major or a conjuring chap."

"I do not," said Clay. "I look like a French Ambassador, and I hardly understand how you find courage to speak to me at all."

He went up the hill in high spirits, and found the carriage at the door and King, Mr. Langham, and Miss Langham sitting waiting for him. They were ready to depart, and Miss Langham had but just seated herself in the carriage when they heard hurrying across the tiled floor a quick, light step and the rustle of silk, and turning they saw Hope standing in the doorway, radiant and smiling. She wore a white frock that reached to the ground, and that left her arms and shoulders bare. Her hair was dressed high upon her head, and she was pulling vigorously at a pair of long, tan-colored gloves. The transformation was so complete, and the girl looked so much older and so stately and beautiful, that the two young men stared at her in silent admiration and astonishment.

"Why, Hope!" exclaimed her sister. "What does this mean?"

Hope stopped in some alarm, and clasped her hair with both hands. "What is it?" she asked; "is anything wrong?"

"Why, my dear child," said her sister, "you're not thinking of going with us, are you?"

"Not going?" echoed the younger sister, in dismay. "Why, Alice, why not? I was asked."

"But, Hope—. Father," said the elder sister, stepping out of the carriage and turning to Mr. Langham, "you didn't intend that Hope should go, did you? She's not out yet."

"Oh, nonsense," said Hope, defiantly. But she drew in her breath quickly and blushed, as she saw the two young men moving away out of hearing of this family crisis. She felt that she was being made to look like a spoiled child. "It doesn't count down here," she said, "and I want to go. I thought you knew I was going all the time. Marie made this frock for me on purpose."

"I don't think Hope is old enough," the elder sister said, addressing her father, "and if she goes to dances here, there's no reason why she should not go to those at home."

"But I don't want to go to dances at home," interrupted Hope.

Mr. Langham looked exceedingly uncomfortable, and turned appealingly to his elder daughter. "What do you think, Alice?" he said, doubtfully.

"I'm sorry," Miss Langham replied, "but I know it would not be at all proper. I hate to seem horrid about it, Hope, but indeed you are too young, and the men here are not the men a young girl ought to meet."

"You meet them, Alice," said Hope, but pulling off her gloves in token of defeat.

"But, my dear child, I'm fifty years older than you are."

"Perhaps Alice knows best, Hope," Mr. Langham said. "I'm sorry if you are disappointed."

Hope held her head a little higher, and turned toward the door.

"I don't mind if you don't wish it, father," she said. "Good-night." She moved away, but apparently thought better of it, and came back and stood smiling and nodding to them as they seated themselves in the carriage. Mr. Langham leaned forward and said, in a troubled voice, "We will tell you all about it in the morning. I'm very sorry. You won't be lonely, will you? I'll stay with you if you wish."

"Nonsense!" laughed Hope. "Why, it's given to you, father; don't bother about me. I'll read something or other and go to bed."

"Good-night, Cinderella," King called out to her.

"Good-night, Prince Charming," Hope answered.

Both Clay and King felt that the girl would not mind missing the ball so much as she would the fact of having been treated like a child in their presence, so they refrained from any expression of sympathy or regret, but raised their hats and bowed a little more impressively than usual as the carriage drove away.

The picture Hope made, as she stood deserted and forlorn on the steps of the

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empty house in her new finery, struck Clay as unnecessarily pathetic. He felt a strong sense of resentment against her sister and her father, and thanked heaven devoutly that he was out of their class, and when Miss Langham continued to express her sorrow that she had been forced to act as she had done, he remained silent. It seemed to Clay such a simple thing to give children pleasure, and to remember that their woes were always out of all proportion to the cause. Children, dumb animals, and blind people were always grouped together in his mind as objects demanding the most tender and constant consideration. So the pleasure of the evening was spoiled for him while he remembered the hurt and disappointed look in Hope's face, and when Miss Langham asked him why he was so preoccupied, he told her bluntly that he thought she had been very unkind to Hope, and that her objections were absurd.

Miss Langham held herself a little more stiffly. "Perhaps you do not quite understand, Mr. Clay," she said. "Some of us have to conform to certain rules that the people with whom we best like to associate have laid down for themselves. If we choose to be conventional, it is probably because we find it makes life easier for the greater number. You cannot think it was a pleasant task for me. But I have given up things of much more importance than a dance for the sake of appearances, and Hope herself will see to-morrow that I acted for the best."

Clay said he trusted so, but doubted it, and by way of re-establishing himself in Miss Langham's good favor, asked her if she could give him the next dance. But Miss Langham was not to be propitiated.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I believe I am engaged until supper-time. Come and ask me then, and I'll have one saved for you. But there is something you can do," she added. "I left my fan in the carriage—do you think you could manage to get it for me without much trouble?"

"The carriage did not wait. I believe it was sent back," said Clay, "but I can borrow a horse from one of Stuart's men, and ride back and get it for you, if you like."

"How absurd!" laughed Miss Langham, but she looked pleased, notwithstanding.

"Oh, not at all," Clay answered. He was smiling down at her in some amusement, and was apparently much entertained at his idea. "Will you consider it an act of devotion?" he asked.

There was so little of devotion, and so much more of mischief in his eyes, that Miss Langham guessed he was only laughing at her, and shook her head.

"You won't go," she said, turning away. She followed him with her eyes, however, as he crossed the room, his head and shoulders towering above the native men and women. She had never seen him so resplendent, and she noted, with an eye that considered trifles, the orders, and his well-fitting white gloves, and his manner of bowing in the Continental fashion, holding his opera-hat on his thigh, as though his hand rested on a sword. She noticed that the little Olanchoans stopped and looked after him, as he pushed his way among them, and she could see that the men were telling the women who he was. Sir Julian Pindar, the old British Minister, stopped him, and she watched them as they laughed together over the English war medals on the American's breast, which Sir Julian touched with his finger. He called the French Minister and his pretty wife to look, too, and they all laughed and talked together in great spirits, and Miss Langham wondered if Clay was speaking in French to them.

Miss Langham did not enjoy the ball; she felt injured and aggrieved, and she assured herself that she had been hardly used. She had only done her duty, and yet all the sympathy had gone to her sister, who had placed her in a trying position. She thought it was most inconsiderate.

Hope walked slowly across the veranda when the others had gone, and watched the carriage as long as it remained in sight. Then she threw herself into a big arm-chair, and looked down upon her pretty frock and her new dancing-slippers. She, too, felt badly used.

The moonlight fell all about her, as it had on the first night of their arrival, a month before, but now it seemed cold and cheerless, and gave an added sense of loneliness to the silent house. She did not

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go inside to read, as she had promised to do, but sat for the next hour looking out across the harbor. She could not blame Alice. She considered that Alice always moved by rules and precedents, like a queen in a game of chess, and she wondered why. It made life so tame and uninteresting, and yet people invariably admired Alice, and some one had spoken of her as the noblest example of the modern gentlewoman. She was sure she could not grow up to be anything like that. She was quite confident that she was going to disappoint her family. She wondered if people would like her better if she were discreet like Alice, and less like her brother Ted. If Mr. Clay, for instance, would like her better? She wondered if he disapproved of her riding on the engine with MacWilliams, and of her tearing through the mines on her pony, and spearing with a lance of sugar-cane at the mongrel curs that ran to snap at his flanks. She remembered his look of astonished amusement the day he had caught her in this impromptu pig-sticking, and she felt herself growing red at the recollection. She was sure he thought her a tomboy. Probably, he never thought of her at all.

Hope leaned back in the chair and looked up at the stars above the mountains and tried to think of any of her heroes and princes in fiction who had gone through such interesting experiences as had Mr. Clay. Some of them had done so, but they were creatures in a book and this hero was alive, and she knew him and had probably made him despise her as a silly little girl who was scolded and sent off to bed like a disobedient child. Hope felt a choking in her throat and something like a tear creep to her eyes; but she was surprised to find that the fact did not make her ashamed of herself. She owned that she was wounded and disappointed, and to make it harder she could not help picturing Alice and Clay laughing and talking together in some corner away from the ballroom, while she, who understood him so well, and who could not find the words to tell him how much she valued what he was and what he had done, was forgotten and sitting here alone, like Cinderella, by the empty fireplace.

The picture was so pathetic as Hope drew it, that for a moment she felt almost a touch of self-pity, but the next she laughed scornfully at her own foolishness, and rising with an impatient shrug, walked away in the direction of her room.

But before she had crossed the veranda she was stopped by the sound of a horse's hoofs galloping over the hard sun-baked road that led from the city, and before she had stepped forward out of the shadow in which she stood the horse had reached the steps and his rider had pulled him back on his haunches and swung himself off before the forefeet had touched the ground.

Hope had guessed that it was Clay by his riding, and she feared from his haste that some one of her people were ill. So she ran anxiously forward and asked if anything were wrong.

Clay started at her sudden appearance, and gave a short boyish laugh of pleasure.

"I'm so glad you're still up," he said. "No, nothing is wrong." He stopped in some embarrassment. He had been moved to return by the fact that the little girl he knew was in trouble, and now that he was suddenly confronted by this older and statelier young person, his action seemed particularly silly, and he was at a loss to explain it in any way that would not give offence.

"No, nothing is wrong," he repeated. "I came after something."

Clay had borrowed one of the cloaks the troopers wore at night from the same man who had lent him the horse, and as he stood bareheaded before her, with the cloak hanging from his shoulders to the floor and the star and ribbon across his breast, Hope felt very grateful to him for being able to look like a Prince or a hero in a book, and to yet remain her Mr. Clay at the same time.

"I came to get your sister's fan," Clay explained. "She forgot it."

The young girl looked at him for a moment in surprise and then straightened herself slightly. She did not know whether she was the more indignant with Alice for sending such a man on so foolish an errand, or with Clay for submitting to such a service.

"Oh, is that it?" she said at last. "I will go and find you one." She gave him a dignified little bow and moved away toward the door, with every appearance of disapproval.

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"Oh, I don't know," she heard Clay say, doubtfully; "I don't have to go just yet, do I? May I not stay here a little while?"

Hope stood and looked at him in some perplexity.

"Why, yes," she answered, wonderingly. "But don't you want to go back? You came in a great hurry. And won't Alice want her fan?"

"Oh, she has it by this time. I told Stuart to find it. She left it in the carriage, and the carriage is waiting at the end of the plaza."

"Then why did you come?" asked Hope, with rising suspicion.

"Oh, I don't know," said Clay, helplessly. "I thought I'd just like a ride in the moonlight. I hate balls and dances any way, don't you? I think you were very wise not to go."

Hope placed her hands on the back of the big arm-chair and looked steadily at him as he stood where she could see his face in the moonlight. "You came back," she said, "because they thought I was crying, and they sent you to see. Is that it? Did Alice send you?" she demanded.

Clay gave a gasp of consternation.

"You know that no one sent me," he said. "I thought they treated you abominably, and I wanted to come and say so. That's all. And I wanted to tell you that I missed you very much, and that your not coming had spoiled the evening for me, and I came also because I preferred to talk to you than to stay where I was. No one knows that I came to see you. I said I was going to get the fan, and I told Stuart to find it after I'd left. I just wanted to see you, that's all. But I will go back again at once."

While he had been speaking Hope had lowered her eyes from his face and had turned and looked out across the harbor. There was a strange, happy tumult in her breast, and she was breathing so rapidly that she was afraid he would notice it. She also felt an absurd inclination to cry, and that frightened her. So she laughed and turned and looked up into his face again. Clay saw the same look in her eyes that he had seen there the day when she had congratulated him on his work at the mines. He had seen it before in the eyes of other women and it troubled him. Hope seated herself in the big chair and Clay tossed his cloak on the floor at her feet and sat down with his shoulders against one of the pillars. He glanced up at her and found that the look that had troubled him was gone, and that her eyes were now smiling with excitement and pleasure.

"And did you bring me something from the ball in your pocket to comfort me?" she asked, mockingly.

"Yes, I did," Clay answered, unabashed. "I brought you some bon-bons."

"You didn't, really!" Hope cried, with a shriek of delight. "How absurd of you! The sort you pull?"

"The sort you pull," Clay repeated, gravely. "And also a dance-card, which is a relic of barbarism still existing in this Southern capital. It has the arms of Olancho on it in gold, and I thought you might like to keep it as a souvenir." He pulled the card from his coat-pocket and said, "May I have this dance?"

"You may," Hope answered. "But you wouldn't mind if we sat it out, would you?"

"I should prefer it," Clay said, as he scrawled his name across the card. "It is so crowded inside, and the company is rather mixed." They both laughed lightly at their own foolishness, and Hope smiled down upon him affectionately and proudly. "You may smoke, if you choose; and would you like something cool to drink?" she asked, anxiously. "After your ride, you know," she suggested, with hospitable intent. Clay said that he was very comfortable without a drink, but lighted a cigar and watched her covertly through the smoke, as she sat smiling happily and quite unconsciously upon the moonlit world around them. She caught Clay's eye fixed on her, and laughed lightly.

"What is it?" he said.

"Oh, I was just thinking," Hope replied, "that it was much better to have a dance come to you, than to go to the dance."

"Does one man and a dance-card and three bon-bons constitute your idea of a ball?"

"Doesn't it? You see, I am not out yet, I don't know."

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"I should think it might depend a good deal upon the man," Clay suggested.

"That sounds as though you were hinting," said Hope, doubtfully. "Now what would I say to that if I were out?"

"I don't know, but don't say it," Clay answered. "It would probably be something very unflattering or very forward, and in either case I should take you back to your chaperone and leave you there."

Hope had not been listening. Her eyes were fixed on a level with his tie, and Clay raised his hand to it in some trepidation. "Mr. Clay," she began abruptly and leaning eagerly forward, "would you think me very rude if I asked you what you did to get all those crosses? I know they mean something, and I do so want to know what. Please tell me."

"Oh, those!" said Clay. "The reason I put them on to-night is because wearing them is supposed to be a sort of compliment to your host. I got in the habit abroad——"

"I didn't ask you that," said Hope, severely. "I asked you what you did to get them. Now begin with the Legion of Honor on the left, and go right on until you come to the end, and please don't skip anything. Leave in all the bloodthirsty parts, and please don't be modest."

"Like Othello," suggested Clay.

"Yes," said Hope; "I will be Desdemona."

"Well, Desdemona, it was like this," said Clay, laughing. "I got that medal and that star for serving in the Nile campaign, under Wolseley. After I left Egypt, I went up the coast to Algiers, where I took service under the French in a most disreputable organization known as the Foreign Legion——"

"Don't tell me," exclaimed Hope, in delight, "that you have been a Chasseur d'Afrique! Not like the man in 'Under Two Flags?'"

"No, not at all like that man," said Clay, emphatically. "I was just a plain, common, or garden, sappeur, and I showed the other good-for-nothings how to dig trenches. Well, I contaminated the Foreign Legion for eight months, and then I went to Peru, where I——"

"You're skipping," said Hope. "How did you get the Legion of Honor?"

"Oh, that?" said Clay. "That was a gallery play I made once when we were chasing some Arabs. They took the French flag away from our color-bearer, and I got it back again and waved it frantically around my head until I was quite certain the Colonel had seen me doing it, and then I stopped as soon as I knew that I was sure of promotion."

"Oh, how can you?" cried Hope. "You didn't do anything of the sort. You probably saved the entire regiment."

"Well, perhaps I did," Clay returned. "Though I don't remember it, and nobody mentioned it at the time."

"Go on about the others," said Hope. "And do try to be truthful."

"Well, I got this one from Spain, because I was President of an International Congress of Engineers at Madrid. That was the ostensible reason, but the real reason was because I taught the Spanish Commissioners to play poker instead of baccarat. The German Emperor gave me this for designing a fort, and the Sultan of Zanzibar gave me this, and no one but the Sultan knows why, and he won't tell. I suppose he's ashamed. He gives them away instead of cigars. He was out of cigars the day I called."

"What a lot of places you have seen," sighed Hope. "I have been in Cairo and Algiers, too, but I always had to walk about with a governess, and she wouldn't go to the mosques because she said they were full of fleas. We always go to Homburg and Paris in the summer, and to big hotels in London. I love to travel, but I don't love to travel that way, would you?"

"I travel because I have no home," said Clay. "I'm different from the chap that came home because all the other places were shut. I go to other places because there is no home open."

"What do you mean?" said Hope, shaking her head. "Why have you no home?"

"There was a ranch in Colorado that I used to call home," said Clay, "but they've cut it up into town lots. I own a plot in the cemetery outside of the town, where my mother is buried, and I visit that whenever I am in the States, and that is the only piece of earth anywhere in the world that I have to go back to."

Hope leaned forward with her hands clasped in front of her and her eyes wide open.

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"And your father?" she said, softly; "is he—is he there, too——"

Clay looked at the lighted end of his cigar as he turned it between his fingers.

"My father, Miss Hope," he said, was a filibuster and went out on the Virginius to help free Cuba and was shot, against a stone wall. We never knew where he was buried."

"Oh, forgive me; I beg your pardon," said Hope. There was such distress in her voice that Clay looked at her quickly and saw the tears in her eyes. She reached out her hand timidly, and touched for an instant his own rough, sunburned fist, as it lay clenched on his knee. "I am so sorry," she said, "so sorry." For the first time in many years the tears came to Clay's eyes and blurred the moonlight and the scene before him, and he sat unmanned and silent before the simple touch of a young girl's sympathy.

An hour later, when his pony struck the gravel from beneath his hoofs on the race back to the city, and Clay turned to wave his hand to Hope in the doorway, she seemed, as she stood with the moonlight falling about her white figure, like a spirit beckoning the way to a new paradise.

VIII

Clay reached the President's Palace during the supper-hour, and found Mr. Langham and his daughter at the President's table. Madame Alvarez pointed to a place for him beside Alice Langham, who held up her hand in welcome. "You were very foolish to rush off like that," she said.

"It wasn't there," said Clay, crowding into the place beside her.

"No, it was here in the carriage all the time. Captain Stuart found it for me."

"Oh, he did, did he?" said Clay; "that's why I couldn't find it. I am hungry," he laughed, "my ride gave me an appetite." He looked over and grinned at Stuart, but that gentleman was staring fixedly at the candles on the table before him, his eyes filled with concern. Clay observed that Madame Alvarez was covertly watching the young officer, and frowning her disapproval at his preoccupation. So he stretched his leg under the table and kicked viciously at Stuart's boots. Old General Rojas, the Vice-President, who sat next to Stuart, moved suddenly and then blinked violently at the ceiling with an expression of patient suffering, but the exclamation which had escaped him brought Stuart back to the present, and he talked with the woman next him in a perfunctory manner.

Miss Langham and her father were waiting for their carriage in the great hall of the Palace as Stuart came up to Clay, and putting his hand affectionately on his shoulder, began pointing to something farther back in the hall. To the night-birds of the streets and the noisy fiacre drivers outside, and to the crowd of guests who stood on the high marble steps waiting for their turn to depart, he might have been relating an amusing anecdote of the ball just over.

"I'm in great trouble, old man," was what he said. "I must see you alone to-night. I'd ask you to my rooms, but they watch me all the time, and I don't want them to suspect you are in this until they must. Go on in the carriage, but get out as you pass the Plaza Bolivar and wait for me by the statue there."

Clay smiled, apparently in great amusement. "That's very good," he said.

He crossed over to where King stood surveying the powdered beauties of Olancho and their gowns of a past fashion, with an intensity of admiration which would have been suspicious to those who knew his tastes. "When we get into the carriage," said Clay, in a low voice, "we will both call to Stuart that we will see him to-morrow morning at breakfast."

"All right," assented King. "What's up?"

Stuart helped Miss Langham into her carriage, and as it moved away King shouted to him in English to remember that he was breakfasting with him on the morrow, and Clay called out in Spanish, "Until to-morrow at breakfast, don't forget." And Stuart answered, steadily, "Good-night until to-morrow at one."

As their carriage jolted through the dark and narrow street, empty now of all noise or movement, one of Stuart's troopers dashed by it at a gallop, with a lighted lantern swinging at his side. He raised it as he passed each street crossing, and

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held it high above his head so that its light fell upon the walls of the houses at the four corners. The clatter of his horse's hoofs had not ceased before another trooper galloped toward them riding more slowly, and throwing the light of his lantern over the trunks of the trees that lined the pavements. As the carriage passed him, he brought his horse to its side with a jerk of the bridle, and swung his lantern in the faces of its occupants.

"Who lives?" he challenged.

"Olancho," Clay replied.

"Who answers?"

"Free men," Clay answered again, and pointed at the star on his coat.

The soldier muttered an apology, and striking his heels into his horse's side, dashed noisily away, his lantern tossing from side to side, high in the air, as he drew rein to scan each tree and passed from one lamp-post to the next.

"What does that mean?" said Mr. Langham; "did he take us for highwaymen?"

"It is the custom," said Clay. "We are out rather late, you see."

"If I remember rightly, Clay," said King, "they gave a ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo."

"I believe they did," said Clay, smiling. He spoke to the driver to stop the carriage, and stepped down into the street.

"I have to leave you here," he said; "drive on quickly, please; I can explain better in the morning."

The Plaza Bolivar stood in what had once been the centre of the fashionable life of Olancho, but the town had moved farther up the hill, and it was now far in the suburbs, its walks neglected and its turf overrun with weeds. The houses about it had fallen into disuse, and the few that were still occupied at the time Clay entered it showed no sign of life. Clay picked his way over the grass-grown paths to the statue of Bolivar, the hero of the sister republic of Venezuela, which still stood on its pedestal in a tangle of underbrush and hanging vines. The iron railing that had once surrounded it was broken down, and the branches of the trees near were black with sleeping buzzards. Two great palms reared themselves in the moonlight at either side, and beat their leaves together in the night wind, whispering and murmuring together like two living conspirators.

"This ought to be safe enough," Clay murmured to himself. "It's just the place for plotting. I hope there are no snakes." He seated himself on the steps of the pedestal, and lighting a cigar, remained smoking and peering into the shadows about him, until a shadow blacker than the darkness rose at his feet, and a voice said, sternly, "Put out that light. I saw it half a mile away."

Clay rose and crushed his cigar under his foot. "Now then, old man," he demanded, briskly, "what's up? It's nearly daylight, and we must hurry."

Stuart seated himself heavily on the stone steps, like a man tired in mind and body, and unfolded a printed piece of paper. Its blank side was damp and sticky with paste.

"It is too dark for you to see this," he began, in a strained voice, "so I will translate it to you. It is an attack on Madame Alvarez and myself. They put them up during the ball, when they knew my men would be at the Palace. I have had them scouring the streets for the last two hours tearing them down, but they are all over the place, in the cafés and clubs. They have done what they were meant to do."

Clay took another cigar from his pocket and rolled it between his lips. "What does it say?" he asked.

"It goes over the old ground first. It says Alvarez has given the richest birthright of his country to aliens—that means the mines and Langham—and has put an alien in command of the army—that is meant for me. I've no more to do with the army than you have—I only wish I had! And then it says that the boundary aggressions of Ecuador and Venezuela have not been resented in consequence. It asks what can be expected of a President who is as blind to the dishonor of his country as he is to the dishonor of his own home?"

Clay muttered under his breath, "Well, go on. Is it explicit? More explicit than that?"

"Yes," said Stuart, grimly. "I can't repeat it. It is quite clear what they mean."

"Have you got any of them?" Clay asked. "Can you fix it on some one that you can fight?"

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"Mendoza did it, of course," Stuart answered, "but we cannot prove it. And if we could, we are not strong enough to take him. He has the city full of his men now, and the troops are pouring in every hour."

"Well, Alvarez can stop that, can't he?"

"They are coming in for the annual review. He can't show the people that he is afraid of his own army."

"What are you going to do?"

"What am I going to do?" Stuart repeated, dully. "That is what I want you to tell me. There is nothing I can do now. I've brought trouble and insult on people who have been kinder to me than my own blood have been. Who took me in when I was naked and clothed me, when I hadn't a friend or a sixpence to my name. You remember—I came here from that row in Colombia with my wound, and I was down with the fever when they found me, and Alvarez gave me the appointment. And this is how I reward them. If I stay I do more harm. If I go away I leave them surrounded by enemies, and not enemies who fight fair, but damned thieves and scoundrels, who stab at women and who fight in the dark. I wouldn't have had it happen, old man, for my right arm! They—they have been so kind to me, and I have been so happy here—and now!" The boy bowed his face in his hands and sat breathing brokenly while Clay turned his unlit cigar between his teeth and peered at him curiously through the darkness. "Now I have made them both unhappy, and they hate me, and I hate myself, and I have brought nothing but trouble to every one. First I made my own people miserable, and now I make my best friends miserable, and I had better be dead. I wish I was dead. I wish I had never been born."

Clay laid his hand on the other's bowed shoulder and shook him gently. "Don't talk like that," he said; "it does no good. Why do you hate yourself?"

"What?" asked Stuart, wearily, without looking up. "What did you say?"

"You said you had made them hate you, and you added that you hated yourself. Well, I can see why they naturally would be angry for the time, at least. But why do you hate yourself? Have you reason to?"

"I don't understand," said Stuart.

"Well, I can't make it any plainer," Clay replied. "It isn't a question I will ask. But you say you want my advice. Well, my advice to my friend and to a man who is not my friend, differ. And in this case it depends on whether what that thing—" Clay kicked the paper which had fallen on the ground—"what that thing says is true."

The younger man looked at the paper below him and then back at Clay, and sprang to his feet.

"Why, damn you," he cried, "what do you mean?"

He stood above Clay with both arms rigid at his side and his head bent forward. The dawn had just broken, and the two men saw each other in the ghastly gray light of the morning. "If any man," cried Stuart, thickly, "dares to say that that blackguardly lie is true I'll kill him. You or anyone else. Is that what you mean, damn you? If it is, say so, and I'll break every bone of your body."

"Well, that's much better," growled Clay, sullenly. "The way you went on wishing you were dead and hating yourself made me almost lose faith in mankind. Now you go make that speech to the President, and then find the man who put up those placards, and if you can't find the right man, take any man you meet and make him eat it, paste and all, and beat him to death if he doesn't. Why, this is no time to whimper—because the world is full of liars. Go out and fight them and show them you are not afraid. Confound you, you had me so scared there that I almost thrashed you myself. Forgive me, won't you?" he begged earnestly. He rose and held out his hand and the other took it, doubtfully. "It was your own fault, you young idiot," protested Clay. "You told your story the wrong way. Now go home and get some sleep and I'll be back in a few hours to help you. Look!" he said. He pointed through the trees to the sun that shot up like a red hot disk of heat above the cool green of the mountains. "See," said Clay, "God has given us another day. Seven battles were fought in seven days once in my country. Let's be thankful, old man, that we're *not* dead,

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but alive to fight our own and other people's battles."

The younger man sighed and pressed Clay's hand again before he dropped it.

"You are very good to me," he said. "I'm not just quite myself this morning. I'm a bit nervous I think. You'll surely come, won't you?"

"By noon," Clay promised. "And if it does come," he added, "don't forget my fifteen hundred men at the mines."

"Good! I won't," Stuart replied. "I'll call on you if I need them." He raised his fingers mechanically to his helmet in salute, and catching up his sword turned and strode away erect and soldierly through the débris and weeds of the deserted plaza.

Clay remained motionless on the steps of the pedestal and followed the younger man with his eyes. He drew a long breath and began a leisurely search through his pockets for his match-box, gazing about him as he did so, as though looking for some one to whom he could speak his feelings. He lifted his eyes to the stern, smooth-shaven face of the bronze statue above him that seemed to be watching Stuart's departing figure.

"General Bolivar," Clay said, as he lit his cigar, "observe that young man. He is a soldier and a gallant gentleman. You, sir, were a great soldier—the greatest this God-forsaken country will ever know—and you were, sir, an ardent lover. I ask you to salute that young man as I do, and to wish him well." Clay lifted his high hat to the back of the young officer as it was hidden in the hanging vines, and once again, with grave respect to the grim features of the great general above him, and then smiling at his own conceit, he ran lightly down the steps and disappeared among the trees of the plaza.

(To be continued.)

A LOOK INTO THE GULF

By Charles Edwin Markham

I LOOKED one night, and there Semiramis,
With all her mourning doves about her head,
Sat rocking on an ancient road of Hell,
Withered and eyeless, chanting to the moon
Snatches of song they sang to her of old
Upon the lighted roofs of Nineveh.
And then her voice rang out with rattling laugh:
"The bugles they are crying back again—
Bugles that broke the nights of Babylon,
And then went crying on through Nineveh.
Stand back ye trembling messengers of ill,
I rush out with my hair unbound to quell
Insurgent cities. Let the iron tread
Of armies shake the earth. Look, lofty towers:
Assyria goes by upon the wind."
And so she babbles by the ancient road,
While cities turned to dust upon the Earth
Rise through her whirling brain to live again—
Babbles all night, and when her voice is dead
Her weary lips beat on without a sound.

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THE ART OF TRAVEL

FIRST PAPER

BY LAND

By Lewis Morris Iddings

When the train pedler is not a nuisance.

A PRIME requisite for a good modern traveller is the facility of learning how to do it without trying too hard. If one expected to become a courier, he might well apply all his powers to the business; but the average man dislikes to give any more thought to the details of being comfortable than is absolutely necessary. To note the number or name of your railway carriage, and even of the compartment in the carriage, if abroad; to remember the number of the porter who takes the luggage; to see if one's receipts or check number corresponds to the number on the trunks and packages; to count one's change before leaving the window; to remember about what the trunks weigh, so as not to be cheated in the matter of overweight (as in Italy); to know when to bribe the guard or conductor, and how; and how much to give in fees everywhere; to find out in advance even minor prices at a hotel; and to recall the extras of a week—all these things are features in an expert traveller's methods, but if he is to go about in comfort, he must, in the first place, be able to absorb such points without much effort, and then to exercise his accomplishments unconsciously. This is another way of saying that a skilful traveller is born, not made.

It is not necessary to have a very keen appreciation of the more elusive benefits of travel to be tempted to make little journeys in the world. Americans are a nervous, restless people, with a full appreciation of the weariness of life in most of our towns, cities, and villages, so that the wish for a change pervades all grades of society. There was comparatively little travel before the War, not only because there were few railroads, but because the nation had not yet been put in motion. Army life left a generation of restless men at home, and the Centennial Fair, in Philadelphia, in 1876, finally gave an impetus to going about which has never since died out. Meanwhile the railway companies, whose lines were fast spreading an iron net-work over the country, saw their advantage, and cheap excursion trains came into fashion—trains on which one got the greatest amount of discomfort for the least money. However, people were thus kept going, and their curiosity was whetted for wider experiences. More recently, the desire to escape the extremes of climate has strengthened the impulse to travel, and increased prosperity has made it easily possible. It might, indeed, be better, as some critics of perfection urge, to stay at home, peruse good books, and strive to fulfil nobly the duties of life in one's proper station; but this view does not appeal to the average American, and so he travels. Railway presidents and directors order out their special cars as they would their carriages; the next grade of luxury is to buy a

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whole section in a Pullman sleeper. Yet a single berth generally meets the average man's requirements, and allows him to save money to waste later in an expensive hotel. It is to the average man that the railways cater, and from the multitude that their profit comes.

It may be better to see the world in some discomfort than not to see it at all, and that is the principle, perhaps, underlying the old rule to take as little baggage as possible, so as to save all bother; and, above all, to carry no hand baggage. This is a popular American notion, or was such, some years ago; so that the resulting libel was that Americans travelled only with a tooth-brush and a paper collar. When the traveller of experience now contemplates a journey, he packs up what he is likely to need, with a little more as a margin for safety. The system of handling baggage in this country, owing to the comparatively high wages paid to railway employees, which prevents the employment of many men, does not often allow one to depart from the station of arrival with his trunks; they come up to the house later—generally a good deal later. To be ready for emergencies, therefore, in the United States, one must carry personally such articles of decency and cleanliness as he is apt to need for twenty-four hours. Each one may judge for himself and pack his hand-bag accordingly. But surely arrangement must be made for taking overshoes, an overcoat, and umbrella, without which it is safe to trust no climate save where clothes themselves are superfluous. Additional reflection might suggest a rug to wrap about one's legs, and for a woman, a small down-pillow covered with soft leather; the coat, the rug, the pillow, and overshoes to be neatly wrapped in a dark canvas cover, now sold at most trunk-stores. It is the old shawl-strap so improved that the contents of the bundle are easily kept clean. In the little outside pocket of the cover is space for a handkerchief or two, an extra pair of gloves, and, if in an unfamiliar country, a guide-book. The umbrella and cane have a place for themselves in the bottom of this package, but they make an awkward bundle of it thus placed; and, if they have large curved handles, they are best strapped together and hung over the forearm when one has occasion to buy his ticket. Thus, with hand-bag, shawl-strap, hat-box, and sticks, the traveller finds himself with four things to remember. This may tax a weak mind, but there is no comfort or decency without effort. Even in packing trunks people are still too apt to try to get along with too little. Experience seems to me to indicate that it is better to pay for extra baggage rather than not to have such things as one may need in an emergency. A hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds of baggage are carried free for each ticket in America, but in Europe only about one-third as much is allowed. Even Italy, where all baggage must be paid for, it is money well invested to take enough to be entirely comfortable and clean—to set an example for the natives for one reason. When trips are made from a central point where the heavy trunks have been left, people often get too far from their base of supplies.

Do people travel the more comfortably in Europe or in America? That depends. Abroad the tendency of people was, and is, to get away from one another, because at first only the better classes travelled. In America people have seemed not to mind much being together. The small railway carriage, for a few persons only, was the natural result in England and on the Continent, while in our own country the day-coach for all classes developed itself. The temperament which prefers retirement, freedom from intrusion, dislikes the burden of seeing other people come and go, and is wearied by having its attention constantly attracted by crying children, or newspaper boys, or by many diverse objects, may therefore travel more comfortably elsewhere than in America; but if one does not mind a lot of other people about, and likes many little things, called conveniences and modern improvements, in the United States is the place for him. The attitude of the American railway manager is more deferential to the public than that of the corresponding official abroad, and he professes to do more for the traveller.

What is done for us we all know. Originally, as on the Old Colony Railway, the compartment carriage for eight, with an entrance on each side and no communica-

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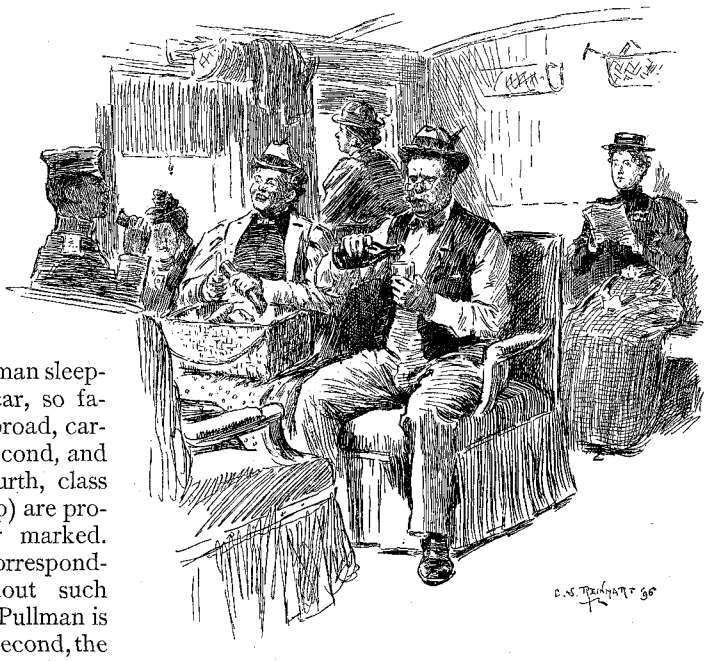
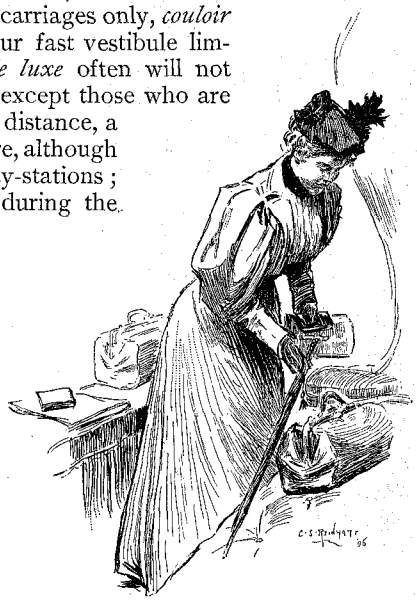
tion with the rest of the train, prevailed; but the more popular car, as already mentioned, soon proved to be the day-coach holding many people, two in a seat, with a door and a red-hot stove at each end, and a draught all the way through. Then came the Pullman sleeper and the parlor-car, so familiar to us all. Abroad, carriages of the first, second, and third, and even fourth, class (where you stand up) are provided, and plainly marked. Here we have the corresponding divisions without such harsh names: The Pullman is first, the day-coach second, the smoker third, class; and, perhaps, a seat in the caboose of a freight train may be called fourth-class. Trains composed of first, second, and third-class cars abroad correspond to our accommodation trains; the *rapide*, of first and second-class (in England first and third), to our express trains; and the *trains de luxe*, of first-class carriages only, *couloir* and *wagon-lits*, to our fast vestibule limited. The *trains de luxe* often will not take on passengers except those who are going a certain long distance, a hundred miles or more, although they may stop at way-stations; and they run only during the busy season, say once or twice a week. None of these trains is so comfortable as its correspondent in America, except the *train de luxe*, which is superior. The *trains de plaisir* are excursion trains, and always to be avoided.



Neighbors in a German second-class carriage.

Notwithstanding much that is said to the contrary, foreign railway people, in my opinion, are quick to adopt ideas for comfort. They watch our experiments and benefit by them. For instance, as the Pullman car has not proved very popular outside of America, the foreign companies have finally produced a substitute which seems to meet all objections and furnish the greatest comfort. This is the corridor-car, which is the old compartment affair with a narrow passage running down one side, separated from the small compartments by a door and glass partition. Entrances are still on each side of the car, so that the great convenience of entering or descending quickly remains, either in case of accident or to enjoy a little fresh air when the train stops for only two or three minutes; and the separate compartment may be ventilated to any point which



The selfish woman who pre-empts all the best seats for herself.

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the occupants agree upon, without inconvenience to other people who might prefer a foul atmosphere. And six people (at most) in a compartment are more apt to be considerate of one another's comfort and wishes than forty or fifty in a car as long and as open as a bowling-alley.

There is pretty good air all the time in the corridor (unless some one is smoking in it), so that to open the compartment-door frequently gives all the improvement in ventilation required. I have been told that in European carriages, if any one in the compartment objects to an open window, it must be closed; but I never saw an objection of that kind insisted on by an American. Englishmen on the Continent doubtless insist upon this point since it is their *right*. If trouble arises over it, the wise minority might ask the guard to find them seats in another compartment. Communication throughout the train is made possible by the end door and a rubber-cloth vestibule connection. Travelling in the corridor-car is, therefore, as retired or as public as one pleases. The principal objection to it seems to be that men may stand in the corridor and smoke. But that may also be stopped by objection—the rule everywhere on the Continent now being, in regard to smoking, that only in a car marked for smokers can the latter insist upon their rights; yet, if all agree, smoking is permitted in any compartment, and it is no business of the guard until some one complains. Foreign dislike of the Pullman, as being too public in the daytime and not at all private at night, is fairly overcome by the corridor-compartment carriage, which when attached to a night train is called a *wagon-lits*, the compartments corresponding to the Pullman sections. A washstand is provided in each, so that the promiscuous wash-room of the American style is done away with. This carriage is not nearly so strongly built as the Pullman, and could not meet the shock of collision or other accident with so much resistance. The Pullman type of car, indeed, is the heaviest, strongest, and safest vehicle in the world. The Mann boudoir-car of America is practically of the same arrangement as the corridor-car.

Car service abroad is generally performed by one white man, sometimes assisted by a woman as chamber-maid. This seems to be an improvement over the negro service on our Pullmans, as I hope to make clear later. Plate glass, plush, and elaborate machine-made mouldings are agreeably lacking in the corridor-car, and allow it to be kept clean easily. The best foreign carriages are now heated with hot water from the engine, and the old zinc foot-warmers are slowly disappearing. But nowhere is the lighting at night good; nor can it ever prove acceptable so long as the dimly burning flame remains at the top of the carriage. In some stations in England the train-guards now carry electric lights to examine tickets with, and illumination of this kind is sure to be used soon in the cars themselves. Then the light can be brought to the side without danger, so that one may see to read with comfort. It will

The English family who never pay for extra baggage.

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be a great day for our Pullman sleepers when the brilliant, heat-producing, but inadequate row of lamps comes down from the top of the car. The letters in the London *Times* now, from aggrieved Englishmen, are, so far as travel is concerned, devoted to complaints about dim lights and no heat. The dangers of assault upon unprotected women are sometimes referred to, but the corridor-car has largely reduced the chance of this crime. The dislike of women to go in cars intended for their sex alone is commented on. Dust and bad ventilation are evils still to be eliminated from trains on both continents. Why should not a supply of fresh air from in front of the engine be forced into the coaches through wide-mouthed pipes as the train advances, just as air is forced downward from the upper deck of a ship? Carriages then could be made more nearly dust-proof. There are also various devices by which artificial heat could be regulated automatically, and these must eventually come into use. To keep the temperature of a car just right requires more intelligence and activity than the negro porter or white brakeman possesses; and a poor little thermometer hung up by the middle window can do nothing without assistance.

No thanks.

Travelling in a private car is a luxury that may now be enjoyed upon most American railroads by anyone who will pay eighteen railway fares and for eighteen berths, and bear the cost of the cook, meat, and drink; but it is most frequently enjoyed, free of cost, by those who can perfectly well afford to pay for it. The charms of this method of getting about may be greatly overrated; and I have one friend who rides in a special car and tells me that to travel in that way is not always agreeable. On one occasion, returning from the Pacific coast, his car at St. Paul was transferred from one train to another, being pushed by the switching engine to the rear end of the outgoing train. As events proved, no notice of the addition was given to the conductor, and although it was after nightfall, the rear lights were not changed to the special, nor were steam-brake connections made. The car was simply coupled to the rear of the train, which immediately pulled out on the single track of the bridge crossing the Mississippi River. Midway on the bridge the coupling parted. My friend was startled by the jerk and the sudden stopping of the car. Leaving the table, at which he was dining, he stepped to the door, and in a moment comprehended his danger. The brakeman

Merci, monsieur.

Merci, merci beaucoup, monsieur.

THE SCALE OF MERCIS.

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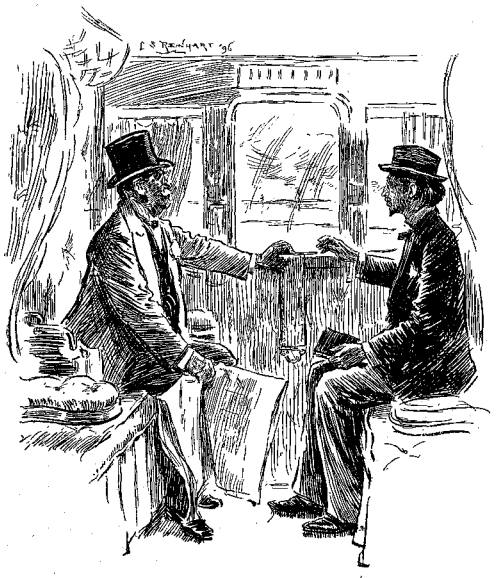

An open window.

started after the disappearing train, while my friend, catching up a red light, started back for the other end of the bridge, counting ties as fast as he dared. At his end he found a telegraph station. A few words sufficed to give the operator an idea of the situation, and he quickly telegraphed farther back, just in time to stop another train, perhaps, from striking the special in the rear as it stood alone in the middle of the bridge. Next he clicked off a message to the next station in advance. There the runaway train was stopped and sent back for the special car. Such a situation as that was, of course, dangerous; but not physically so disagreeable, my friend says, as to be in a special car at the end of a long train, and to be whipped around curves like the little end-boy in the game of crack the whip.

No waiting-rooms are agreeable; and it seems to make little difference whether they are divided, as in Europe, into first-class, with plush-covered seats, or second-class, with leather, or third-class, with wooden benches only to sit upon; or, as in America, into the "ladies'"-room, where men are freely admitted if they do not smoke, and the waiting-room for men, where pipe-smoking makes life hard. Fortunately it is not necessary in America to spend much time in these places, except when trains are late. As has already been mentioned, tickets can be purchased and parlor-car seats or sleeping-berths engaged in advance, even at minor points. Porters are so scarce, however, that one must generally expect to move his own hand-baggage; if you do find a porter, he scorns less than a quarter for carrying even light bundles to the car. The trunks having been checked in advance at the house, there is little need to arrive at an American station earlier than fifteen minutes before a train starts. One can go directly to his seat then. If trunks must be weighed a half hour is not too much to allow; otherwise the baggage is likely to follow on the next train, which means additional delay in delivery. When once deposited in his place the function of the passenger is to sit quietly, while the negro porters and the conductors and newsboys pervade the car, not always in their serving capacity, but to exchange laughing remarks with one another. There is too much service in our sleeping and parlor cars, or perhaps one should say, too many servants for the amount of service performed. Either the porter or the conductor might be abolished, and the man who is left should keep reasonably out of the way. The newsboy, with newspapers, books, fruit, and candy, would not be sadly missed, although he might be allowed to sell his goods from the station platform. From that position he would be an advantage, and might add to his list of wares drinking-water which one might feel assured contained no typhoid germs. The iced-water tank on American trains is more and more left unused by wise travellers. But the transfer-agent, who walks from car to car to arrange for the delivery of baggage, will always be a convenience under our present checking system.

A man by himself might scorn to carry a luncheon, but if there is a woman in the party, the luncheon-basket could be made to appear as hers, and the escort might enjoy it, even if under protest. Perhaps on a long journey a man could take his own luncheon without loss of dignity. The dining-car is not always agreeable, nor the food good, nor the time of serving meals convenient. The buffet-car is seldom more than endurable, though always better than

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the restaurant at a by-station, except at some exceptional places like Hornellsville, famous for hot cakes, and waffles and sirup; and Poughkeepsie, where the New York Central's long-standing arrangement to stop trains for ten minutes has made a fortune for its keeper, and provided excellent refreshment for the traveller. On an average journey of many hours the luncheon-basket meets a want which otherwise is likely to be long felt. The disposition to let one have a cup of coffee or tea from the dining-car at any price, in case one does not wish to rise before seven for breakfast, is not strong, but a quarter of a dollar discreetly used will sometimes accomplish it. If one does go to the dining-car it is well to be there promptly. Curiously enough, meals served on the trains west of Chicago are better than those farther East, especially on trains leaving New York or Philadelphia. The meal in the East is more pretentious in its bill of fare, but the food is not always good in quality, nor often well cooked or served. The waiters in the Eastern trains, and the conductor, too, are apt to be too haughty to please, while west of the Mississippi they manifest an agreeable disposition without a larger fee. In the East the price of a meal is $1, with a quarter extra as the tip, and in the West, seventy-five cents, and fifteen cents for a fee. In Europe dining cars (*wagons-restaurants*), are much like ours, but with ordinary chairs to sit on—a small but important point for comfort. As a rule the food is better in cooking and serving, but not so good in quality. Yet the general result is more acceptable. Meals are served in courses and offer less variety, while the price is only from three to four and a half francs—sixty to ninety cents—and the waiter is gratified with fifteen cents as a fee for two people. Two meals in course are served, at eleven and twelve for luncheon, and six and seven for dinner. The traveller may elect at which series he will be served, and a waiter, going through the

If he does not like his fee, it is no matter to the veteran traveller.

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At the frontier, ordered about like convicts.

train, gives him a ticket which secures a seat. One's repose is therefore undisturbed by the cry of "Last call for dinner in the *dining*-car," as if one would expect to get it in the baggage-car. Could not the Continental plan of serving the meals by series be well adopted by our dining-car managers? And is not a simple dinner, well cooked and well served in courses, better than a long bill of fare with nothing very good when it comes? Meals in courses are declared by hotel managers and railway caterers to be objectionable to the American public. The same declaration was made concerning hansom cabs. Americans would not ride in them, it was said. Yet when introduced finally in New York their success was instantaneous. I have never seen, abroad, a train with bath, barber-shop, or library car, and I have often wondered if any one ever used the bath on a limited-vestibule journey in America. Occasionally, it is true, a victim may be observed in the barber's chair.

Embarking on a train abroad is wisely a performance of leisure. Half an hour is short enough time in which to get one's baggage weighed and paid for, and the tickets purchased. Moreover, as the porter with the hand-baggage has access to the train before the passenger, he can, if he is early enough, secure the required number of seats together, by distributing some hand-baggage on each seat. His prompt pre-emption often reserves the entire carriage for three or four people, for if he expects a decent fee he will arrange the packages in a scattering manner. In many European cities the payment of ten centimes (two cents) extra will allow the passenger himself to go upon the platform in advance of the crowd shut in behind the waiting-room doors. As the waiting-rooms are rarely agreeable, it is well worth two cents extra to get into fresh air. The system must net the company a neat little income, and I have often wondered why, at the big stations about New York, some such arrangement was not possible. Friends going to see one off are admitted at the same

At the last minute, all seats taken and only one in the carriage.

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rate. At home they can seldom come in at all. Sometimes an extra door is opened to the platform through the buffet, at the same time that access is allowed from the waiting-room proper. Only those who are wise enough to inquire as to the point at the buffet, or to learn it by observation, will enjoy this advantage over one's fellow-passengers — always a precious bit of enjoyment on a journey. The buffet at Vintimille, a customs-house station for Italy and France, has a door of this kind; a point which travellers to the Riviera would do well to remember, as the waiting-rooms are most disagreeable, and there is generally a crowd. Leisurely as this customs business is, it is not for lack of porters that it is slow. They are numerous enough to do things in a hurry if they wished. Generally two fellows handle the trunks of each passenger, while a third takes the hand-baggage on a small truck. His number identifies him, and he will meet one on the platform later and show the way to the carriage where he has reserved seats. For this service he is well paid by a franc, while a franc more should satisfy the two porters who had the trunks, unless the latter were heavy and numerous. It is a good plan, if in doubt about a fee, to give the least you can bring your mind to, and then add a few sous if the recipient seems unhappy. The chances are, of course, that the first fee was really a liberal one. No recognition of a fee means that the man has received just enough to keep him from protesting; *merci* indicates that the *pourboire* is recognized; *merci, merci*, that it is all he thought he might get; while "*merci, merci, Monsieur, merci*," proves that the recipient had no expectation of so much. This last phrase generally pleases travellers, but it ought to make them regret that they have largely overpaid a service. Somebody else who gives less later, because he cannot well afford to give more, will be insulted by this same grateful porter.

Struggling with an Italian porter.

When leaving a continental town, the hotel omnibus man can be depended upon to attend to everything at the station; to buy the tickets or have them *visé*, to see to the weighing of the baggage, to pay for the extra weight, and meet your carriage with porters ready to take the small packages. In fact he will do correctly the work of a courier. Then he ought to have two or three francs for himself (two in Italy, three in France), and *pourboire* for the porters. Whatever he mentions will be less than one would decide to give without advice. The number on the paper receipt, which takes the place, in Europe, of a pocketful of dirty brass checks in America, corresponds to the label pasted on the trunks. The receipt also shows the weight of the luggage. It was long before European railway companies would check baggage at all, but now their paper checks are an excellent substitute for the heavy tablets which the traveller in America is obliged to load himself down with. The change from no checks to paper receipts illustrates well the way in which many of our ideas of convenience improve when they take root abroad. If ever the day arrives, in America, when the *octroi* tax must be paid on things to eat and drink before enter-

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A Table d'Hôte in a typical big foreign hotel.

ing the gates of a city, our checking system will have to be modified to allow the traveller to open his baggage himself to show that it contains nothing on which the duty is collected. Much objection is made sometimes to the *octroi* tax; but it seems to me eminently just, because since all must eat within the city, it obliges the consuming stranger to help bear the burden of municipal taxation, and by just so much lightens the taxation on the residents, both rich and poor, who otherwise would have to endure the entire burden.

A carriage at the head of the train is advantageous, since, on arrival at the station whither he is bound, the traveller can quickly engage a porter from the group which meets the slowly advancing cars.

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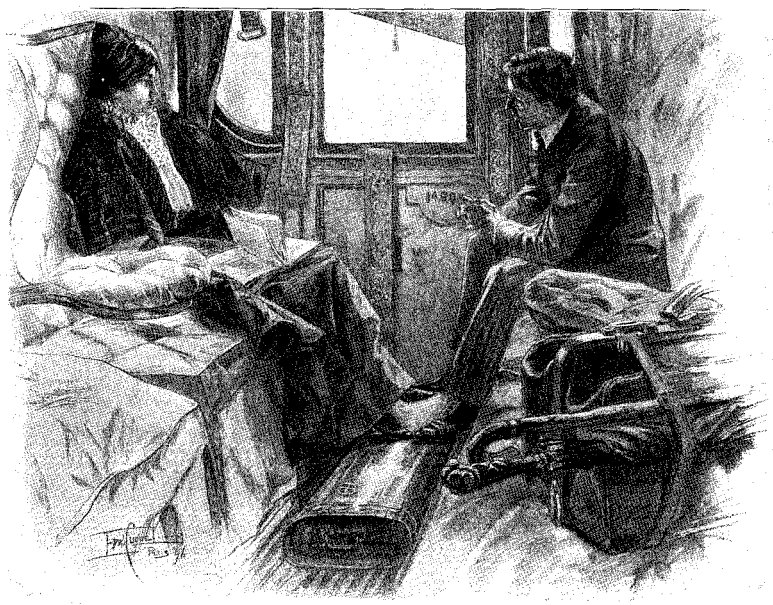
These men like to serve first the passengers nearest at hand, so as to earn the fee (a franc if one has much small baggage) from them, and then run to help someone at the rear carriages who has failed to secure a porter and is struggling along with too many bundles. To get down and out of the station promptly, assists one in finding a street vehicle into which he can tuck himself and his packages, and drive off before the omnibus and other carriages, to see if the rooms at the hotel are ready and satisfactory. Ten to one the carriage tariff is unknown to the new arrival, so that it is well to let the hotel porter (the *concierge*) pay the bill, telling him to add half a franc *pourboire*. If one asked the driver how much was owing, the latter would lie extravagantly. It is the almost invariable habit of experienced travellers now to write or telegraph in advance for quarters, saying how many rooms, with how many beds, will be required. "*Reservez salon, deux chambres, deux lits chaques, communiquant, chauffées, demain soir*," may not be classical French prose, but it is better than good English on the Continent. It does not, for one thing, betray one's nationality in advance to the hotel-keeper. When Americans want a *salon* they call it a parlor, while the English say sitting-room. The use of the French word evades this somewhat subtile point, and causes the hotel people to respect one as a person knowing more than one language, and not so easily imposed upon for that reason. Telegraph messages written in French are not apt to be so badly mixed in transmission on the Continent as when written in English. Indeed in certain places in Italy despatches must be in Italian or French, or they are not accepted. Such a message as that mentioned, or a letter, ought to precede the traveller at his hotel, in order to insure some kind of provision for him; poor, perhaps, if there is a crowd, but better than nothing. What is known as the Terminus Hotel, often connecting with the railway station, and always near it, is much in favor with people in European cities arriving late at night, or intending to depart early in the morning. In large places the Terminus Hotel is excellent and expensive, but even persons of limited means may find it more agreeable to pay dearly for a night's lodging, ready upon arrival, than to hunt a place to sleep in the evening among strangers. For women the Terminus Hotel is invaluable. If telegrams or letters are not sent in advance, the chances are that even at the Terminus little effort will be made to accommodate late arrivals. In small towns the hotel at the station is not apt to be so acceptable.

Much ridicule has been heaped upon "specially conducted" parties, as arranged by well-known travellers' agencies in Europe. One would hardly care to be a "Cook's tourist" in the usually accept-



The old-fashioned foot-warmer.

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ed sense, or to be a personally conducted person; but no greater conveniences for travellers can be named than Cook's, Gaze's, and two or three other travelling agencies, one of which is sure to be found in the leading towns on the usual routes of travel. An English-speaking agent is always in charge, and no matter how familiar one may be with a foreign language, it is best to transact business in one's vernacular. Armed with tickets previously taken at these offices, one is able to look after his baggage directly upon arriving at the station without standing in line at the ticket-window. If round-tickets have to be *visé en route*, this can be attended to on the morning of departure personally, or by the hotel-omnibus man. Not only are the circular tickets convenient and cheap, but so much information of value can be gathered in these offices that a wise traveller likes to be on friendly terms with the agent. When drawing money on a letter of credit, or in selling bank-notes or gold, one can often do better at Cook's or Gaze's than at the native bankers. If the railway company has provided no interpreter in the station, Cook's or Gaze's interpreter will probably be found, and may be consulted with safety — half a franc. Two or three francs will often cause him to conspire with the railway guard to keep other people out of your carriage. He always knows where the telegraph-office in the station is, and it is safe to give him a telegram to send, if you add half a franc to the required amount. His advice to write it very plain would doubtless be unnecessary. Both Cook's and Gaze's are indeed great institutions, making their managers rich. The Raymond excursions in the United States are too well known to need commendation.

The habit of travelling in second-class carriages abroad is not so wide-spread as formerly among Americans, nor among the foreigners themselves who can afford first-class. It is more than a difference in upholstery. The first-class carriage is wider between the seats, the roof is higher, and not so many persons can get into it; and, save at such places as Calais or Ostend, starting-points from the Channel, less effort is made by the railway people to see that every seat is occupied. But second-class, while generally comfortable, is apt to be full, and therefore not at all agreeable for long journeys; the more people the worse the heat and foul air. A second-class carriage in a corridor-car is not so bad, since one may stretch his legs in the corridor; but in second-class smokers one must make up his mind to stand pipes. To second-class are sent the couriers, maids, and other servants of the first-class travellers, and while these are often morally superior, and always legally equal to anybody else, yet they sometimes are not agreeable companions in cramped quarters. The price of a second-class ticket is appreciably less than that of first-class; but if one wants to go cheaply, and is strong and well, and young and enthusiastic, third-class is the place for economy. It is not bad in the fast trains between Liverpool and London. However, it is often well enough to start second-class, remembering that one may always change to a first-class carriage upon paying to the guard the difference—which, I fear, he often keeps for himself, although it is supposed to go to the company. The expense of going on a *train-de-luxe* is the ordinary first-class ticket with a heavy supplement; two or three times as much as one pays at home on the limited specials. For instance, one must pay over ten dollars extra for a single berth between Paris and Nice (eighteen hours), and for every berth occupied there must be a passage-ticket purchased also. The two or four berths in a compartment may be taken by different people, although, if three are in, the fourth is not insisted upon by the guard if he is promised five francs at the end of the journey. No effort seems to be made in Europe to induce people to travel by low fares except on excursion trains or circular tours. Indeed, in the season when many people wish to go the prices on the best trains are sometimes raised, the theory seeming to be rather to take a big profit out of a few who can afford to travel at any price, than small profit from the many who might be seduced into going by the offer of some comfort at cheap rates. On account of the expense, therefore, it is not a bad plan to travel by day on the *rapide*, and stay overnight at a comfortable hotel on the route. Hotel bills included, the cost is not greater than on the *train-de-luxe*; and one sees many

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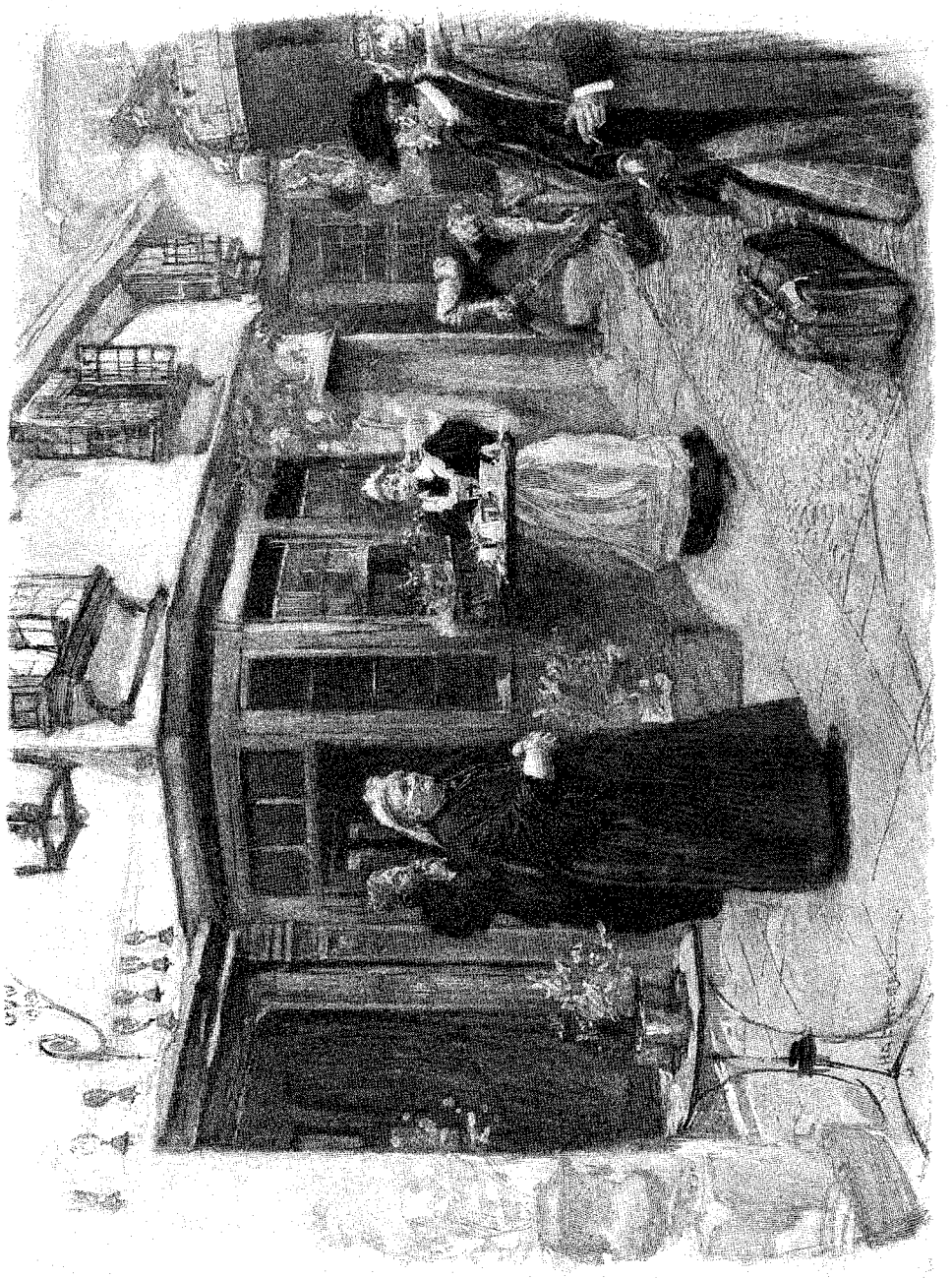

The old-fashioned English inn—when found don't tell everybody.

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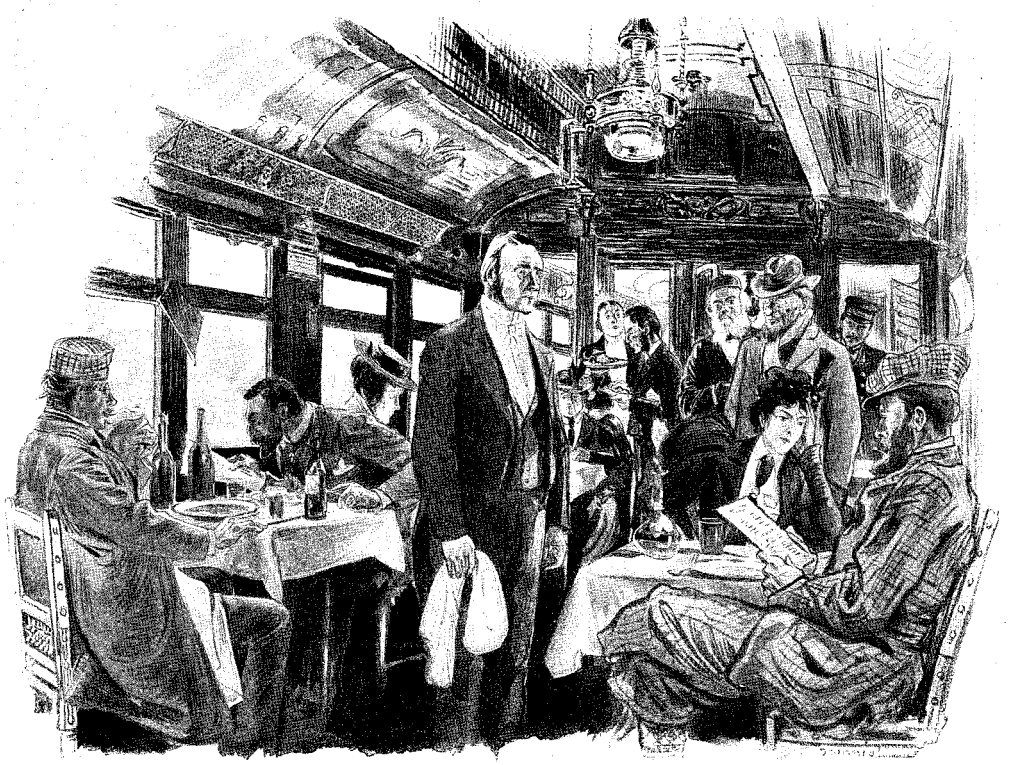
minor towns which otherwise he might not visit.

Nor can one often engage berths in advance on the Continent, except at central points where trains are made up—Paris, Vienna, Rome, etc. Berths not occupied at these starting-places, are sold to be taken along the way, but one must wait until the train has started from its make-up place before he may know whether he can get a berth. Departure on a particular train, therefore, is not sure until six or eight hours in advance of the time of departure. For this reason the expert in Europe plans to start on long journeys from central points, and covers distances between in short day-trips. This requires leisure and involves expense; but comfort always demands some sacrifice of time or money. If one must go from an interior point on a certain through train without fail, he buys a passage-ticket and a berth from the city where it is made up, which adds enormously to the expense of such a journey. Occasionally one encounters what we know as a parlor-car, and one may engage places in *wagon-lits*, if they happen to be attached to trains coming along. Between Paris and London single seats can be reserved at extra charge, and sometimes, at any town, a party of four or five can get a compartment held for their exclusive use without charge. A baby artfully displayed at the window will often keep people out of a railway carriage; but no system prevails, as in our own country, by which one can telegraph for a berth or section and have it reserved without extra cost, to be taken several hours after the train leaves its starting-point; nor are sections or seats held in allotment for certain towns on the route where the managers think there may be demand for them. In this respect the American railway officials are infinitely more thoughtful for public convenience than abroad.

Except between a few great cities, changes of trains are frequent. The system of running through-cars has not yet been adopted widely. For instance, a



Déjeuner in the dining-car of a Train-de-Luxe.

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great crowd always travels to Rome from the south of France and the Riviera in the early spring. Yet everybody has to change cars at least at Genoa and Vintimille, and wait in the Genoese station for the train from Turin or Milan to arrive. Many people would pay any price to slip into a through sleeping-car at Nice, or Cannes, or San Remo, for Rome, as one can do at Nice once a week for Vienna; but no such opportunity is allowed. Travelling in southern Europe, therefore, during the spring is most uncomfortable. Railway managers merely shrug their shoulders and make no explanation to complaints about these things. They know that one must go over their road if he goes over any; and as they please, too, and not as he pleases. Every wheel is taxed, and no risk of running empty cars is taken. Still, persistent inquiry should be made at the travellers' agencies, in behalf of ways to ameliorate one's condition. All of which illustrates the wisdom of going ahead of the crowd or behind. This uncomfortable travelling on the Riviera is explained as one of the results of bad feeling between France and Italy, and the determination of the Italians to force people to enter their country from the north. It seems too childish to be true.

Not so many people travel with couriers as formerly, although in such countries as Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Palestine, and parts of Hungary or Russia, they are generally a matter of necessity; and if the traveller who knows neither French nor German, and no Italian, departs from the regular routes at almost any point in Europe, he will need assistance of this kind. Improvements in the service and management of railways, hotels, and steamboats have reduced the importance of the courier, and such has been the effect also of the establishment of travellers' agencies in nearly every important town and city. Yet even over frequented routes, if one is inexperienced, or is in delicate health, or has a large party in his train, or is going very fast, or loathes contact with hotel-keepers and cab-drivers, and does not mind much what he spends, the courier is a great convenience. It is always agreeable to have someone collect the baggage, and take it in advance to the train, reserve the best seats in the middle compartment of the newest carriage, find porters and carriages at the end of the journey, and secure the best accommodations in hotels; for, with a courier, one naturally expects to have the best of everything. He bargains with landlords, watches the bills, and distributes most of the fees. These are small things, but often annoying if one must attend to them personally. In my own experience I have noticed that the first bill from the hotel which the courier presents, is apt to be pretty heavy in its charges, notwithstanding previous arrangements; and I have fancied that both hotel-keeper and courier were trying to see how much imposition I would stand. Upon protest it is promptly cut down, and afterward the same thing is not tried by the same courier in the same hotel. A courier's fees to the attendants are generally much less than Americans would think must be distributed; but his views of what is proper as a fee for himself at the close of an engagement, are not on so economical a scale. Yet fifty francs ($10) at the end of a month or six weeks is a plenty for this fee, in addition to the usual pay of $2 or $2.50 per day. The courier nominally provides his own board and lodging, though, I suppose, the hotel-keeper demands nothing of him, but adds the item in some disguise to the traveller's personal bill—in amount about five francs a day. On the whole, I should think for a large and extravagant party of travellers who see everything, do everything, and enjoy the best of everything on the way, a courier might be an economy; but for the ordinary experienced traveller who knows what he wants to do, and where and how, he is an expense and a nuisance. The average courier likes you to go to his hotels, take his excursions, and visit his shops, so that he may have a commission; which explains why he is indignant so often if "his family" strolls away from the hotel without him.

A successful courier is generally an appalling liar, except to his employer on essential points; so that it is impossible for a reputable, decent traveller, who understands the language, to listen to the tales the fellow tells to secure his ends, without a disagreeable sense of personal guilt. No use to remonstrate; the courier will assure you that it is only a manner of

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speaking; that everybody lies on the Continent all the time; that no one expects you to tell the truth, nor would respect you if you did; and that without lying it is impossible to obtain fair treatment. Yet it is hard to sit in a railway carriage, say in Rome or Naples, bound north at Eastertide, and hear the courier assure the other travellers who wish to enter your carriage that all the places are occupied (your party numbers three), and that the other members of this "noble and rich family" will arrive in a moment. The guard will say nothing, unless the train is exceptionally crowded, and sometimes not even then, because the courier has promised him five francs when the train reaches its destination. One grows less sensitive about the lying later, perhaps, when he comes to realize that the rarest of the objects of virtue in Europe to-day is the truth; one may more reasonably expect to find real old silver or genuine old furniture. Doubtless there are real antiquities and truthful people in Europe, but they are remote from the usual routes of travel.

The opinion prevailed some years ago that the day of big hotels was past. Hotel life itself was to die out, and everybody was to desire to have a real home, at worst in a snug apartment. Such hotels as remained were to be more on the plan of the old-fashioned inn, or, at biggest, the small English family hotel. Strangely enough the little hotels did not get themselves built, and the most marked change which a resident of New York now notes on returning from a long stay away, is that some more enormous hotels have gone up. Each successive one grows bigger, and dearer, and more gorgeous, but offers great comfort if no regard is had to expenditure, because the old noise and confusion have largely disappeared under a thorough system of housekeeping. The proprietor will tell you that he prefers to cater now to the traveller who does not mind cost during his few days' stay. Very much less frequently than formerly do people arrive for the season. At most they remain for a few months in the winter, but go early to the South, and early to the country, dividing the summer between mountains and seaside. This changing about made the family hotel unprofitable, and largely explains its disappearance.

In Europe small hotels are still numerous but are not increasing apparently in large cities. When the traveller finds one of the right kind (generally described as old-fashioned), where there is much comfort, little noise, great cleanliness, and personal attention to details on the part of the manager, with such modern conveniences as electric lights, sanitary plumbing, and a lift, he should be happy indeed, and not tell everybody about it. It will not be cheap, especially if the food is well cooked and of good quality, and the expense will steadily increase. Expositions or fairs, which bring a crowd, invariably send prices up, and they never fall to the old level. Short visits are a rule in European hotels, and always have been, except in pleasure-resorts. In the season no attempt is made to conceal the fact that prices are greater than ordinarily.

Thus we see that instead of the traditional European idea spreading to America, the American idea has taken root abroad and is growing fast. Not only are the few old big hotels prospering as never before in London and Paris, but bigger and more expensive ones, commonly called Palaces, have been built, and more are building. Since they can no longer be considered as exclusively American in idea and patronage, foreigners have generally ceased to deride them, and now use them freely—even the English person of insignificant title whose fad not long ago was seclusion. People of this kind may not dine in the public room even now, but the fact remains that they prefer the big hotel to the little one. A few years ago one frequent criticism of our hotels was that the guests lost their identity and were known only as numbers. This seemed especially repugnant to the foreign mind. But now all nationalities flock to the large caravansaries in Europe and are happy, although they naturally are numbered and handled like so many bundles of merchandise according to fixed rules. The experienced and inexperienced travellers within their doors stand nearly on the same level, and practically must deliver themselves over to the proprietor in the matter of charges. One may, however, always examine the rooms before having baggage sent up, and as the prices are generally fixed, he can select any apartment he likes, feeling

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that he is to pay no more than anyone else—wherein I think, for Americans and all other nationalities, lies the principal attraction of these big houses in Europe. Fixed prices in a hotel mean more than they do in shops, and people have grown tired of trying to arrange for just prices by bargaining. No one forgets now that rooms to the south in winter, and rooms with a sunny exposure for at least part of the day at any season, are the most desirable.

To such servants as a day or two of experience shows to be necessary to one's comfort, it is well enough to say that if the service is performed in the way usual in hotels, no fee need be expected; but that pains to please will be rewarded. When the stay is more than a week, the distribution of a part of the gratuity, proportionate to the time, makes a good impression. Possibly one gives something to the head-waiter (five francs to ten) on arrival, when telling him what are the requirements of a large party, with children or invalids. Three francs weekly to the man who brings one's breakfast to the room, and seems to be in charge of the floor, is a proper reward. For similar service, if one breakfasted in his room in America, he would be expected to give as much or more. The boots and the man who assists in caring for the rooms and brushes one's clothes are the only two whom the guide-books say must have something when service is paid for in the bill. Rarely in hotels, at home or abroad, does one get much attention for more than a day or two without feeling or letting it be known that fees may be expected finally for proper service. This is the sad result of lavish giving in days gone by on the part of Americans, who did not know first what to offer and desired that the servants should not think them mean. The evil probably never will be reformed. All that the traveller can do now is to insist on excellent attention, and then give what seems proper, utterly regardless of the recipient's opinion. If one really cares for what is thought, peace of mind on a journey or in the hotel is not for him. The poorest service in hotels is given by the women-servants, and therefore the housekeeper may often be sent for to note neglect in cleanliness. This may require a fee too (about five francs), but the service thereafter is likely to be sullen; so that finally, when the situation is not to be borne without loss of temper, one wisely concludes that the hotel is not of his kind, and he goes elsewhere. It is worth while to complain once to the manager if matters are wrong; but if that effects no reform one had better move on, because it will be evident that the management does not care whether he stays or goes. The European landlord, and especially the landlady, is a callous creature, who smiles and smiles and is a villain still.

Yet the evil of feeing is worse at home. It is hardly possible to make anything go in an American hotel in the Eastern States except at the rate of a dollar a week to the table-waiter, the same to the chambermaids, several dollars to the head-waiter after a week or ten days, if he has given you a nice table, well placed; and twenty-five cents to the minor attendants every ten days or weekly. This all amounts to a large sum. But are not fees expected in the houses of one's friends and relatives?

On the whole, therefore, whether travelling is enjoyable or not appears to me to depend principally upon temperament, particularly if the traveller is beyond his youth. In very early years the pleasure of going about, of being in motion, largely offsets discomfort. If one's disposition is to mind little things, it is better to remain at home, where annoyances can be reduced to a minimum. On the other hand, if one is phlegmatic or philosophical, and in good health, there is the right stuff for a traveller. It has always seemed to me that one should travel early in life or in declining years. Youth can afford to take time away from home and friends. Old age, too, may wisely seek in this way for diversion from the prospect of the end, and to forget the losses of friends and that loneliness of life which comes when one is on the dismal side of sixty. But in middle age, when we are in the full-tide of life, in the swim with affairs, when home and friends and family ties are at their best—there is no time to be travelling, except for a little brief change now and then.

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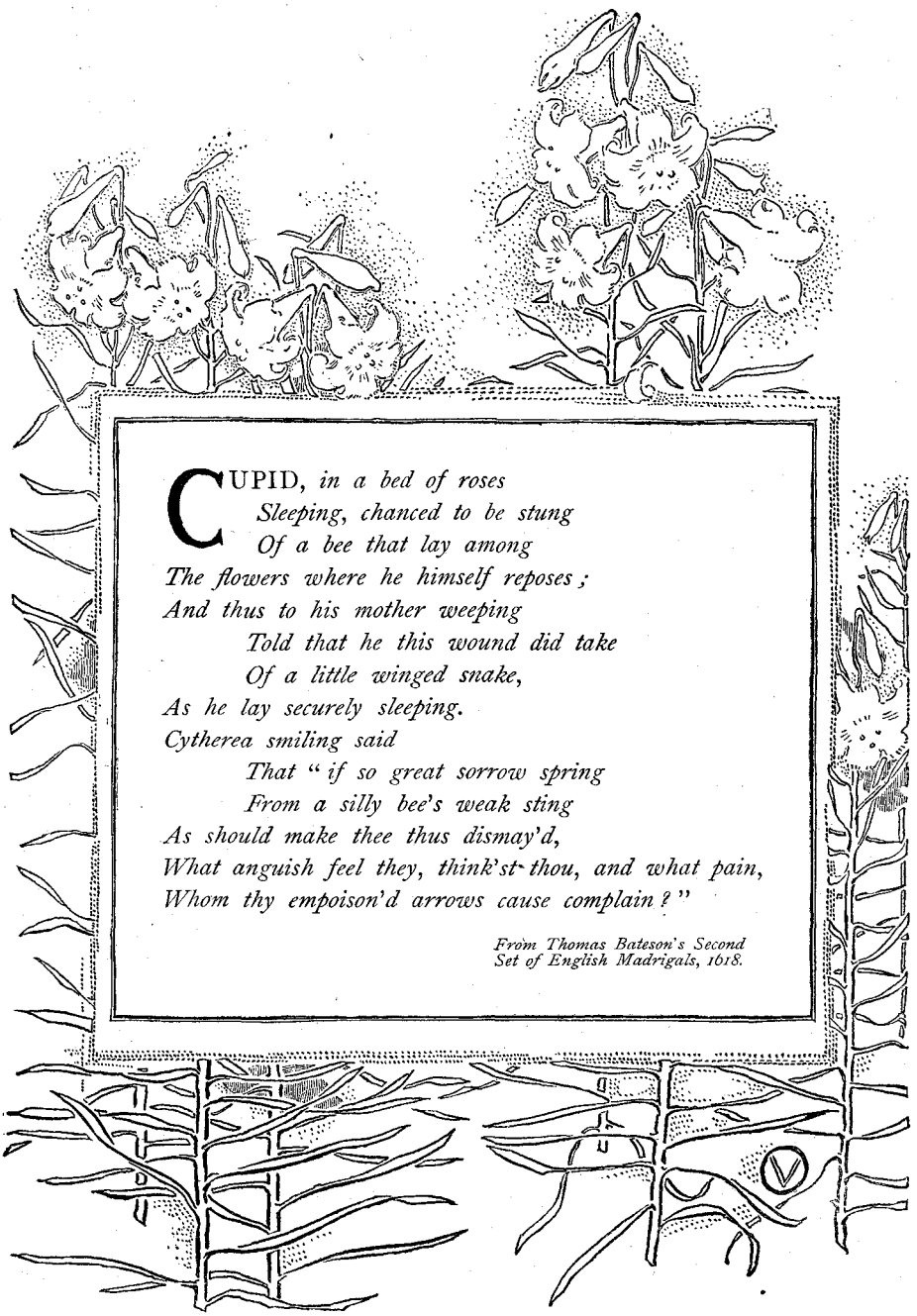

CUPID, *in a bed of roses*
Sleeping, chanced to be stung
Of a bee that lay among
The flowers where he himself reposes;
And thus to his mother weeping
Told that he this wound did take
Of a little winged snake,
As he lay securely sleeping.
Cytherea smiling said
That "if so great sorrow spring
From a silly bee's weak sting
As should make thee thus dismay'd,
What anguish feel they, think'st thou, and what pain,
Whom thy empoison'd arrows cause complain?"

From Thomas Bateson's Second Set of English Madrigals, 1618.

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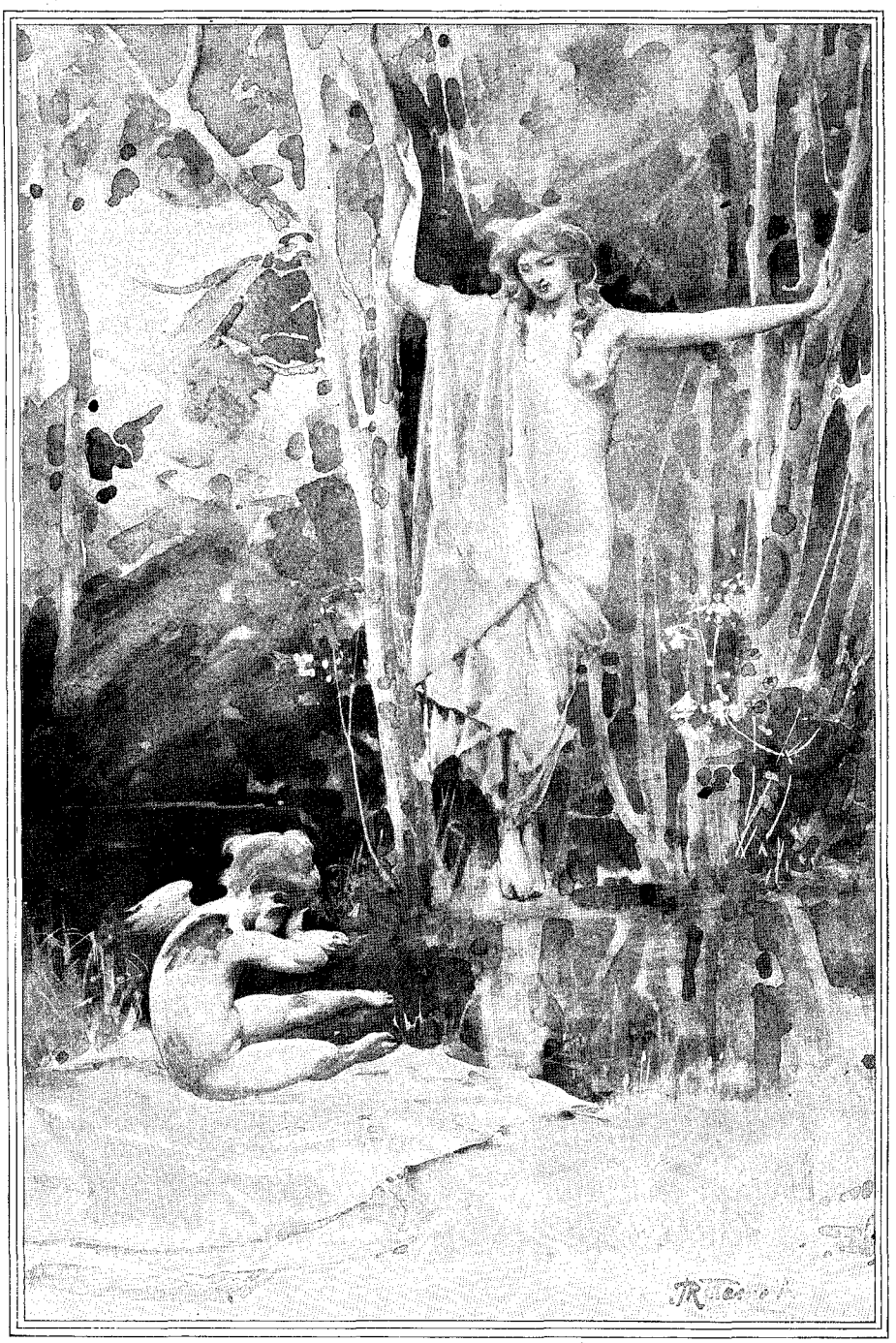

ELIZABETHAN SONGS—IV.

CUPID STUNG BY THE BEE.

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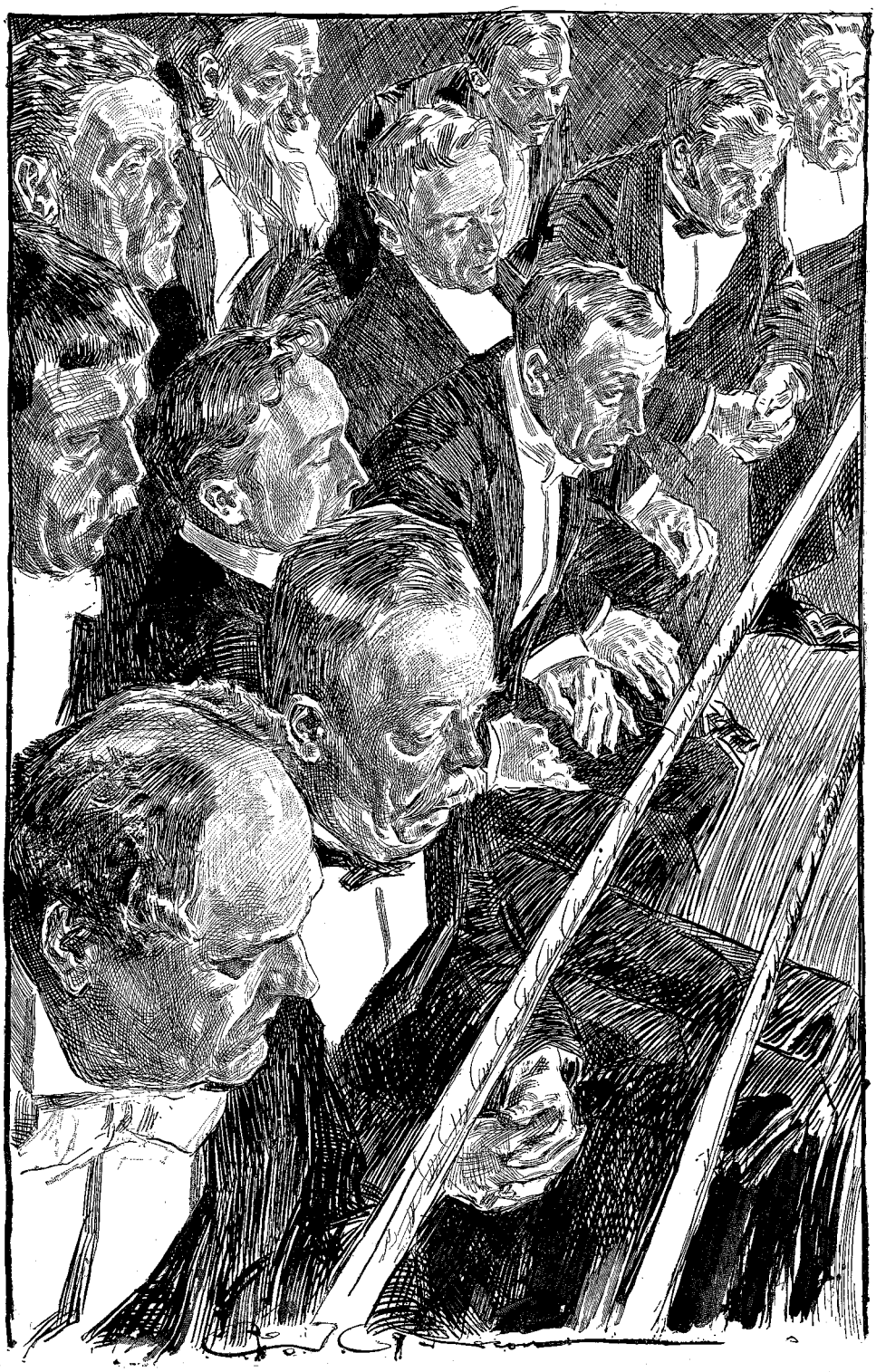
At the National Sporting Club.

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Outside the Pit Entrance.

LONDON

AS SEEN BY C. D. GIBSON

II.—LONDON AUDIENCES

NOWHERE is caste more noticeable than in a London audience. A little board fence divides the ground floor of a theatre into orchestra stalls and a pit. It would cost you ten shillings less and your social position to sit on the wrong side of this fence. It does not follow that sitting on the right side of it assures your position. But it does give you an uninterrupted view of the stage. No hats are worn, and that alone makes it worth extra charge. There is, in most of the theatres, room for your knees, and, in some, additional room for the man who goes out between the acts, and people who arrive after the curtain is up. A London audience is brilliant. Everyone is in evening dress, and the audience is often more entertaining than the play. This is especially true on a first night. At such times the pit is watched most anxiously by the management, as the success of the piece generally depends on their verdict. It has often occurred to me, when I have seen them on a stormy night forming a line on the pavement outside the pit entrance, taking it all seriously enough to stand there for hours before the doors were opened, that by letting them inside the management might improve their spirits, and they in their turn might be more gentle.

And it has also occurred to me when I have seen a stout man standing in the aisle fumbling for a sixpence or a shilling in

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pockets that probably only contain a bank-note and a gold-piece, that the management might further improve the spirits of their audience by doing away with women-ushers, and by selling the programme at the same time they sell the seat; for it is hardly fair to the first act of a play to make it overcome the fretfulness caused by annoying attendants before it can hope to amuse. But the second act is sure to have a fair start, and if the play is good from there on, it will have no reason to complain of the audience.

At a Pantomime.

An Englishman's memory begins with a pantomime. A Drury Lane audience easily explains this, as a large portion of it is composed of children. This is just as it should be. The only mistake is that each year the clown and pantaloon have less to do. Last winter they only appeared in front of the drop curtain, and had difficulty in entertaining the audience until the next scene had been set. It is strange that this should happen among people who are naturally so true to old friends. In the place of harlequin's tricks they have the aërial ballets and electrical effects, and altogether a performance that can be done just as well at the Empire or the Alhambra. This is dangerous, for it might in time change the character of a pantomime audience.

A fancy-dress ball in London is slow. The streets around Covent Garden on a fancy-dress ball night are as solemn as Scotland itself. A few homeless Londoners are kept at respectful distance by the police, while a procession of carriages goes slowly under the archway and deposits serious merry-makers, dressed as stoves, light-houses, monks, lamps and vegetables. Owing to these elaborate disguises, the journey past the ticket-takers and to the ballroom is slow. On the ballroom floor officials, totally void of a sense of humor, and dressed in black velvet and cut-steel buttons, keep the centre of the floor clear, apparently for their own use, and stand ready to subdue any burst of light-heartedness that might appear in the circle that is kept moving about them. The general orders are, "keep moving along." The man who manages the search-light, from one of the top boxes, probably enjoys the ball the most. He certainly does more to help it. The centre of interest is wherever he will have it. He can make a dull costume bright, and a supper-party in one of the boxes proud; and he can almost remove the gloom caused by the officials in black.

Small Wigs and Big Fees.

The greatest variety of expressions are to be seen in the audiences that come together at the law courts. There is the never-changing face of the judge, and the ever-changing face of the witness rocking from side to side in his box, and there are the black-robed barristers with small wigs

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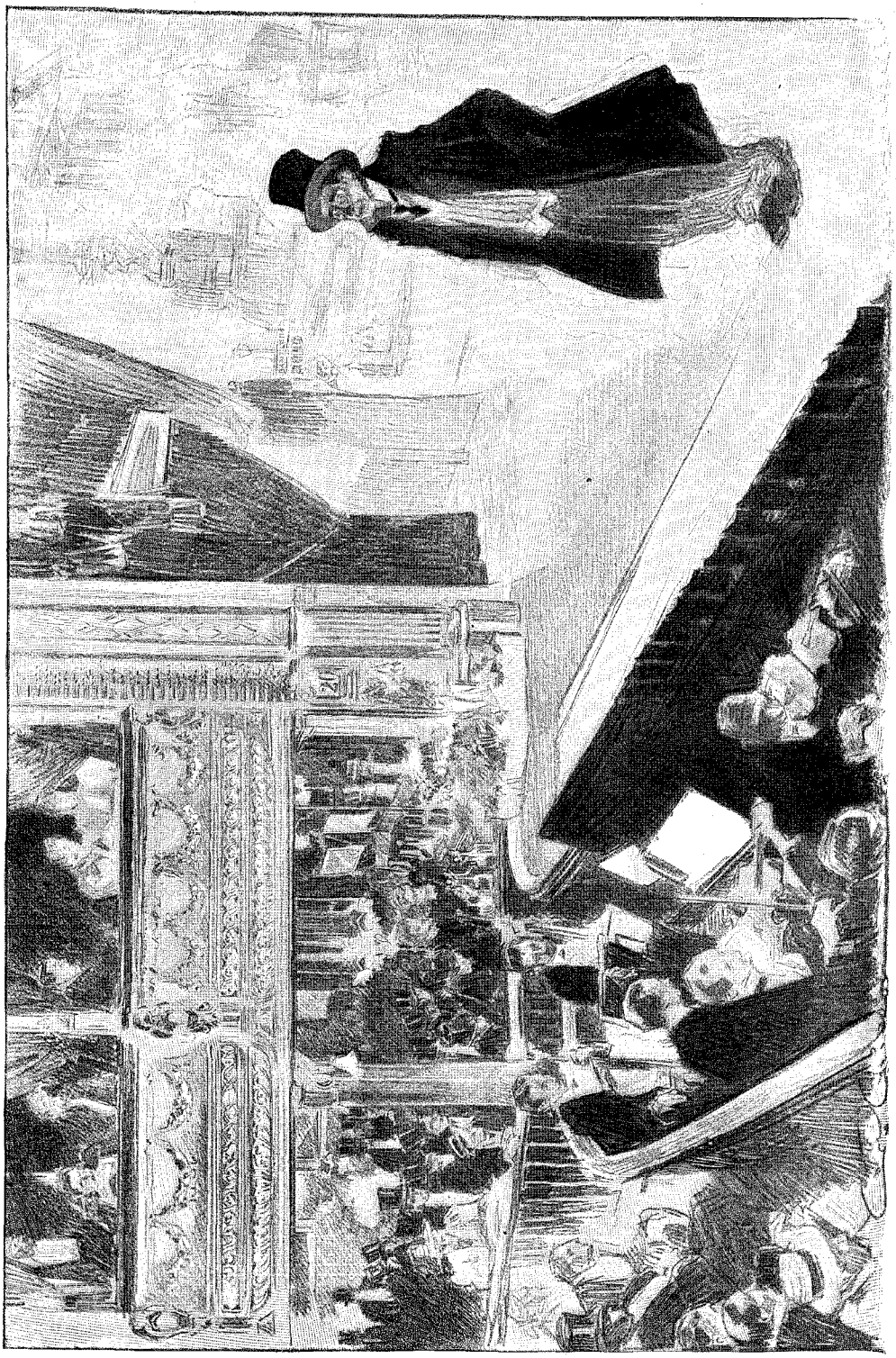

At the Pavilion.

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A First Night.

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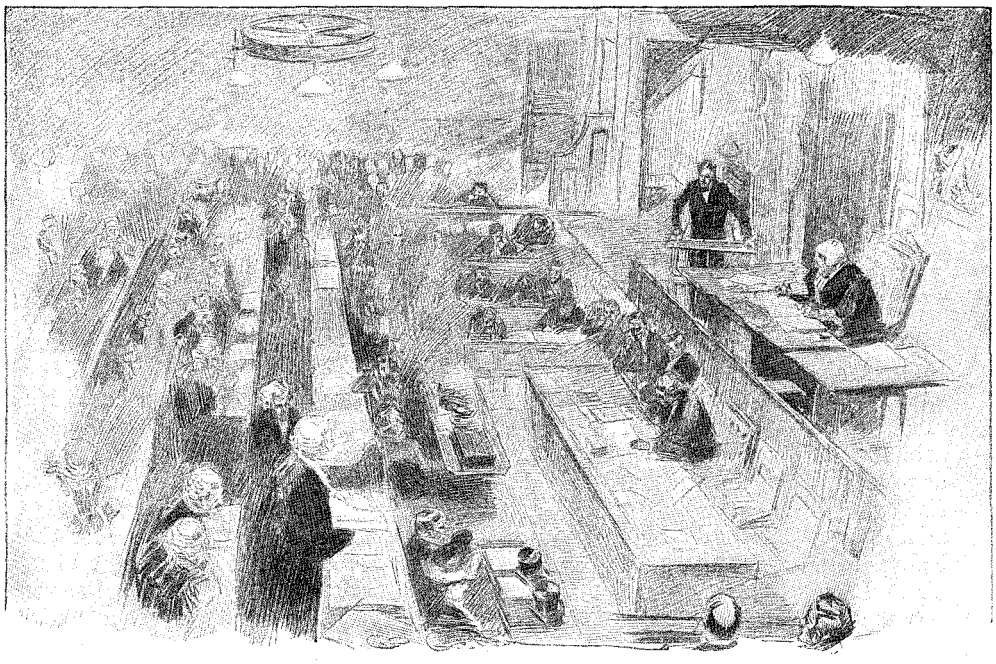
and big fees, and pale law students crowding in at the doors and filling the passage-ways; and in front of the long table that is covered with papers and high hats sit those most interested in what is going on—care-worn parents and women thickly veiled.

The most interesting place of amusement for men is the National Sporting Club. Every Monday night during the winter the sports of London meet there in the same building that Colonel Newcome and his son once left because they objected to Captain Costigan's song. The Colonel would be more amused there now, for well-trained and scientific boxers from all the world meet in a roped-in square, surrounded by an orderly crowd of stock-brokers, bankers, and miscellaneous sporting characters, who wait for the best man to win. Then they adjourn to a front room, and around the bar and little tables they talk about by-gone fights and the men and horses whose pictures cover the wall. Some find their way to the Strand, where, in a supper-room called Marble Halls, every variety of sport in all stages of luck, and actors from the neighboring theatres, discuss the fight of the evening round by round.

A Music Hall audience is the most demonstrative and amusing. It will applaud the longest, hiss the loudest, and sometimes join in the chorus. From the moment the numbers are posted announcing the next turn, it is easy to tell what the performer's reception will be. On both sides of the orchestra are bars, and when a London barmaid stops work to listen and laugh you may be sure that the turn is a good one. Last winter they paid Dan Leno this compliment. The air is filled with tobacco-smoke, and the calcium-light, on its way from the gallery to the stage, looks like a sunbeam in a dusty hayloft.

C. D. G.

In the Lord Chief Justice's Court (Lord Russell).



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LIVER'S RESPONSIBILITY

By Wolcott Le Cléar Beard

LIVER first brought the Hypocrite to my attention. It was also he who established, to the satisfaction of the camp, that the Hypocrite was a very decent person in his somewhat peculiar way. This was accomplished very soon after Liver and I first came to Aparejo.

Nominally, and in the eyes of outsiders, Liver was my servant. In his own eyes or in mine it would be hard to define his position, or to tell how he regarded me. I always had an uncomfortable sort of idea that he was sorry for my tenderfoot ignorance and helplessness, and had entered my service to assure himself that I would not be imposed upon by the inhabitants of the Arizona camp into which my fortunes had led me.

I had found Liver, a few months before, ill and alone in a deserted cabin on an unfrequented trail, where he had been left by an outfit of gamblers expelled from a nearby town. Though fifteen years of age, and some four feet eight in height, Liver was by profession a faro dealer, and had been expelled with the rest of the fraternity. I attended to him in a sort of way, for I took a fancy to his wicked little face. Besides, I couldn't leave him there alone. At any rate, the upshot of it all was that Liver entered my service. As a servant he left much to be desired, but a more loyal or devoted adherent would be very hard to find. We went to Aparejo together, and that is where the Hypocrite came in.

In Aparejo the Hypocrite was an institution. He was the proverbial oldest inhabitant, for he had been living in his big dug-out cabin on the side of Red Hen Hill when the much over-rated placer mines caused Aparejo's birth, two years before. But the Hypocrite was not popular. It was not that he crossed in any way the loose line of frontier ethics, but that he had a way of keeping entirely to himself, that he lived without work on remittances that came from some mysterious source in the East, sent to Tucson, and redirected to our post-office, and that his appearance did not meet with public approval.

He was tall, with a pear-shaped body, always dressed in black. His face was very white, and so was his scanty hair, which he kept closely cropped. He had a manner of walking about with his hands under the tails of his clerical-looking coat and his head thrust forward, that gave rise to many unfavorable comments.

It was Liver who told me all these things, for at that time I had never seen the Hypocrite. My time was all taken up with the badly paying mines I had charge of ; and just then Liver was the only one of the household who had any leisure.

"It's dead low down the way them chumps aroun' here is givin' it ter that ol' chromo," said Liver to me. "He ain't no hypocrite like what they calls him, but they ain't got sense enough ter savvy that, ner nothin' else, much. What is er hypocrite ? "

I told him.

"Thought so, only I wanted ter make sure. Well, he ain't none. It's that way he's got er passin' roun' here with his han's under the tails er that long-legged coat er his, lookin' like one er these yer crow-birds what's been made sick by havin' his head shoved into a flour-sack. That's what makes 'em say he's er hypocrite ; that an' the way he'll get drunk all by his lonesome. If he wants ter get drunk that-a-way it's his own funer'l, I reckon. They talk about how he's pious. It's a lie. He ain't no more pious than you are."

It is to be feared that Liver did not regard piety as a virtue. His judgment, however, was entirely from hearsay.

I wanted to see the Hypocrite, for the interest taken in him by my henchman had aroused my own curiosity. I had never known Liver to talk so long on any subject before. Ordinarily, Liver was rather a taciturn person.

My desire was gratified the next afternoon. It was the end of a long and tire-

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some day that Liver and I had spent in searching for obliterated and utterly unfindable claim-corners. We had ridden over many miles of the sandy wilderness, and climbed several more that were set on end against the dry, earthy-looking mountains, and we were on our homeward way, watching the long, ungainly shadows curvetting along on our left. The sun, a dull red ball, was sinking below the level edge of the desert. It had been very silent; silent as it can never be anywhere but on a desert or at sea. Then from the west came a faint rumble that grew louder, and topping a wrinkle of the plain, half a mile away, an irregular, rapidly moving black mass appeared, scarring the sun's lower limb.

"Indians?" I asked.

"Stampede," responded Liver. "Come on."

Turning his horse, Liver rode across the desert toward the dimly seen mass, and I followed him. It grew more distinct. We could hear the rumbling thunder of the hoof-beats and the cries of men who were riding with the rush. Liver turned again and rode slowly in the direction taken by the stampede, and again I followed suit. In another moment it had caught us.

The animals—they were horses—were running in the shape, roughly speaking, of a rectangle, on the forward right hand corner of which we found ourselves. Near us there rode a cow-boy, striking with the heavy honda of his lariat at the heads of the forward horses in a vain attempt to turn them before they reached the cliffs, a mile or two away, for which they were headed. Directly in front of the crazed animals another cow-boy was riding for his life, edging to the right as fast as he dared, in order to get clear from the path of the stampede. Inside the square, but close to its edge, there ran a horse that was saddled, and ridden by a man whom I at once recognized, from Liver's description, as the Hypocrite. With both reins flying loose, he was clinging to the horn of his saddle. Only one animal hemmed him in to the stampede. A resolute horseman could have forced his way out, but the Hypocrite was not a resolute horseman. All his faculties seemed centred in the one idea of keeping on his uncontrollable mount.

"Pull 'im out!" screamed Liver. "Let go yer saddle an' grab yer reins! What's wrong with you—you daffy?"

If the man heard the warning, he paid no attention to it, but shifted the hold of one hand from the horn of his saddle to its cantle. Liver turned into the press, squeezed his way through, and grasped the flowing bridle-rein. Then he tried to regain the open plain, but the horse that confined him had been reinforced by two others. I tried to help, and my mount nearly fell from the collision that followed. Suddenly one of the three horses fell and another tripped over him. I was going to shoot the third, but before my pistol had left its holster, I saw Liver raise his hand and fire. The third horse tumbled like a shot rabbit. This left an opening, and through it Liver came, leaning almost out of his saddle to counterbalance the pull, as with his free hand he led the horse of the Hypocrite out onto the open desert.

The stampede rushed by. Between us, Liver and I brought the captive horse to a stand; but that was not a very difficult matter, now that the excitement and fright of the other panic-stricken animals was no longer there to spur him on.

The Hypocrite smiled weakly as he looked first at Liver and then at me. He raised his hand to his forehead and swayed in his saddle. He would have fallen, if I had not caught his shoulder.

"What's bitin' you now?" asked Liver, roughly. "Need'n' go daffy again. Yer all outer the game, straight enough. Them horses is pilin' 'emselves at the foot er that mesa by now."

"No," replied the old man, in a voice that was singularly weak, and thin and trembling. "All right—all right, now. Thank you, thank you." As he spoke, his shaking hand was uncertainly seeking something in the tail-pocket of his long black coat. Slipping his hand in the pocket, Liver brought forth a flask, which he handed to the Hypocrite, uncorking it as he did so. With some difficulty the Hypocrite guided the bottle to his mouth and held it there for a long time, glued to his thick, loosely hung lips. His face, from the fright, had evidently been paler than usual, for I could see the color returning to a network of little veins that

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covered his nose—veins that were very minute and imperceptible a little way off. They were the only marks of liquor that the face showed. It was a heavy, weak, amiable face.

That drink seemed to pull the Hypocrite together. He nodded to us quite briskly, as, throwing down the empty bottle, he trotted away.

"That's him," said Liver, as we resumed our homeward journey. "He ain't no harm at all, but a lot er them chumps at the camp has all got it in fer 'im 'cause he stays by himself, an' don't have nothin' to say to 'em; an' a lot er fellers what don't think nothin' about it an' don't care, jus' lets it go at that. Say, 'jer see the drink that ol' b'y throwed down him? There wasn't nothin' slow about that, was ther?"

The magnitude of that drink inspired Liver with respect. His advocacy of the Hypocrite had hitherto been moderate; being merely the expression of Liver's characteristic hatred of injustice. Now, however, it became so aggressive that it savored of proprietorship. Not only did Liver espouse the Hypocrite's cause, but championed it as well. It had been the custom of certain men in Aparejo to make a scapegoat of the Hypocrite by hinting that he was responsible for many of the smaller misdeeds—thievery, or the like—that were committed in the camp. This was resented by Liver. Those who brought such veiled charges invariably bore reputations more unsavory than did the run of men in our camp. Such a reputation was indeed unsavory; and this fact, with corroboratory details, would be forcibly recalled to a person who accused the Hypocrite, together with Liver's caustically expressed opinion of one who slandered an absent man.

By those to whom he addressed himself in this manner, Liver was not beloved; the Hypocrite's more active enemies, therefore, became enemies of Liver as well. Chief among these was Dawlish. Dawlish was a big man with a large, flat face, and small, shifty eyes that looked like shoe-buttons. He kept a little tienda, half store, half saloon, where he courted popularity by means of a loud voice and brusque manner, which he intended to pass, and which did pass in many instances, for bluff heartiness and good-fellowship.

"That ther Dawlish fool, he'll run himself 'gains' a stan'still one er these odd times if he don't watch out," said Liver to me the morning after the stampede, as he was building the fire for breakfast. "Somebody went through Tripler las' night, when he was comin' home, a little owly, an' boned his dust. Tripler can't tell who it was, but Dawlish he's talkin' down to the Palace how he saw ol' man Reed——"

"Who?" I asked.

"Ol' man Reed—him they call Hypocrite. It's a dead shame, an' I won't call him so. Saw ol' man Reed walkin' with Tripler 'bout ten er 'leven las' night. It ain't so. Was up on Red Hen myself las' night, ter see 'f the scare er that stampede had done th' ol' boy up, er anythin'. He was there, sittin' in his own dugout, min'in' his own business all the time. He wasn't nowhere else once. I reckon I'll see Dawlish about that."

I gave Liver most definite and emphatic orders to do nothing of the sort. Liver listened attentively and answered not a word, and I knew that I might just as well have held my tongue. To be sure, Liver was safer than most people would have been, no matter what he chose to do, for with the men who made up the better element of our camp—and bad enough this better element was, for the most part—Liver was a great favorite. They liked his hard little face, where the lines of the gambler already showed themselves; they liked his queer little figure, that looked so like a cow-boy seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass, in its chaps, gun, and high-heeled boots. His knowledge of good and evil—especially evil—pleased them; he "was so damned bad," as they expressed it. They knew nothing of Liver's profession, however, for he never mentioned it, and at his request I also kept it secret.

I did not intend that Liver should pursue his absurd knight-errantry if I could prevent it; so all that day I kept Liver employed to keep him from wandering, and in order that he might have something else to think about.

After supper, however, as I became absorbed in some figures, Liver left the

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unwashed dishes to take care of themselves and disappeared. He must have been gone some time when I first noticed his absence. I was about to start after him to bring him back by force, if necessary, when there came a knock at my door. It was opened before I had time to answer, and Richie, deputy-sheriff, proprietor of the Palace Saloon, and all-around local magnate, entered the room. It was not a large room, and with Dan's shoulders in it, it seemed uncomfortably crowded.

"Evenin,'" he remarked, cheerfully, with a grin that covered most of his good-natured red face. "Reckoned I'd jes' drap 'raoun' an' tip y' off 'baout that kid er yourn. 'Lowed maybe you might be gitt'n' worried, 'cause he tol' me he hooked away 'thout askin' leave."

I did not want to offend Richie; he was a power in Aparejo, and to me a friendly power, for the reason that I was fresh from the Eastern State that he had left so long ago that everybody but he had forgotten all about it. But I was anxious to find Liver, and said so. I told Dan that Liver had given me reason to believe that he was looking for Dawlish, and that if he should succeed in his search, there might be trouble.

"He seen 'im all right enough," Richie replied, with a chuckle, seating himself in a chair that creaked complainingly under his weight. "Oh, he seen Dawlish all straight enough. There was trouble, too. Trouble fer Dawlish. Liver he struck Dawlish in my place, awhile ago, an' he begins to call 'im down fer somethin' he'd said 'baout that ol' Hypocrite, as they calls him, what lives up on the hill, over yander. Dawlish answers somehow—don't know what he said, but it didn't seem to please the kid, noways—an' then Liver turns himself loose. In a minute he'd called Dawlish more different things than I could 'a' done if I'd studied a year; an' I couldn't do no such cussin' as he did, not if I tried for two year. You orter 'a' heard it—it was great. Dawlish made out 'sif 'twere a joke, first off, but 'twarn't no joke, an' he couldn't make it look like one, nohow. The boys that were hangin' 'roun' there begins to give Dawlish the laugh, an' that makes him mad. Fus' thing we knows he ups an' makes a break fer the kid. Well, sir, that kid he makes the prutties' gun-play you ever see in yer life. He did for sure. He had that six-shooter of his'n out an' cocked an' down before that Dawlish could put the foot he'd lifted back on the groun'. Dawlish sees he's in a hole, an' stops a minute, then he turns an' leaves, walkin' straight-like, an' with both han's held out from his body, well clear of his holsters. Liver looks after him fer a little, an' then shoves his gun back in its holster an' mogs out 'thout sayin' a word to nobody, an' goes up on the hill ter see that ol' Hypocrite cuss. He's thar now. He puts in all his spare time thar every evenin'. Say, he ain't nothin' slow fer a kid, you hear me tell."

Dan rubbed his hand and chuckled. He was much amused; I was not. I was very angry at Liver, and mentioned casually to Dan what I intended to do when Liver should return. Dan took his leave, saying, as he went out of the door, that I ought rather to encourage Liver than otherwise, as he "done a damn good job." On thinking it over, I came to the conclusion that I had better take no notice of the affair. It might cause a breach between Liver and me, for which I would be sorry. So when he came, I merely reminded him gravely about the unwashed dishes, and he began at once to rattle them about as though he would break them, every one, to make up for lost time.

He had nearly finished the dishes, and had only broken two, when he said, in a pause of the rattle, "I was up t' ol' man Reed's joint this evenin'. Jus' came f'om there."

"Yes," I acquiesced. "Was he sober?"

"Not very. Not what you'd call drunk you know, such as you 'r I'd get, but jus' owly, like he most gener'ly is. Had one er his daughter jags on—the reg'lar thing."

Now, I was not in the habit of getting drunk, and I did not know that Liver was, but I let that pass. Neither did I understand the nature of a "daughter jag," so I inquired.

"When th' ol' boy hasn't got much in 'im, he's as tight as a new tomarter-can," explained Liver. "But, then, when he's

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got a little more inside his face, he gets to talkin' 'bout that ther girl er his what runned away f'om 'im, years back. Never talks er nothin' else when he gets to that stage er the game. Says how he wants to find 'er, an' how he hunted fer 'er, an' wonders where she's got to. Says she's ol' 'nough ter have er kid 'bout like me, or a year or two older, maybe. Sometimes he cries about it—he's an ol' man, you know, an' weak, so I don' min' that if it makes him feel any better. That's what we call a daughter jag. He don't say nothin' 'bout himself nor his folks nor nothin' like that, not at no other time."

Liver gave this explanation in rather an absent manner. Evidently he had something on his mind. Finally it came out. "Say!" he exclaimed, as he energetically banged the last plate onto the shelf, "I seen Dawlish this evenin', an' I talked to him some. There wasn't no harm done."

Harm seemed to have come from Liver's quarrel in spite of his assertions to the contrary, for his nightly visits to the Hypocrite's cabin became shorter, and finally they stopped.

"Yes, it's Dawlish," said Liver, in reply to my inquiry as to the reason of this change. "He's there whenever I goes up t' see the ol' man, or if he ain't there he comes in before I get fair sot down. They're talkin' together, them two, an' when I come in they stops, dead. I d'no what's goin' on, but Dawlish, he's been tryin' everythin' he knows fer a week, now, t'get in with th' ol' man, an' he's doin' it too. Ol' Reed he don't mean ter give me no frost, an' I don't care nothin' 'bout t'other one, but it ain't very gay, somehow, so I don't go there no more. What Dawlish is gettin' at licks me."

It licked me, too, and I found that the other inhabitants of Aparejo were equally puzzled as to the meaning of this sudden intimacy. Not that it lacked a motive, for it was a very well-known fact that the Hypocrite had money coming to him every month from somewhere, which money he must have saved. The Hypocrite spent little except for liquor, and liquor, such as it is in that country, is cheap. What astonished us all was that Dawlish appeared to be more or less successful in establishing himself in the Hypocrite's favor. Dawlish was not at all the kind of person one would think would attract that shy, retiring old drunkard. In an amused sort of way the men were all talking about the strange friendship, and offering bets against Dawlish's success. These bets were lost, for the intimacy grew day by day. Dawlish was seldom in his former haunts; his store was kept by a deputy, or kept itself, just as it happened.

Suddenly Dawlish left town, dropping boastful, but mysterious, hints, as he started for the railway-station, twenty miles away, of a sensation that awaited us on his return. We all knew that he gloried in the curiosity he had awakened, and that he would spare no pains to increase the dubious prominence it gave him. Nevertheless when, three days later, the rickety Concord stage, joggling on its dusty thorough-braces, rolled with complaining spokes and running-gear into the town, most of Aparejo's inhabitants stood waiting on the veranda of the ramshackle building, half unpainted frame, half adobe, which we called a hotel.

As the stage stopped, Dawlish opened the door and got out. He turned and spoke to someone within the canvas body of the vehicle; then stood aside with a grin, half-sheepish, half-triumphant, as a feminine form appeared. As she saw the men congregated on the steps, the woman hesitated and shrank back. Dawlish spoke to her again, roughly this time. She stepped out on to the box that served as a horse-block, looked around at us with a quick glance of embarrassment, then dropped her eyes. She was very small and very young, with a weak little face that would have been pretty had it not been so thin and pinched. Her thinness impressed one. It was emphasized by every movement, as her scanty calico gown clung to the slight bones of her frame.

Groping in the interior of the stage, Dawlish fished from under the seat a shiny little black valise. He handed it to the girl and tucked her other hand under his arm. Then he took off his hat and made a sweeping bow to us all.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this here lady's my wife, Mrs. Dawlish." The pair walked a few steps up the road, then Dawlish turned and faced us once more. "Likewise this lady's the gran'dahter of our prominent feller-citizen what lives over on the

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hill yander, where we intend takin' up our residence. You needn't none er you bother to call. We don't care fer no visits yet awhile." Turning again, Dawlish led the way toward the Hypocrite's cabin, and the girl followed him.

The situation was pretty thoroughly canvassed before the men parted that evening. A little indignation was expressed, and a good deal of amusement. When they finally dropped off, one by one, there was a generally expressed belief that Dawlish could not keep himself long away from the surroundings he loved. Though he seldom gambled, the faro-room, with its rough bar and attendant atmosphere of stale liquor and flies and smoke, was all he knew or cared for. His idea of happiness was to pose as the leader of the company he found there. If he had any notion of Heaven it was probably the same kind of thing, somewhat amplified.

The Palace—Richie's place—was the principal saloon of the town, and here, early on the next afternoon, Dawlish appeared. Dawlish had money now, and began to spend it freely, but still he could not attain the state of leadership to which he aspired. Many of the men held aloof from him. Dawlish said that it was from envy, and as far as his own former friends were concerned he may have been right. To his companions Dawlish made no pretence that his assertions of his wife's relationship to the Hypocrite were true. It would have been useless if he had, for no one would have believed him, but Dawlish had a stronger reason than that for his frankness. Had the story been true, he could not have boasted that his present fortune was the direct result of his own extraordinary cleverness, and his enjoyment of the fortune would, in a large measure, have been lost to him.

In a day or two Dawlish's circle of friends had contracted noticeably. He had still a following, it is true, and would continue to have as long as the money lasted and he was willing to spend it, but the following was small and was not made up of the men in whose eyes he would wish to find favor. As his friends fell away, the sentiment against him grew stronger. A rumor that Dawlish ill-treated his wife alienated many who would merely have laughed at his deception of the Hypocrite. There was a good deal of talk as to what should be done about it, and as usual in such cases, nothing was done.

Indeed, as far as the Hypocrite was concerned, there seemed to be no excuse for outside interference at first.

No harm was done to the old man, as far as we could see, except for the money that Dawlish spent, and that, probably, was given to Dawlish voluntarily. Even Liver owned, rather reluctantly, that the old man had never before appeared so happy. For hours at a time he would wander about the country with his newly found granddaughter. When she was out of his sight he was uneasy and troubled until she returned.

The girl on her part certainly seemed to return this affection in full. In the opinion of the camp, no blame attached itself to the girl. Individual opinion differed only as to whether she was coerced into playing her part, or was herself deceived. Certainly she seemed to return the Hypocrite's affection in full. When she was with him her manner was very different than when her husband accompanied, spoke, or even looked at her. She attended to the old man's wants in a manner to which he must have been a stranger for years.

But the Hypocrite's hoards could not stand for long this drain upon them. It became known that the old man had asked for credit at one of the stores, a thing which he had never done before. Dawlish began to gamble, and lost considerably, and the talk about him became louder and more serious. The men were not at all amused now. Dawlish's conduct, they said, disgraced the camp. A more severe comment on this conduct could hardly have been made. They wanted Liver to warn the old man of his danger.

For some time Liver held back. Though he did not tell me, I knew that he felt keenly the Hypocrite's defection from his former friendship. Finally, however, the many persuasions prevailed, and Liver made the attempt.

Liver said nothing of his intention to me, but I saw him go up to the old man's house, and from the fact that he did not return to get supper, I inferred that his mission had met with some success. Liver returned at last, with a half-apology for having omitted my supper. The extreme importance of

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his errand was the ground of the explanation.

"Yer see, some er the boys was dead anxious fer me t' give th' ol' man a steer 'bout what he's runnin' agains', so I did," said he. "Well, 'twarn't no great good. I feared I'd get it in the neck. He ups an' tells me ter min' my own business, an' then he jumps me fer lis'nin' ter them scan'lous stories. Scan'lous he said they was, an' somethin' else, too. Oh, yes! Malicious. Scan'lous an' malicious stories, that's what he said. He tol' me that Dawlish was Mary's—that's the name er the girl—was Mary's husband, an' 'twasn't no man's business but his what Dawlish done. Then he gets kinder sorry fer havin' spoke so rough, an' tells me not ter min' him bein' put out. Says the trouble he's had 'bout this racket has made him cranky. S'pose he means the shake-ups the other boys has been givin' him. Then he daddles along like he always does, tellin' me what a dead fine girl Mary is. Says I mus' come home with him fer supper. I don't wanter go, but th' ol' man says it ain't no square deal if I don't. Says I believed things I hear, an' oughter be willin' t' go 'n' see fer myself. 'Tain't much of er supper, but Mary, say, she's a dead fine girl, fer fair. We was gettin' on all right when in comes Dawlish. He's a little full, prob'ly, an' he growls at the girl an' she kinder goes down into herself, rattled. Then he asks me what I'm doin' there. I couldn't answer before ol' man Reed, he jumps him fer fair. 'This gen'leman's my guest,' says he. 'You'll please remember that this is my house. You ferget yerself.' That's what he said—you ferget yerself. How's that fer th' ol' man?"

"Did you say anything to Dawlish, Liver?" I asked.

"No. I didn't wanter have no fight, not in there, so I says good-night, an' when I come out I get close to Dawlish an' tell him I'll wait fer him outside, down in the arroyo below, where nobody can't hear no shootin' nor nothin'. I wait, but he don't come, so I mosey along down here."

Liver's idea of an argument was so alarming that I made up my mind to keep a closer watch of his movements than I had been in the habit of doing. His evenings were his own, and the use to which he seemed likely to put this leisure would not be conducive to his health or longevity. For some time after my long-delayed supper, Liver made no attempt to go out. At length, after I had come to the conclusion that he intended to stay at home that evening, he gave me the slip and vanished. I knew where to go as I hurried out in search of him. Undoubtedly he was looking for Dawlish, and Dawlish, I was sure, would be in the Palace Saloon.

The Palace was not crowded that night. The pay-day of the mining companies was nearly due, so the men, most of them, were short of money. The bar had but a thin line of men standing before it. One faro-table was running for the accommodation of three or four "pikers" who were languidly laying small sums on the painted cards. A little distance away Dawlish was holding loudly forth to a knot of his friends. "He's flush to-night," somebody informed me as I entered. "The Hypocrite's allowance come to-day, an' Dawlish, he got the check cashed over to the post-office." Certainly Dawlish seemed to be on good terms with himself. He strolled over to the table, placed a bet—rather a heavy one—and lost it. "It's all luck," he said, with a laugh, as he relaid the wager.

Liver was leaning over the table, watching the play as though faro was something of a novelty to him. As Dawlish lost his bet, Liver looked up quickly, then dropped his eyes, and observed, to no one in particular, "When a fool plays like er fool, he's got ter have consid'able fool's luck if he's gonter come out anyways even."

Some of the men laughed. Dawlish glowered, but said nothing at the time; only watched the cards as the dealer drew them from the box. His second wager was successful, and he turned to Liver with a self-satisfied grin, which he afterward distributed impartially around the room.

"That's the kind er luck what I was talkin' about," remarked Liver.

Again the men laughed their approval. Dawlish angrily asked Liver what in something he knew about it; whereupon Liver replied, saying that anyone could tell what to call such a play as Dawlish had made, whether he knew the game or not. Dawlish lost another bet, and Liver chuckled derisively. He offered to deal a game for Dawlish himself, give him odds, and waive all advantage of splits. Dawlish did not

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seem inclined to accept this offer at first. Probably he thought that it placed him in rather a ridiculous light. But the loudly expressed sentiment of the company was unanimous, and Dawlish, of all men, could not stand against that. Besides, the odds were all in his favor. At last he gave a reluctant assent.

The men who had been playing hurriedly cashed their chips or pocketed them; at a signal from Richie the dealer laid down his box and rose, and with a happy little sigh Liver sank into the vacant seat. The men clustered thickly about the table, peering over each other's shoulders in order to get a better view.

Slipping the cards deftly from the deal-box, Liver divided them into two equal parts for a shuffle. The movement spoke of experience; Dan looked at the dealer, and they both smiled. Liver saw that smile. As he started to run the cards together they fell on the table, half of them faced. He picked them up and awkwardly shuffled them, taking a long time about it. After fumbling with the box he handed it and the shuffled pack to the dealer, who secured the cards in their place and returned them.

Once more Dan grinned knowingly. "I'll take the lookout chair for the kid myself," he said.

Then Liver began to deal. It was wonderful, that deal, but it was most immoral. I felt that I ought to stop it, but I could see no way to go about it without exposing Liver's former avocation, and that I had promised not to do. Liver was very clumsy —rather overdid it, I thought—but no one appeared to notice anything wrong. Once in awhile Dawlish would win a bet. Then Liver would moisten his thumb, laboriously drag a card from the box, and win it all back again. He had perfect control of the cards; his clumsy, long-continued shuffle seemed to have given him just the opportunity he needed. Several times Dawlish hesitated and seemed about to stop, but the men jeered, and he continued playing. Finally he felt in his pocket, but there was no money there. With an oath he flung his last two chips on the ace. The ace lost, and the play was ended.

With a broad smile covering most of his countenance, Liver rose from his seat. "Reckon this 'bout does you," he remarked to Dawlish, affably. "I'll keep this yer boodle fer th' ol' man, so him an' Mary they won't have ter hang up fer their eatin' er starve when you go through him for all he's got. See?"

At first Dawlish looked puzzled, then he got angry. "That there was a brace game, then," he cried.

"Sure," assented Liver, genially.

The men roared. Dawlish was furiously angry. His chin quivered, and he convulsively opened and closed his fists. Though his lips moved, no audible sound did he utter. He dared not take the offensive against Liver in that place. Such a move would have entailed a risk to which Dawlish was not inclined. Several of his followers gathered about him; one or two of them were Mexicans. Liver did not like Mexicans.

"So long, Dawlish," said he, stuffing into his trousers pockets the gold coins he had won. "Run along, now, 'ith them Greaser frien's er yours, if they'll have you. You're pretty low down, though, even fer a Greaser, an' no man can't say no more than that."

One of the Mexicans raised his hand and a knife flashed across the room like a gleam of light. Liver staggered back, stumbled, and fell. At the same moment half a dozen shots filled the room with smoke and darkness, for every light went out instantly. I dropped to the floor. Pistol-shots were winking everywhere, it seemed to me, their flashes growing fainter and redder as the smoke increased in thickness. From where Liver lay, his six-shooter sparkled like a fire-fly in a glass.

Hurrying footsteps crunched on the broken malpai of the road outside. No one entered the door—it is not customary to enter doors in Arizona when powder-smoke is coming out of them—but the canvas sides of the saloon were ripped with knives, and the fresh air rushed into the room, dissipating the choking fumes that filled it. The shooting had stopped. Someone struck a match and relighted the great lamp that hung over the faro-tables. The flies that had been disturbed by the noise settled once more, blackening the canvas roof with their countless thousands.

It was really wonderful what a wreck the shooting had made of that room. Everything, apparently, that could be damaged by a bullet had been found by one. As

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usual each man had thrown himself flat on the ground and then fired on the assumption that his neighbors were standing. No one was hurt except Liver. He lay on the floor, white and still, his empty pistol still gripped in his hand.

Some of the men gathered around Liver, the rest made a rush for the Mexican, but he had disappeared. We never saw him again. At the time we regretted this considerably, but looking at it from his standpoint, probably it was better as it was.

For some time we could not bring Liver back to consciousness. I began to get frightened about him, though Dan assured me that nothing serious was the matter. "Somebody give him a tunk on the cabeza with the bar'l of a six-shooter, that's all," said he. It struck me at the time that such a "tunk" might be quite serious enough in itself, but doubtless Liver had escaped very fortunately, for the knife, in passing through his clothing, had not even grazed the flesh. It must have turned, and knocked him down by the blow it struck. Finally Liver came to. His first conscious act was to replace his pistol in its holster. Then he tried to stand, and discovered that he had turned his ankle in falling, and that it was badly sprained. We carried him home and put him to bed after that. I cannot say that I was wholly sorry for that sprained ankle—it might serve to keep him quiet for awhile.

Liver was feverish and restless that night; he tossed about in his sleep, muttering, from time to time, disconnected scraps of sentences. I was very tired and, at last, without undressing, I lay down. I must have fallen immediately into an unusually sound sleep, from which I was awakened by cries that seemed to me to have been repeated for hours. Gradually I realized that dawn had just come; that Liver was calling to me, and that someone was knocking wildly at the door. It was Mary, Dawlish's wife, who knocked.

"Come up quick!" she cried, as I opened the door, and but half-awake, stood stupidly gazing at her. "He's killin' him—the old man. Dawlish—my man—is killin' him. He's half-drunk an' wild about some money he lost. Maybe he's killed him already. Oh, do hurry, quick!"

She turned and fled down the road. Evidently she was rousing the town. I hurriedly buckled on my pistol and spurs. Liver was sitting up in bed and pulling his shirt on as I started to leave, and I stopped and ordered him to lie down again, pointing out to him the fact that he could not even bear his foot in a stirrup, much less on the ground.

"Take me onter the veranda an' set me down, then," he pleaded. "I won't move—honest. Not one wiggle. 'Twon't take no time. I'll go up ter the ol' man's cabin if y' don't—I'll crawl the whole way. Take me out onter the porch!"

It was the only way to keep him still, so I wrapped a blanket around him and picked him up. A rifle was leaning against the wall, and as we passed it Liver grasped the barrel and dragged it out behind him as I carried him forth, its butt dragging on the floor.

Richie was standing before my door, holding his horse and mine, both of them saddled. "Knowed you'd hev ter look out fer the kid before you started," he explained. "You'll want yer hoss, so I shoved yer leather on." I had laid Liver down, and thanking Dan, I swung into the saddle.

As I rode away, I glanced at Liver, who was examining the rifle. "It's all right," he sung out, "the magazine's plum full." He waved his hand, and availing myself of the permission he implied, I departed.

Red Hen Hill was separated from the rest of Aparejo by a deep box cañon. The head of this cañon was doubled by the road, so that in order to reach the Hypocrite's house, only about two hundred and fifty yards away in a direct line, one had to travel nearly three miles. Around this trail many horsemen were already galloping. Dan and I followed, finally joining the group of men who sat on their horses about the Hypocrite's door. One of the older men, who knew something of surgery in a rough way, came out of the cabin as we pulled up.

"Yes, the Hypocrite's alive—just alive. I'll do all I kin fer him—you go an' get that Dawlish man. Beat up the country. He ain't got far."

The men scattered like the pieces of a bursting shell. Some of them forced their horses up the steep sides of the hill; some returned to scour the flat land around the

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camp. The rest of us went along the road that led by the Hypocrite's door, hoping to gather some information from the scattered settlers who lived along its length.

"That cuss can't be fur off," said Richie, who was riding by my side. "The gal come 'round by the road, an' the first boys that started off must 'a' got here 'bout the time Dawlish finished with the poor ol' galoot. Dawlish must 'a' taken to the hills, or else we'll strike him som'er's along this road we're on. Reckon he did fer the—Lord! What's that?"

"That" was a bullet—a rifle-ball. It sung over our heads, and we could hear it strike with a faint plop of flattening lead somewhere on the rocks made invisible to us by the overhanging cliffs above. The report followed as a feeble pop from across the cañon. Another ball came whining over. I looked across the cañon at the house I had just left. A puff of pearly smoke hung in front of my veranda and dissolved, followed by the shrill note of a third bullet. Evidently Liver was shooting, and it was hardly supposable that he was shooting without having a reason for it. It occurred to me that he might have seen the man we were after, when there was a shout from one of the men who had ridden up the hill from below. A couple of shots followed; then some stones rolled down the steep face of the rock, and Dawlish followed them, landing on his feet in the middle of the road, not twenty yards in front of us.

He glanced up and down the trail. His face was drawn and set with hopeless fear for his forfeited life. I had never before seen such a face; certainly I wished I might never see another. Above and on both sides his path was blocked; his only clear way was the sheer descent into the cañon. It was hardly a chance, but such as it was he took it—from both sides men were riding to take him. Springing across the road, he swung himself over the edge of the cliff. For one moment we could see a hand grasping a point of rock, then it shifted its hold and disappeared, and a chorus of pistol-shots rattled out. One man slid from his horse, and disengaging the lariat from his saddle, extended the loop, and leaning over the cliff, swung the lass-rope for a cast. Two more shots came from my veranda.

Suddenly the firing ceased. The man with the rope stopped his hand in mid-swing, and the loop wound itself around his upraised arm. For an instant there was a dead silence, then I heard a faint splash in the waters of a little stream that ran through the bottom of the cañon.

Dan dismounted, and going to the edge of the cliff, he peered down. Then he climbed to his horse's back, and without a word started at a lope toward the village.

"Do you think he was hit, Dan?" I asked.

"Dunno," he answered, shortly; then, after a pause, he added, "Guess we won't never know now. It was two hundred and thirty foot, clear fall." We went on in silence, and had nearly reached the end of our journey when Dan spoke once more. "That was damn bad shootin'," he said. "There's enough played-out balls stuck around on that mesa-face to salt a young lead-mine." Dan turned off in the direction of his saloon, and I pushed on for home.

Liver had crawled into the house, and as I entered it he was sitting, with a very white face, on the edge of the bed, still nursing the rifle on his knee.

"I seen it all," he called out as I came in. "You can't none of you tell me nothin' about it. I seen him before you did." From this speech I gathered that Liver did not wish to discuss the recent occurrence. His nerves were a little shaken, I think.

I got him to relinquish the rifle and to lie down, and for a long time he said nothing, but kept his face hidden in his folded arms. After awhile he looked up.

"I reckon I must 'a' missed that ther Dawlish," he said, with a regretful sigh.

I told him that nobody would ever know now whether he had or not.

"I reckon I missed him," Liver repeated, sadly. "He dropped jus' as I fired the las' time, an' I saw where the bullet struck that I fired before that." Liver seemed to take it very much to heart. I tried to cheer him, saying that whether he had missed or not, his shooting was really very creditable, at that range and at a moving object. He listened absently, and seemed trying to wrestle with something that was on his mind.

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"I—say—how's th' ol' man now?" he asked, finally. At last it was out.

I had not thought to tell him of the Hypocrite's condition, and he had not dared to inquire for fear of the answer that might follow. I made the answer as encouraging as I could, but it did not seem to comfort him any.

"'Twas all my fault!" he cried, his face full of trouble, as he raised himself on his elbow to look at me. "Dawlish done it 'cause I made him mad. I could jus' as well 'a' plunked 'im ter start with instead er workin' that faro layout; only I's afraid it'd queer me 'ith th' ol' man. I'd oughter 'a' done it." Liver's contrition was hardly following the proper lines. I spoke to him rather sharply, and at length managed to get him quiet. He said scarcely a word the rest of the morning. Now and then, as one of the men would drop in and give us some news of the Hypocrite, Liver would ask a question or two, but that was all.

The reports of the Hypocrite's condition were all much the same. He was still alive, but whether he was conscious or not, no one could tell. "He jes' lies thar lookin' at that gal," said Dan, who brought in most of the reports. "She ain't never left him, an' he ain't took his eyes off her, not once. Don't reckon the poor ol' cuss'l last long."

Late in the afternoon a message came. The Hypocrite had rallied somewhat. He was conscious now, and had asked for Liver—wanted to see him. For a time they had put him off, thinking that the wish was merely the wandering of semi-delirium; but he had returned to it with such persistence that it was thought best to humor him. I hardly liked to have Liver go, in his condition; already there had been far too much excitement. I could see no way out of it, however. To keep him would have been much the worse of the two courses, even leaving the Hypocrite entirely out of the question.

A rough litter was soon made, and Liver carefully laid upon it. Four men, with many more to act as relays, carried him up the trail. Then I went down into the village to get rid of myself for awhile. I had had enough of horrors for one day.

It was still light when I returned. Though I had not expected Liver for some time yet, he was lying on the bed as I came in.

"Here," he said, as he saw me, handing to me as he spoke a folded paper, "take it. He said you was to have it. Said you'd know what to do with it. It's settlin' everythin' about Mary—me, too, he says. Says he wants me ter look out fer her—wants me ter go ter school, too. Reckon he was a little daffy then. This paper, here, it tells all about it. Th' ol' man he talked quite awhile; then he give me the paper an' stopped talkin', an' when I looked ter see what was up, he'd—well, he'd gone out, that's all."

Liver's hand was trembling, and he looked at me with an air that was evidently intended to be most indifferent, and except for the twitching corners of his mouth, he really did it very well.

What followed was not at all like Liver. For some time he sat looking at me; then he said, in a voice that he tried to keep steady, "Say, d'yer know, he was an awful good ol' man. Dead square, all through. He was awful white to me."

Liver's mouth twitched more and more. Suddenly throwing himself face downward on the bed he broke down entirely, and cried like a child, as he was.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

MR. GEORGE MOORE wrote an article a few months ago in *Cosmopolis*, of which the thesis is put in the first sentences. "It has not been sufficiently, if it has been remarked at all, that Slav and Celtic fiction differ fundamentally from Saxon, and in this respect, that while the former make invariably for primary ideas, the latter is uniformly contented with secondary. But only since the Elizabethans is the Saxon satisfied with the representation of the mere appearance of life." "Shakespeare's tragedies are pure elucidations of moral truths," Mr. Moore says, without fear of contradiction; Hamlet "the case of a man whose dreams are in conflict with circumstances;" Macbeth "the drama of ambition;" Othello "the infuriated male;" Lear "parental altruism;" Romeo and Juliet "the rapture of adolescent love;" and so on. Balzac (to whom the transition from Shakespeare is "the easiest in literature") is similarly employed in dealing with primary ideas. "On the love of parents for their children, of husbands for their wives, of lovers for their mistresses, the joys of life, the vanity of work, the impulse to accomplish, Balzac has spoken as profoundly as Shakespeare." But "if the reader will turn from Balzac to his favorite Saxon novelist, Fielding or Thackeray, he will find there men and women admirably observed in their superficial appearances. But the emotions which move them will be always secondary emotions." "The essential is that the Saxon discovered the materialist novelist in 'Tom Jones,' and liked it so much that he has gone on producing it ever since. Thackeray improved its form, Dickens enriched it with genial caricatures, Eliot paints it over with bleak Protestant positivism; but in essentials it has not changed."

"Saxon" Fiction.

So far his proposition—it would have been unfair to quote it at less length; and in the body of his paper Mr. Moore supports his argument on the one side chiefly with Thackeray, on the other with the most modern warhorse of this and similar contentions—Tolstoi.

Most of us have been so accustomed to think that Colonel Newcome and Clive did very well with the "primary emotion" of parent and child, or that—not to multiply instances—even poor Rawdon Crawley, flinging the jewel at Lord Steyne, was actuated by a motive as primary in kind as Othello's, that Mr. Moore was quite justified in the hope of stirring the materialistic Saxon mind to some sort of dull revolt—always a joy to him and his fellow-picadors of the Saxophobic criticism. But the fundamental misconception involved is too great to enable even Mr. Moore to start a successful controversy with it, or appear brilliantly in its defence.

A high degree of civilization may be a good thing, as most of us believe, or it may not. But it is bound to bring with it, among others, three things: A high degree of restraint upon the manifestation of the "primary emotions," a high degree of complexity in material conditions, and a high degree of confidence in the ability of civilized people to understand the one when conveyed in terms of the other. Now it may be justly pointed out to Mr. Moore that if the proper function of the novel of a race and time is to deal with primary ideas, it is also to deal with primary ideas as they manifest themselves in that race and time; in other words, not only with the men and women having or embodying the primary emotions, but with what they do with them, how they show them—that is, with *life*. If the complication of modern Saxon motives with what Mr. Moore would call material, but what is

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really social, civilization, is much more inextricable than that of Celt or Slav, that is something for Mr. Moore to lament, perhaps, but with the primary quality of the motives it has as much to do as the circumstance that a man commits a murder with a complicated modern explosive instead of a stone hatchet. The creations may be as far apart as is thinkable, but is there—to take the first instance that comes to mind—any difference in the primariness of the idea that they embody between Turgenieff's Dimitri Roudine, a tragedy of the modern Hamlet under essentially Slavic conditions, material and psychological, and George Eliot's Lydgate, another variant of the same tragedy, among the conventional complexities of an English village?

Over some of Mr. Moore's assertions the Saxon mind will ponder silently—as, that in Thackeray (and Stevenson) there is nothing "of that secret inquietude which never ceases in the soul of man," or that "from the first few pages of 'Vanity Fair' the reader will gather that it has no moral significance whatever." Readers of these will be likely to wonder, as he himself does about Becky Sharp, what Mr. Moore is really like inside. "My critics," he says, as he begins his peroration, "will therefore either engage in argument showing that great literature can exist independently of ideas, or they will admit that late Saxon fiction must be considered on a lower plane than Celtic and Slav." I venture to predict that on both sides of the alternative thus generously offered, Mr. Moore is doomed to meet with disappointment.

THE unquestionable solemnity of youth which has been so frequently noticed is, of course, in itself interesting; but what, on the whole, is more noteworthy is its contrast or pendant, which has received less attention—the present youthfulness and gayety of age. Youth, for some time, has taken its pleasures sadly, or, at least, seriously; but it is probable that never in the world's history was age—or was age permitted to be—so altogether jolly. It was the lot of the writer last autumn to spend a large amount of time in a representative country club, and more or less unconsciously he has become aware of a rather topsy-turvy state of affairs. Afternoon after afternoon the spreading verandas are covered with the youths and maidens of the day, communing in reserved state, while light-hearted mammas and sporting papas, with various middle-aged bachelors whose spirits are altogether too volatile for the serious-minded debutantes and thoughtful undergraduates, play polo, golf, ride, and spin the wheel. And it is so in many a country club, and in many other places besides, that youth draws back, leaving the active gayety to the elderly. And age is not found lacking, but "steps up," sharply, with a gayety and confidence that is delightful to see. It no longer totters on the edge of the grave, but on a bicycle. If the world is getting old—so very old—and the sun cooling, with humanity this certainly is a time of great rejuvenescence, and the blood that was chilling in old veins is warmed again.

A Third Childhood.

The truth of the matter probably is that youth, with its greater freedoms and greater opportunities, now crowds into its few years a great part of the knowledge of many, and is indeed possessed of the wisdom of the simple patriarch almost before the first suggestion of a beard. This condensing process has consequently left much time to be now taken up by a novel kind of second childhood, or rather an entirely new third childhood, for it is unlike anything before. Youth takes itself with the same seriousness which belonged to age in a time of less knowledge; and one of the greatest proofs of a more complete mastery by the world of the art of living, is the wish and ability to be careless. The one who is learning to dance counts the step, and that is what age has ceased to do; while youth is still whispering "one, two, three" most sedulously to itself. It is not that things do not seem so important, nor is it, as it is sometimes claimed, that age or the age is more sceptical; but, generally, age nowadays has mastered its elementary knowledge earlier, until it has it as an actor an often-played *rôle*, and need not be conning the part all the time. It does not lose its dignity because sometimes, like royalty, it travels incognito; and if it chooses under other titles to seek a freer life, it knows how to do it, and dares do it, and is welcome to, though it creates a very different state of things from any that ever existed before. Seeing the bent brows of sophomores and the solemn eyes of "buds," no one dares to talk longer of the happy, careless days of youth. There is a change. Age "*s'amuse;*" and really, in view of present conditions, there is nothing to be done except to advise youth to hurry up as fast as it can and grow old.

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THE London *Spectator* some time ago had an article upon the quarterlies, *à propos* of someone's lament over them as out of date and useless; and after admitting that "the quarterlies, considered as journals, may of a verity be pronounced dead and buried," and that "they have ceased to be periodicals in any controversial sense," because "the world will not wait till April for the answer to a proposition stated in January," it defends their continued existence on other grounds. "They are the best depositories for instructive essays as yet extant, and the world has not lost its value for instructive essays." Then, having cited the phenomenal success of the last edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, "which is simply a shopful of essays," in proof of this, it says:

The Quarterlies.

"Six shillings is not an outrageous price for ten of the best of them, and the readiness to produce the best is, we should say, increasing. The best-informed and the best-placed men in the world have quite a new readiness to keep the world instructed, if only their names may still be unsmirched by hasty criticism; and Messrs. Longmans or Mr. Murray would, if they liked, and if they selected editors equal to that new function, keep their quarterly volumes supplied with exhaustive papers by kings and cabinet ministers, explorers, and physicists, and historians, men giving new information at first hand in its most condensed yet interesting form."

If anything could be more unfortunate than a defence which calls the contents of the quarterlies "instructive essays"—probably the most fatal name, to the mind of the contemporary reader, that can be applied to any piece of print—it would be the suggestion in this last sentence. The "information at first hand" from kings and cabinet ministers and the rest represents with but little exaggeration the kind of thing that Mr. Knowles set out to get, and has generally been successful in getting, for the *Nineteenth Century*; and his very success has been one cause of the sheer name-hunting into which this idea has been carried in many places. Even in the best conduct of it there is a constant tendency to lose sight of the question whether the new information supplied by the kings and cabinet ministers and explorers is in itself of any earthly consequence; and the fact that there is not, in any case, enough of the product to go round, leads to all the worst devices for making up with seasoning for an absence of flavor.

I for one, among the readers of the quarterlies, should be sorry to see them following into these new ways. They have now, and may have still more if they will confine themselves to its exercise alone, a power of real value and importance. Small as their circulation is, they influence a very intelligent and thoughtful nucleus of opinion by the literature of real criticism which they still contain; criticism that has behind it time to think and ripeness of knowledge, and can develop itself with the necessary fulness, unhurried and unchecked by the inevitable conditions of the magazines. Only journalists and those familiar with the work of publishing-houses know fully, perhaps, how much that is valuable and suggestive even to the practical conduct of things has its source in matter of this sort in the pages of the quarterlies; how many decisions criticism of this kind influences, or how many germs of interesting discussions it plants—decisions and discussions which ultimately reach a hundred times the audience of the quarterlies themselves. It is this opportunity for critical sifting, for the expression of ripe expert opinion, to which the quarterlies ought to hold fast, and let the information of the cabinet ministers and explorers go in search of other channels. We are not likely to be long deprived of it; but we are in serious danger of giving the man who can sift the mass for us no opportunity to do so.

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THE FIELD OF ART

OF SIZE IN PAINTING—IMPRESSIONISM AND AFTER—ÆSTHETIC POSSIBILITIES OF THE BALLET.

"IS not a picture, unless painted with a view to monumental decoration, always big enough? This is a disquieting first thought to suggest itself just when the Salons are about to offer to our discouraged eyes so many paintings uselessly covering whole kilometres."

These words from André Michel's "Notes sur l'Art Moderne," recently published, have set the present writer to thinking again on an old object of cogitation with him, that of the importance in painting of the apparently altogether unimportant element of size. The result of his thinking has always been to confirm his belief in the soundness of certain general ideas, and these ideas he is inclined to set forth here for what they may be worth.

Paintings may be divided into two great classes, decorative paintings and easel paintings. Up to comparatively modern times all painting was decorative. Every picture was conceived of as fitted for a special place and for the beautifying of a special object, whether that object was the page of a manuscript, the cover of a chest, or the wall of a cathedral. Fixedness of position was the essential nature of such painting, and all its rules of composition and all its methods were determined by its essentially decorative function. It had hardly any limits of size in either direction. The easel-painting seems to have begun with Giorgione; with him, or about his time, began the conception of a picture as an isolated work of art, complete in itself and having no necessary relation with anything outside its frame. With this conception came an entirely new æsthetic and a new point of view for the painter, but back of all the changes in the direction of naturalism, fuller light and shade, greater depth and greater projection, was the essential change that the painting was now considered removable and portable. Hence the easel-painting was and for long time remained somewhat limited in size. The best pictures of Titian and Giorgione are of small dimensions. Veronese and Tintoretto were essentially decorators, and it is only in decoration that Titian essayed large canvases. Rubens, again, was a decorator in his large work, while his pictures are small. Rembrandt rarely essayed work on a large scale, and his few large canvases are hardly to be classed among his greatest achievements, while the Dutch school in general confined itself almost to miniature.

None of these great masters found it possible to attain the qualities proper to easel-painting, the concentration of effect, justness of value, exactness of notation of light and color, on the scale of mural decoration, and they seldom tried to do so. Later the picture gallery was conceived of, and it has brought with it the gallery picture. The great paintings of the past being now wrested from their natural surroundings and placed in museums, we forgot their original decorative purpose and began to do pictures of a similar size, but with no purpose at all, and no other possible destiny than to be placed in other museums, which must be created for the purpose. Whether such museums be temporary or permanent, whether they call themselves Salons or Luxembourgs, the result is the same. Mere size is sure to attract attention. The finer qualities of easel-painting being impossible on a large scale, while the qualities of decoration are not required in a picture having no fixed destination, it is often easier to paint a large picture than a

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small one and it is sure to be seen. So was the *machine du Salon* born, the *tableau à sensation*, the "*peinture inutilement kilométrique*." It requires of the painter only a certain ability in the painting of the *morceau* and a good deal of energy, and it brings him fame and medals, but it is a bastard art, having no other end than personal ostentation. A true easel-picture may be good and a true decorative painting may be better, but the salon-picture is always bad.

IN this same book of André Michel's there are two chapters, "l'Impressionisme" and "Quelques Manières de Peindre," which are of immediate interest. "Impressionisme" has, just now, a very great vogue among our younger painters, and even the critics, after ridiculing it for a long time, have begun to take it seriously and even to become intolerant partisans of the "new movement" against all art that has been content to remain something else than "impressioniste." Yet with all that has been done and said and written, there remains a general uncertainty as to what impressionism is and as to where it is leading. On these points M. Michel throws a good deal of light.

Impressionism is, according to him, the logical outcome of the naturalistic movement in art which began with the invention of oil-painting, and was given a special direction in the early years of this century by that invasion of all forms of painting by the principles of landscape art upon which Fromentin has so ably commented. The art of the Renaissance was decorative and linear, and its study of nature was almost confined to the perfecting of the knowledge of form. It was executed in fresco or in distemper. With the invention of oil-painting in Flanders and its transportation into Italy, a new kind of study began, and the school of light and of color took the place of the dying school of form. The Venetians, the Flemings, the Dutch, and the great Velasquez, kept up this new study, and after them the English painters of the eighteenth century took it up and kept it alive, and it was from England that the notion of it came back into France to displace the expiring school of David. Landscape became the dominant form of art, and light became more and more the one subject of painting—the one thing to be studied, analyzed, mastered. "A tree is only a penetrable mass in which the rays of light mingle; surfaces are only associated reflections and the reflection of reflections; *Fiat lux* was the one decisive word of the creation."

In this exclusive study of light and "visible atmosphere," all that science could teach of the composition of the spectrum has been utilized; colors have been decomposed and their elements placed side by side to obtain, by optical mixture, a greater intensity of vibration; strange hatchings and spottings have taken the place of the simple, united touch of older work. Outlines have ceased to exist, and even light and shade have been absorbed in color. The result aimed at has been attained, and in the successful canvases of the school light and color sing as they have never been made to sing before. The impressionists have broadened our knowledge of nature and placed a new tool in our hands. What they have done was worth doing and was a logical necessity of the evolution of painting, but it is not a finality. The painter of the future will have a more sensitive eye for color and a finer feeling for light because of their work, but he will not be an impressionist. "After all Nature is not made up only of light and of air. Trees exist and rocks, and the robust and solid forms—the bony anatomy of the earth," and the human figure exists, and drawing, and the decorative line. Impressionism is the extreme result of an exclusive study of one of the elements of painting; it can never be the whole formula of modern art.

In France the reaction is already showing itself. "Tone" has been rediscovered, and sober, dark-colored canvases are being produced. English Preraphaelitism is affecting French art through the medium of its offshoot, Burne-Jones; and refined line, religious sentiment, even the "subject," are no longer taboo to young enthusiasts. Oil-painting itself is in danger of losing its exclusive sway, and the long-despised tempera is being revived. Through all the turmoil of contending schools, Puvis de Chavannes has pursued his steady way, and his art, the lineal descendant of that of the old frescanti, is perhaps more influential to-day than any other. For the present it seems that the investigation of the laws of light has gone as far as it can, and we are on the threshold of an epoch in which we shall try to use what we have learned, and to combine it with what we had almost forgotten. All that is good is good

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forever, and what is good in impressionism will remain good, but so will what was good before impressionism was invented.

THE possibilities for the attainment of a very real and solid artistic success in the direction of the ballet are not sufficiently noted in this country. While the ballet is not considered such an indispensable *entrée* here, as abroad, yet our national fondness for comic opera with spectacular choruses offers a demand that has but seldom been supplied with adequate skill. An occasional production has, it is true, exploited a bit of good taste; but, as a rule, American ballets, while expensive enough, are rather gaudy than gorgeous, lacking in unity of idea, and manœuvred without much eye to effect.

The qualities that make genuine artistic success possible in the ballet, make gross error more than probable. Success here demands ability both in the large and in the small. Working closely with his lieutenants, the designer of costumes and the dancing-master, the director of the ballet must give each *coryphée*, or each small group, an individuality, and this must merge smoothly into the whole. The manipulation of a horde of dancers in whom unusual intelligence is rare, and might be dangerous, requires a skill in the movement of large numbers, a quick eye for effective evolutions, exact tactics that will bring the right body to the right place in the right way, and a presence of mind in emergencies that demand of the ballet-director a generalship of limited range, indeed, but of much acuteness and much responsibility.

Aside from his "military" qualities, the artistic demands on the ballet-director are considerable. While the details of costume may be left to the special designer, he must give this subordinate a very definite color-scheme. This feature of costume-designing is a sort of orchestration. It requires a talent, including and passing beyond the ability to concoct a single small combination of colors. It uses human beings for pigments. Its arrangements must be developed at wholesale rates. They must be manœuvred from tableau to tableau in nice juxtapositions that do not overstep the unity of the picture, yet afford it almost limitless variety.

The requirements of ballet-direction have been much broadened in the last few years. New and shifting effects of a brilliance and a range that would astound the earlier half of the century, are now possible and necessary. The immemorial "Black Crook" has witnessed most of this evolution.

Electricity has been of untold convenience to the theatre, both practically and æsthetically. Aside from its uses in adorning the persons of dancers, its decorative effectiveness on the stage and its beautiful possibilities as a general illuminant have worked wonders in the ballet. It forces upon the ballet-director a second palette of color, and makes possible kaleidoscopic effects of peculiar charm.

The ballet-director is to be commended for his quick grasp of the attainments of impressionism. The bituminous splendor of the old "Black Crook" would seem very dusk and primitive, beside the iridescent, the high-keyed color of the modern spectacle.

There is hardly any phase of British art (which, as a rule, does not much appeal to the foreigner) that is so generally satisfactory as the ballets English music-halls produce. They uphold the dignity of the profession of ballet-direction, and prove its claim to consideration as an art. This, too, in spite of the fact that in England they are compelled to import their *premières danseuses*, and to rely for the rank and file upon a native supply whose personal attractions and grace are, to say the least, generally unimpressive.

The tendencies of our civilization, which idolizes personal liberty, would not submit the entire drama to the costume-designer and general artistic overseer, as they do in Japan. For there, not only every costume of every actor, but every pose likewise, must consult the pictorial interests of the play, before it regards the psychological. But we run little risk of excess; the danger lies quite at the other extreme, and in our native drama, and more especially in our ballet, the commercial management should depute the artistic oversight to one man of trained and proved taste. Under him the scene-painter and the costume-designer should work in partnership. Our public needs to be shown how to distinguish between mere lavishness, and subtlety and harmony of design. The theatre is such a popular institution here, that it should be made a potent factor in solving the problem of public art-education, and in gratifying the taste judiciously, as it grows.

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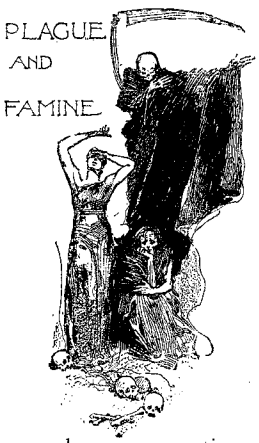
ABOUT THE WORLD

THE year 1897 will be a dark one in the annals of India. Her western capital is scourged with the bubonic plague—the "Black Death" of the fourteenth century—and the drought which last year parched a vast area of the peninsula, has straitened desperately the food-supply of many millions of natives. The pestilence raging in Bombay is that same "Hand of God," which, radiating from its home in the Euphrates Valley, destroyed probably thirty millions of Asiatics in one terrible year, and penetrated so far west as London, to take off one hundred thousand of that city's population. Its most distinctive symptom is a sudden swelling in the groin; a fearfully larger proportion of cases are fatal. Advices from Bombay are curiously inaccurate, but at the time this was written there had been no mortality comparable to the ravages of the disease in the Middle Ages, the total number of deaths in the city being still under three thousand. The plague seems to be directly dependent on sanitary conditions and standards of nutrition. When in one week the general mortality of the city rose to sixty in each thousand of population, it was found that the better-fed Parsees contributed only about thirty from a thousand, while the still higher standards of living among the foreign colony brought its quota down to eighteen in a thousand. Indeed, the most astonishing feature of both the plague and famine that have overtaken the Hindu, is their ineffectiveness as compared with like disasters in former periods, before the English had introduced some semblance of civilized methods among this vast and helpless people. It is a good thing to think of when we are tempted to sympathize with "Ouida's" arraignment of civilization and all its works. It is just these inartistic results of the British and their occupancy of the Indian Empire that have succeeded in hedging about this epidemic so that it is confined almost entirely to the city of Bombay, and displays a mildness, even there, which scarcely lets it be recognized as the all-destroying pestilence of former centuries. Cleaner houses, more nourishing food, better habits, but, above all, the pure water which the English have brought from unpolluted sources, and their vastly improved systems of sewage and street-cleaning, are to be thanked for this. Still the matter is no bagatelle; the natives are so thoroughly frightened that it is said two hundred thousand have fled from the city, and the slow but deadly sure encroachments of the disease excite the gravest apprehensions in the West.



The resources of civilization are weaker before the approach of famine, and it is in the beginning a far more extensive calamity. India has suffered from short crops before, but never to such a degree as this year. The deadly drought of 1896, usually confined to some one region, came to the whole great peninsula, from the Himalayas south to the ocean, and from Calcutta to Bombay. It is difficult to see how food can be grown to bring any alleviation in 1897. In the one province of Jabalpur, with a population of some two millions, ninety thousand persons have perished of starvation or weakness, if press despatches are to be believed. Of course the English have a thoroughly organized relief system, and the railroads and steamships of this generation render possible very large and quick relays of supplies, but there are great numbers of natives living at a distance

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from the transportation lines, and the very hugeness of the demand is taxing severely the work of rescue. Parliament will be asked for a national relief grant—especially necessary in view of the already embarrassed condition of the Indian finances, and a general subscription is now being taken in London to supplement the Government relief. Some well-meaning and energetic Americans, aroused by the reports of their missionaries, were arranging to send a ship-load of corn as a present to the starving Hindus, but the charitable promoters were promptly informed by British authorities that the contribution would be unnecessary. As the mere cost of transporting the corn from New York to Bombay would have been twenty-two and a half cents per bushel, one would think that in any case the method were scarcely a wise one.

FAMINES in India being wholly caused by meteorological conditions, there is the utmost practical importance in the bureau at Simla charged with the duty of making long-period weather forecasts. The task of predicting things meteorological six months in advance, naturally involves far more complex and abstruse observations and reckonings than are known in our American signal-service bureaus, with their daily forecasts, though the results show that occupation to be sufficiently difficult and fortuitous. It would be absolutely impossible to do for America what the Simla office attempts, with considerable success, to do for India. A chart showing the agricultural chances until August next for North America, east of the Mississippi, would be amusing indeed. But in India, as is the case with most tropical countries, the periodic or climatic changes are more emphatic than the irregular and ephemeral fluctuations.

LONG-PERIOD WEATHER-FORECASTS

What the Simla weather prophet has to foretell in May is the probable strength and persistency of the summer monsoon, and six months later the effectiveness of the winter monsoon. If either of these storms fails, or stops short of its usual season, trouble is at hand for scores of millions of natives. Not many years ago, practically the only datum used in a vague anticipation of the seasons was the snowfall on the Himalayas. If this were late and heavy, the advance of the summer monsoon was checked, and halting rains were predicted. But it was soon found that the converse was by no means true, and that the original force of the monsoon current, determined by the vast atmospheric movements of a whole hemisphere, were apt to subordinate this local, though important, factor. During the past year or two several meteorologists of the highest standing have been devoting themselves to the task of enlarging the field of data for prophecy. They divide these data into (1) local and (2) general. Under the first head come the Himalaya snowfall, spoken of before, and, more important, the phenomena of temperature and barometric pressure over India and the adjacent seas during the ante-monsoon months. The storm-track is found to depend very closely on a persistent distribution of pressure, and the exhaustive maps of the pressure "anomalies" show the meteorologists the lines or zones favored or avoided by the cyclonic vortices. They compare the storm to molten metal, which runs into a mould of atmosphere, the shape of which can be more or less accurately determined by elaborate observations of temperature and pressure.

But far more important than any local conditions, in a forecasting of the coming rainy season, is the general factor of the character and strength of the monsoon itself. To get advance notices of the half-yearly visitor, the English have extended the area of their observations as far as Seychelles and Mauritius, and by observing the attributes of the south-east trade-wind, they draw conclusions concerning the southwest monsoon, which is a later evolution of the trades. A number of subordinate phenomena add their quota to the "probabilities" of these long-period prophecies, some of them completely understood, others, like the sun-spot feature, almost wholly empirical and all rather baffling to the lay understanding. Indeed, after every map and datum is on the table of the Simla office, the work of completing the prophecy occupies an entire week. How infinitely valuable such an institution may become is shown by the present famine.

AFRICA, too, is being plagued in this new year. Her cattle are dying in myriads under the attack of the deadly rinderpest. It is difficult to conceive of its wholesale destruction, or to give any idea of the suffering it entails, by saying that it has killed

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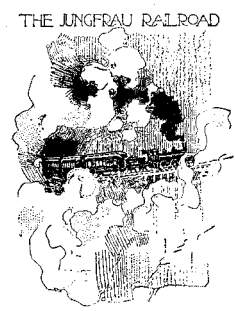
nine-tenths of the herds in the provinces it has visited. The natives depend on their cattle for food, clothing, and transportation, and the visit of this contagion means simply a destruction of their means of subsistence. The disease has its home in eastern Russia and Tartary; it has broken out periodically ever since the fourth century, and in 1711 destroyed in Europe alone one million five hundred thousand beeves. It is a feverish affection which can be communicated by diseased cattle to their healthy fellows, or carried from one to the other by men, or even proceed through the air for a certain distance. It lasts only four to seven days, but seven out of every ten cases are fatal. Human beings, horses, sheep, and goats are not affected at all, but wild game of many varieties succumb at once, and the plague is threatening to take off the buffalo and antelope that the hunters have left in Africa.

The Rinderpest in Africa.

The outbreak of the rinderpest is said to have begun in Abyssinia, with the importation of diseased cattle to feed the Italian invaders. It moved south slowly at first, then with frightful rapidity; it found no obstacle in the Zambesi River, and now the English are concentrating their efforts in a forlorn attempt to save at least Cape Colony. The most dangerous aid to further infection comes from the plague-stricken cattle skinned by the natives, who will sell the hides in spite of all prohibition and constant watchfulness. With two tribes alone, whose whole wealth consisted of their million cattle, the rinderpest destroyed eight hundred thousand head. The English are fearful that the misery arising from the loss of their cattle will precipitate another black uprising like the Matabele war.

ONE certainly feels for Mr. Ruskin; but there are some solid comforts, promised by the audacious plan to railroad up the Jungfrau, that mitigate the stab at romance. The work has actually begun on an electric road starting at Scheidegg and ending at the very summit of the Jungfrau, 13,670 feet above the level of the sea. To be sure, tracks have been laid before at altitudes equal to this, in both the Old and the New World; but in this Swiss experiment the railroad achieves its 7,000 feet of rise on a line only seven and a half miles long. Five-sixths of this is in tunnels, but frequent stations at the mouths of these holes through the mountain will give magnificent views of the glaciers and surrounding peaks. In fact, the details of the route have been laid out with reference to the æsthetic opportunities at the car-windows as well as to the difficulties of engineering construction. From Scheidegg the road will run to the Eiger glacier; then, by tunnel, directly into the bowels of the Eiger mountain, from which, by a wide curve, it will pass to the Mönch peaks, and then, by a descending grade, to the Jungfrau itself. At the point where it strikes the Jungfrau, the passengers can see both sides of the Alpine chain—here the monster glacier of the Aletsch, there the abyss of the Grindelwald, nearly five thousand feet below. When the car arrives just under the Jungfrau peak, an elevator hoists the passengers through the remaining three hundred feet to the summit itself.



The Zurich capitalist who has obtained the concessions from the Swiss Government promises to have the first section of the road completed by next August, and the whole within five years. Even when the Alpine waters of the Black and White Lütschine have been despoiled of the power to tunnel, run, light, and heat the road, the undertaking will cost a round $2,000,000. The promoters think, however, that with the available supply of tourists at $9 per tourist for the round trip, there will be no doubt as to a profit on the investment. The heating and lighting is no unimportant phase of the venture, with over six miles of tunnels, and a temperature varying from two degrees (centigrade) to ten degrees below zero. But the rapidly changing temperature is an aid in the one problem of ventilating the tunnels, since, with the air at one mouth three or four degrees cooler than the lower terminal, a current should be constantly in motion. The rack-rail system of construction will be used, and the trains will be scheduled to make five miles an hour on grades above fifteen per cent., and only five and a half miles on the less precipitous ascents. How fearfully steep for railway travel these grades are, can be realized by anyone who has seen a double-headed passenger train on one of our moun-

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tain roads struggling for dear life to gain a few feet on a grade of 125 feet; the maximum of the Jungfrau route is twenty-five per cent., or 1,320 feet!

When the road is built the invalid and aged can make a quiet trip to the top of the Jungfrau in the course of an afternoon, and the former requisites of Alpine climbing—guides, alpenstocks, ropes, and the rest—will give way to a camera, a soft hat, and a chicken sandwich. If the Alpine Club has the heart to maintain a belief in its *raison d'être*—as a matter of fact its members heartily applaud the scheme—there will be a refuge constantly at hand, should a snow-storm or other accident befall a party of climbers, in the shape of the nearest railroad station. The promoters of the plan have thought of everything in advance; they are ready to assure us that the rapid change from a high to a low barometric pressure will not be dangerous, on the theory that mountain-climbers experience the unpleasant effect of high altitudes chiefly because their exertions have made a great drain on the vital powers. The aëronauts confirm this, as does also the scientist Janssen, who has himself hauled on a sled up to the Mont Blanc observatory with no thought of mountain-sickness when the previous fatigue is in this way avoided.

OUR metropolitan population had been finally lured into a sense of security in its elevator experience, in spite of the sense of approaching dissolution which a trip on a "skyscraper's" express is apt to bring—when the city was startled by the unpleasant antics of a lift in one of the most notable of the newer office-buildings. This machine became uncontrollable, and fell one hundred and forty feet, with its load of fourteen passengers, three of whom were badly injured. Of course the high building can only live as an institution when the integrity of its elevators is absolutely unimpeachable,

Are our Elevators Safe?

and the very open discussion of the incident and its causes brought out some interesting information concerning the mechanical construction and safety appliances of the long-range lifting machines. Some of the elevators go to a height of three hundred feet from the bottom of the pit, and they run at an average speed of four hundred feet a minute. As over half a million people are hoisted every day in New York, it looks as if the doctrine of averages would give a considerable absolute number of accidents. But these are, indeed, remarkably few, and one writer was well within the truth when he said that more people were killed and injured by falling downstairs than in elevator accidents.

One company of elevator-builders has come, from the perfection of its plant and the good conduct of its machines, to have almost a monopoly of elevator construction in this country, and it was this concern that built the elevator which recently made such a frightful *faux pas* in New York. But it was an experiment with the high-pressure hydraulic system, and it is safe to say that the innovation will not be popular. Such a high-pressure plant made a saving in operating expenses, but the poor elevator-man found that the slightest movement of his lever would send his car shooting up or down with startling precipitation. The troubles of the new system culminated in the ominous incident described.

The margin of safety is naturally extremely generous in elevators, and there are various forms of safety clutches, many of them automatic in their action; but the experience of New York goes to show that none of these can be a full substitute for the air-cushion in the pit. The action of this device in insuring safety is almost magical. When the bottom of the elevator-well is shut within air-tight walls, except at the top, which is left open to receive the cage, and the perpendicular walls are made to slope so as to leave the open top slightly larger than the inclosed bottom, there is a safeguard worth all the springs and rubber buffers and safety clutches put together. In some experiments with such an elevator-well in a famous and altitudinous store the car was taken to the top of the building and allowed to fall with the brake off. An eye-witness of the experiment says:

"It fell to the top of the pit with tremendous force, and struck the cushion of air with a sound as if it had struck soft earth; it seemed to stop suddenly at the top of the pit and then slowly settled down to the bottom. It was clear that the pit was too small at the top; that the slope of the sides was too slight; that if the escape of air had been freer at the impact, the stopping would have been sensibly gradual. The stop was really gradual, as was shown by the fact that a half-dozen eggs in a paper bag (that I had put on the elevator-floor for the trial) survived the fall without injury."

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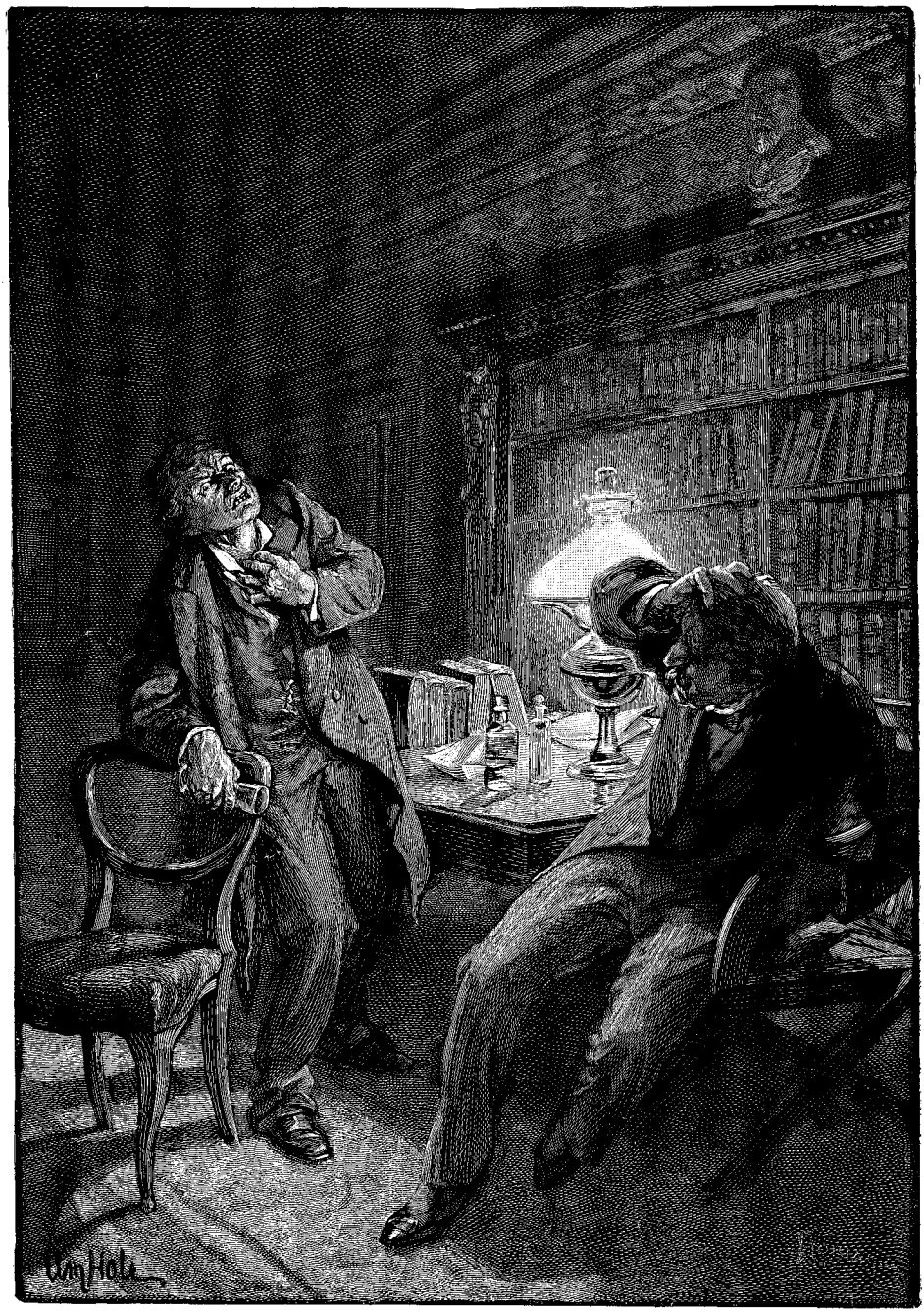

SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—IV.

THE TRANSFORMATION IN DR. LANYON'S OFFICE.—*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Chapter IX.*

And as I looked there came, I thought, a change—he seemed to swell—his face became suddenly black and the features seemed to melt and alter—and the next moment I had sprung to my feet and leaped back against the wall, my arm raised to shield me from that prodigy, my mind submerged in terror.

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